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EPICEDIA OXONIENSIA

IN OBITUM

CELSISSIMI ET DESIDERATISSIMI

FREDERICI

PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.



O X O N I I,

E TYPOGRAPHEO CLARENDONIANO,

An. Dom. MDCCLI.

EPICEDIA OXONIENSIA

IN OBITU

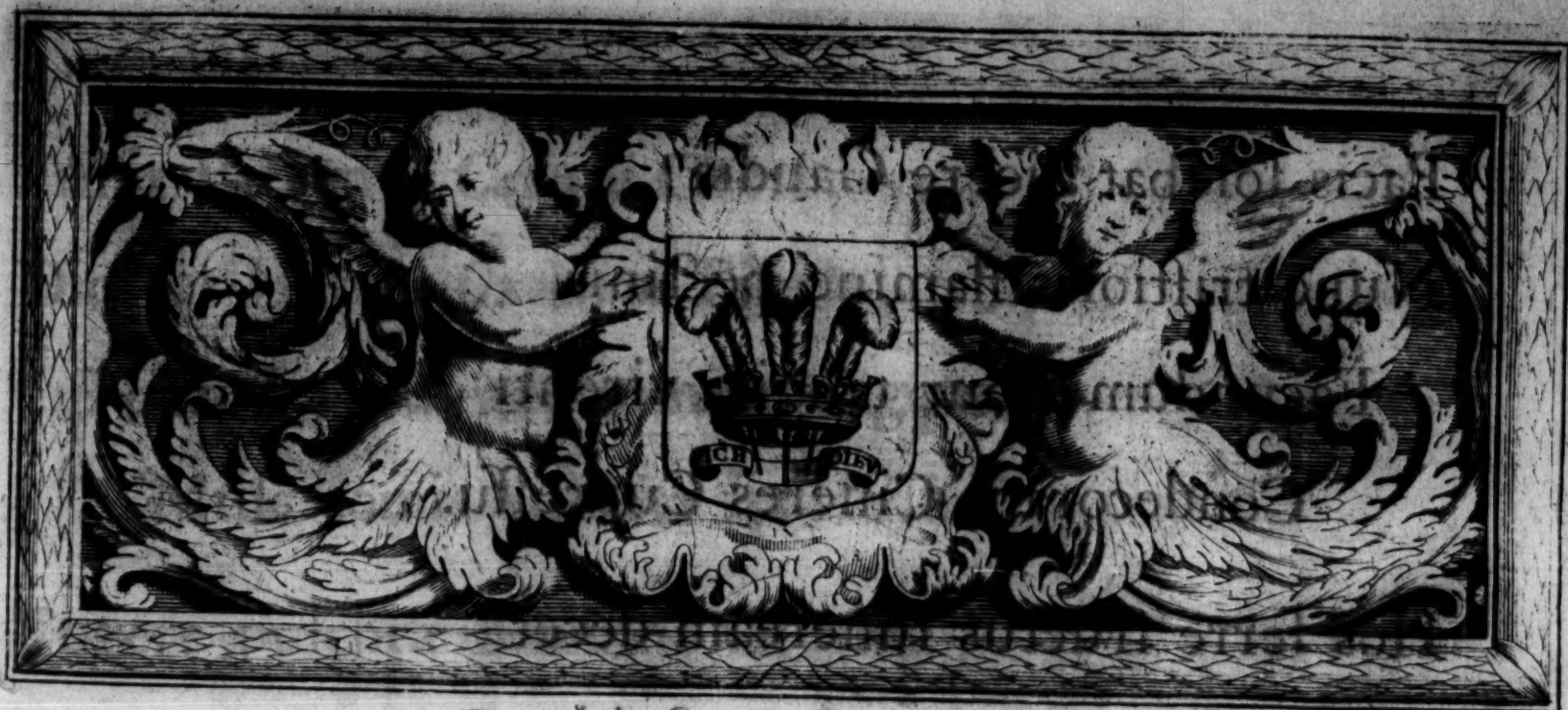
CELSISSIMI ET DESIDERATISSIMI

FREDERICI

PRINCIPIS WALLIE.

OXONIAE
IN TYPOGRAPHIA CLARENDOVIANA

M. DCC. LXXV.



A D

R E G E M.

MISCENDO Cantus, qui minuant pias
Curas, querelis, MAXIME REX, tibi
Coetus fidelis, luctuosas
Confecrat *Oxonium* Camœnas.

Non usitatae Sidere purpuræ
Jam Musa lucet; purpura displicet,
Et fulgor Auri: nigriorem
Sæva petit Libitina pompam.

Pacis solebat dicere Gaudia:

Nunc tristioris flamine pectinis

Facundum Ebur tangit, virenti

Condecorant Cineres Cupressu.

Hos ferre fructus funeream decet

Semper Cupressum; Quæ fluidas Comas

Diffundit, & Ramos madentes,

Pieris saturata Guttis.

Pacis Triumphos quam cito Funere

Mors vertit atro! *Melpomene* suas

Fugit Sorores, Principemque,

Auspicio meliore natum,

O teste dignum Numine Principem!

Heu, luget Astris, heu, male redditum!

Pindus nigrescit: fluxit Unda

Castalis in Lacrymas canoras.

Tantumne Gentis commeruit Scelus?

Gentis scelestæ quale Piaculum

FREDRICUS illatus Sepulchro!

Et Patriæ Dolor & Voluptas!

Fulfit

Fulsit Patronus *Castali* Chori; regis acribus O regibus

Dicatus Heros; *Omnia* Tibi; in omne Tempus,

Nunc Laurus *olet*; nunc *vagatur* O Di, nec

Musa comis viduata *sparsis* similis, alicui

Fugere pulchræ Nomina Gloria! sed tunc longam,

Fugere Mores, qui generosis in vias beatos ne

Solem biberunt, *et* *sereno* *Quercus* Princeps,

Pectora lucidiora *Caelo*! Cum Tumulo

Non Vana fingo: Testis, ab aurea

Collecta mentis Dote, Benignitas:

Marcelle, Vertus vestra; Vester,

Tite, sacer Pietatis ardor.

Sed spes caducas illachrymabilis

Vis lusit *Orci*! --- Proh, celerem mori,

Hunc poscimus frustra, querentes;

Funeream bibit ille Noctem.

Tu luctuosas, Consilii Potens,

Solare Gentes! Regibus altior,

Tu, vive Nobis! Tu benignum

Principibus populoque Sidus!

Vigescat O stirps regia **GEORGI**

In omne Tempus, prodiga fructuum!

O Dii, nec unquam Ramus alter

Deficiat, similis Parenti!

Sed siste longam, Barbite, *Naniam*;

Somnos beatos ne violem Tuos,

Princeps, Querelis! ah, Quiescas!

Dum Tumulo Citharam repono.

JOH. BROWNE *Vice-Can.*



Vigescat

B

A D
PRINCIBISSAM.

TU duris iteras fixa doloribus
Æternos gemitus; & gelidam manu
Urnæ ad mœsta premis pectora, qua jacent
Dilecti Cineres Viri,
AUGUSTA? oh! lacrymas siste nitentibus
Effusas oculis; parce *Britanniam*
Ultra flere piam velle, doloribus
Incendi celerem tuis.
Formosa toties Prole puerpera,
Tot casti *Thalami* pignoribus Parens
Felix, ah! teneros qui tibi luctibus
Respondent, Comites vide:
Jam tristes reprimant, jam querimonias;
Nec semper Cineres, ossaque inania
Curent purpureis spargere floribus
Mœsti; nescia dum mori
Laus vivit **FREDERICI** & superat **Tui**:
Huc natis oculos dulcibus, huc voca,
Et pulchros animos, quæ poteris, parem
In laudem & Decus excita:
Da Patris faciles, mater amabilis
Da mores, similem conscia da sitim
Virtutis; studeant Jura *Britanniæ*
Tutari, & Patriæ Decus.
Tu clara, *Angligenis* Tu venerabilis
Incedes: *Phrygiam* ceu *Berecynthia*.
Lustrabat, Genetrix magna, Nepotibus
Gaudens, Cælicolûm Choro.

Honoratissimus Comes de *Dartmouth* A. M.

è Coll. S. S. Trin.

EPICEDIA

ADA

MRSEIEMR

O Sceptri Decus *Angliaci*? quo sospite nunquam
Res equidem *Britonum* fractas & regna faterbor;
En Tibi, dum trepido Patriæ suspirat amore
Sollicitum pectus, gemituque, & acerba sonanti
Regia miscetur planctu; dum *AUGUSTA* querelis
Flebilibus Sponsum ingeminat, perque atria demiens,
Natorum haud lætâ circumstipata corona,
Persequitur, lugubre ciens, genubusque paternis
Hæret inexpletum lacrymans, en Nuntius aræ
Ex adytis, gemitus inter fletusque tuorum,
Nuntius à Superis, non importuna dolenti
Defero dicta Patri, duri solatia casus.
Nam modò funesta percussus imagine rerum,
Dum vespertinæ pro more placula vocis
Effundo, atque aras teneo, cœlumque satigo
Supplicibus votis, visus mihi sistere coram
Angelus effulgens, sceptri cui cura *Britanni*
Sorte datur, summique facessere iussa Tonantis;
Seù fontes cladi voveat, seu mitior iras
Exuat & Gentis tandem miserecat amata.
Obstupui visu subito, tum lumine pronus
Demisso veneror — “Sceptro O succurre labanti,
“Cœlicolûm quicumque audis, dubiosque timores
“Disjice, namque potes, da multos providus annos,
“Da Regi incolumen & longâ cum Pace senectam
“Perplacidam; da felicem succrescere Prolem
“Spem *Britonum*, abreptique rependere damna Parentis.
“Neu meritæ meliora, oro, obliviscere Matris,
“At Tu pro clade infandâ, pro Coniuge charo
“Perfidas, graves dignas, & opima rependas
“Gaudia; prædulces laudes & facta Suorum
“Audiat, & famâ evectos ad sydera Natos.
Talia jactanti vultu candente serenum
Amisit, placidoque simul vox excidit ore.
Vicistis tandem, & Vindex se condidit Ensis
Unius occasu; pretium hoc immania dudum

Delicta,

O X O N I E N S I A.

Delicta, & Patriæ Scelus exitiale poposcit;
Sed vicit Pietas, vicerunt publica Vota
Omnia quin renovata vide — tum nube remotâ,
Purgatâque acie, felices ordine longo
Prospicio eventus, venturique omina secli.

En, ait, augustum Caput hoc, incanaque menta
Angliaci Regis! cerne, ut Vigor acer ocellis
Ardet, & erecto incedit spectabilis ore.
Talis erit longum, extremoque haud debilis ævo
Componet stabiles felici pace *Britannos*.

Aspice, ponè procul vestigia *GEORGIUS* alter,
Alter Avi similis sequitur! — quàm pulcher amandâ
Pubertate viget, felici stirpe creatus.
Chare Puer! Tu mox præceptis doctus *Avitis*,
Auspiciis fidos non infelicibus *Anglos*
Excipies, & Avi sceptrum immortale capeffes.

Quæ tamen illa cohors *Juvenum* comitatur euntem?
Fraternos nosco vultus — ut laudis amore
Sublimes capita alta ferunt, ut læta tuentes
Venturos toto præsumunt corde *Triumphos*.
En *Edoardus*! & en, *Gallis* inamabile nomen,
Henricus! cerno vobis spolia ampla referri,
Vobis *Cressiacas* iterum revirescere laurus.
Nec verò tantum *Gulielmus* Avunculus *Anglos*
Evexit, quamvis acres mitescere *Gallos*
Jusserit, atque feros pacaverit ense *Rebclles*.

Sed ternæ, viden', accedunt, placida ora, *Sorores*,
Formosæ Charites! — Vos latè sceptrâ tenentes
Sollicitant Reges; maternâ sorte, beatis
Vos aliàs longè terras — melioribus, opto,
Auspiciis, & quæ fuerint minus obvia fatis.

O Felix Una ante alias dulcissima Mater,
Læta Deûm partu! solii dum immobile robur
Angliaci steterit; dum pulchræ præmia laudi —
Dum castæ Pietatis honos, & candida puro
Pectore Simplicitas, & conjugalis Amoris
Gratia dicetur, semper peramabile Nomen
AUGUSTÆ ad feros ibit sine labe *Nepotes*,
Et nondum natæ referent præconia *Matres*.

Quin *Britonas* cerne intereâ florescere factis,
Quin redeunt Artes, terras *Astræa* revisit,
Et sincera Fides unâ, & Dos optima *Cœli*

A E P V G A D D A O

Religio — *Rhedycina* viget pulcherrima rerum, —
Et Domus Illa, tuæ meritò pars maxima cura,
Musarum Domus Illa, sui non immemor unquam
Officii, exultans lætos celebrabit honores
Cæsaris, & Res *Angliacas* ad sydera tollet.

Conticuit — quin Tu terras qui numine torques,
Da deinde auxilium, Deus, atque hæc Omina firma.

Reverendus admodum, *Johannes* Episcopus *Bristolienfis*,
Ædis Christi Decanus.

C*Lifdene* Collis omnium gratissime
Nigrantum, apricorumve, quos *Britannia*
Marina falsos claudit intra limites,
Phæbusve lustrat annum secans iter;
Ecquando tristior recessibus tuis
Inertis hora Aquarii processerat,
Quam Veris hic adventus, haud chari tibi
Quanquam novellis vestiare frondibus.

Decessit Ille, qui venustatem tuis
Qui gratiam, nomenque saltibus dedit.
Quis nunc vetusti nuda Brachia roboris
Hederam docebit implicare nexilem,
Aut rupe de gemmante rivulos aquæ
Sequacis exsilire per pavos specus?
Mox per nitentes hortulorum tramites
Errabit asper sentis, & nemorum sinus
Furtiva Vulpes occupabit avios.

At non carebis laude, nec vestra simul
Memoria famæ intercidet, quoties pedem
Fessus Viator reprimet, atque identidem
Opaca sylvis vestra suspiciens iuga
Sic alloquetur aridæ comitem viæ:
Hos imminentes *Thamesino* gurgiti
Lucus, amavit unice Princeps bonus,
Studio fideli quem colebat *Anglia*
Et destinabat optimo hæredem Patri,
Nunc impotente amore sublatum gemit.

Honorabilis *Johannes* Harley A. B. ex Æde Christi,
Honoratissimi Comitis de *Oxford* & *Mortimer*
Filius natu tertius.

O X O N I E N S I A.

Little I whilom deem'd, my artless zeal
 Shou'd woo the *British Muse* in foreign Land
 To strains of bitter Argument, and teach
 The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding *Verge*
 And oozy current of *Parisian Seine*
 To syllable new sounds in accent strange.

But sad occasion calls, who now forbears
 The last kind Office, who but consecrates
 His Off'ring at the shrine of fair *Renown*
 To gracious *FRED' RICK* rais'd, though but composed
 Of the waste flourets, whose neglected hues
 Checquer the lonely hedge, or mountain slope.

Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive scenes
 That forgeful Fancy plan'd, what time the *Bark*
 Stem'd the salt wave from *Albion's* chalky bourn.
 Then filial piety and parting love
 Pour'd the fond pray'r; "Farewell, ye less'ning *Cliffs*
 "Fairer to me, than ought in fabled Song
 "Or mystic record told of shores *Atlantic*.
 "Favour'd of *Heav'n*, farewell, imperial *Isle*,
 "Native to noblest wits, and best approved
 "In manly science and advent'rous deed.
 "Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estranged
 "From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
 "Her steadfast station, fast beside the *Throne*
 "Of sceptred Rule, and there her state maintains
 "In social concord, and harmonious Love.
 "These blessings still be thine, nor meddling *Fiend*
 "Stir in your busy Streets foul *Faction's* roar.
 "Still thrive your growing works, and Gales propitious
 "Visit your Sons who ride the wat'ry waste,
 "And still be heard from forth your gladsome *Bowers*
 "Shrill taberpipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.

"Nor vain the wish, while *GEORGE* the golden scale
 "With stedd'ry prudence holds, and temp'rate sway.
 "And when His course of earthly honour's run
 "With lenient hand shall *FRED' RICK* sooth your care,
 "Rich in each Princely quality, mature
 "In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.
 "Thence too arise new hopes, a playful troop
 "Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed

E P I C E D I A

"Which Faith, and Joy, and thousand Virtues guard.
 "His be the care t'inform their ductile minds
 "With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of honour.
 "How often shall he hear with fresh delight
 "Their earnest tales, or watch their rising passions
 "With timorous attention, then shall tell
 "Of justice, fortitude and public weal,
 "And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
 "With winning tokens of parental love.

Thus my o'erweening heart the secret stores
 Of *Britain's* hope explored, while my strain'd sight
 Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist
 They gently sunk behind the swelling Tide.
 Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er in other Climes
 I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,
 Saw noblest Sp'rits, and goodliest faculties
 To vassalage, and loathsome service bound.
 Then conscious preference rose, then Northward turn'd
 My eye, to gratulate my natal Soil.
 How have I chid with froward eagerness
 Each veering blast that from my hand withheld,
 The well known characters of some lov'd friend
 Though distant not unmindful; still I learn'd
 Delighted, what each Patriot plan devised
 Of Arts, or glory, or diffusive Commerce
 Nor wanted it's endearment every Tale
 Of lightest import. But, oh! heavy change!
 What notices come now? distracted Scenes
 Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts,
 How fair *AUGUSTA* watch'd the weary night
 Tending the bed of anguish, how great *GEORGE*
 Wept with his infant Progeny around,
 How heav'd the Orphan's and the Widow's sigh
 That follow'd *FRED'RICK* to his silent tomb.

For well was *FRED'RICK* loved, and well deserv'd,
 His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
 Attended ever the alluring grace
 Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
 Him shall remember oft the labour'd Hind
 Relating to his mates each casual act
 Of courteous bounty. Him th' Artificer
 Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,

Though,

O X O N I E N S I A.

Though wont to carol many a ditty sweet,
Soon too the Mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating still the foamy Surge,
And treads at last the wish'd for beach, shall stand
Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.

Be this our solace yet; all is not dead;
The bright memorial lives; from his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise
Be countenanced, and Virtue fairer shew.
In age succeeding when another GEORGE
To ratify some weighty Ordinance
Of *Britain's* Peers convened, shall pass beside
Those hallow'd Spires, whose gloomy vaults enclose
Shrouded in sleep pale rows of Sceptred Kings,
Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice
And long-remembered features shall return,
Then shall his gen'rous breast be new enflamed
To acts of highest worth and honest Fame.

These plaintive strains from *Albion* far away
I lonely meditate at Eventide,
Nor skill'd nor studious of the raptur'd Lay,
But still remembering oft the magic sounds
Well-measured to the chime of Dorian Lute
Or past'ral stop, which erst I loved to hear
On *Isis* broider'd mead, where dips by fits
The stooping osier in her hasty Stream.

Hail *Wolfey's* spacious Dome, hail, everfamed
For faithful nurture and Truth's sacred lore,
Much honour'd Parent. You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble Song.

The Right Honourable *David*
Lord Viscount *Stormont* B. A.
Student of Christ-Church.

D Ulces læta modos fundere quæ prius,
Testudo, lacrymis victa fidelibus
Jam planctus iteras, Principis optimi
Funus tristior intuens;

D

Et

E P I C E D I A

Et luctus socios sedula jungere
Extremam tumulo vis superaddere
FRED'RICI querulo carmine Nænam,

FRED'RICI irrevocabilis ;

Illum dura nimis dura *Proserpina*

Jam gaudet tenebris excipere hospitem,
Nec curat miseræ vota *Britanniæ*,

Heu ! flecti prece nescia ;

Immitis gemitus & malè negligit

AUGUSTÆ ; placidi Conjugis algidos
Implexis cineres quæ pia brachiis

Nequicquam retinet dolens.

Cantus ille tuos sæpe libentiùs

Audiret Soboles inter amabiles,
Chordas Ille tuas tangere callidus

Quandocunque vacaverit ;

Cliefdeni viridis sive recessibus

Gratum Principibus duceret otium,
AUGUSTÆ alloquiis falleret aut diem

Curarum immemor omnium.

Multarum cecidit sed Pater Artium :

Jamjam perpetuas tu querimonias
Testudo referes ; haud facile est modum

Tanto ponere luctui.

Honorabilis *Fredericus Keppel* Ædis Christi Alumnus
Honoratissimi Comitis de *Albemarle*
Fil. natu quartus.

VIX lætum extulerat nobis pax aurea vultum,
Fataque jam tandem positis mitescere bellis
Aspera spes erat, & placido ferri omnia cursu,
Cum Parca immitis nostrarumque invida rerum,
Nos iterum voluit justo indulgere dolori,
Quando tibi extremam, FREDERICE, indixerat horam.
Propter enim faciles, Tu Princeps optime, mores,
Charus eras, largamque manum, mentemque benignam,
Et patriæ populique incensum pectus amore.
Quacunque intuleras gressus, te læta caterva
Cum fremitu agglomerans lateri magno omine euntem
Excepit, cui mox fasces fortuna paternos

Cede-

OXONIENSIA.

Cederet, & populos patriâ virtute regendos.
 Has spes surgentes dolor importunus obumbrat;
 Lamenta hunc plausum lachrymæque sequuntur obortæ;
 Et quos cernere erat lætantes omnia circum
 Compita, nunc solitos videas abrumpere ludos,
 Et tacito gressu obtutuque incedere mœsto.
 Communis vero luctûs pars maxima fidæ
 Conjugis invasit pectus, cui sedula morbo
 Dum tristi invigilat, gemitus audire supremos
 Contigit, & dextrâ morientem prendere dextram.
 Quid noctes memorem insomnes? quid tædia longa
 Mentis sollicitæ? aut gratæ solamina vocis,
 Gaudiaque heu frustra vultu simulata fereno.
 At secum intereâ prælagâ mente futuros
 Expendit casus metuens, seu fata mariti
 Cogitet, aut teneros natorum defleat annos.
 Tu verò, casu nequaquam exterrita tanto,
 Quali olim pietate uxor fidissima sponsum,
 Connubii foveas communia pignora, ~~amati~~
 Pignora cara patris, casto data præmia amoris.
 Hos mox, cum charæ audierint præcepta parentis
 Æmula spes aget, & nativas conscia virtus
 Incendet vires, & magna exempla fuorum.

Honorabilis *Gulielmus Harley* Ædis Christi Alumnus,
 Honoratissimi Comitibus de *Oxford & Mortimer*
 Fil. natu quint.

When by the genial Sun call'd forth to Birth
 The tender corn first quits the yielding earth,
 And gently warm'd by Summers timely Aid
 The strengthen'd Stalk unsheaths the swelling Blade;
 How blyth, how mirthful does the Hind appear,
 His Joy increasing with the ripening Ear.
 But if, when Nature seems to bless his pains,
 And pours the yellow harvest o'er the plains,
 If the black Clouds should then with Storms distend,
 The Whirlwinds roar, the rattling Hail descend;
 Who can express the Anguish of the Mind
 When from afar He sees the waisting Wind,

E P I C E D I A

Beholds his golden hopes at once o'erthrown
And the Years labour in a Moment gone?

Far sweeter thoughts did *Britain's* Sons employ,
Greater their Hopes, and more sincere their Joy,
When in their Prince they saw with raptur'd Eyes
The early seeds of goodness first arise;
As Years revolving did their Course renew,
Virtue succeeding Virtue daily grew,
Till Fruit mature from the fair Blossom came
And early Goodness ripen'd into Fame.
Then, *Britain*, 'twas thy Hope with joyful Lays
To sing thy Prince, thy Friend thy Father's praise,
Change, hapless Land, thy Numbers, and bemoan
Thy Prince, thy Friend, thy tender Father gone.
For He, --- In whom each Grace and Virtue met,
In whom our Joys were full, our Hopes compleat,
In whom we gloried, on whose Arm relied,
Our surest Safeguard, and our greatest Pride,
Long to the toilsome Paths of Truth inur'd,
Long through the dang'rous spring of Life secur'd,
Is fall'n mature in Honour, and in Praise,
And blasts the mournful Summer of his Days!

Is then, Alas! our only Task to grieve?
Grief all We now can give, or He receive?
Shall We for all his worth and cares return
Some few, some plaintive Dirge's o'er his Urn?
Shall Tears alone our Gratitude approve?
And heart-felt Sorrow shew our pious Love?
Yes! 'Tis decreed. For him our Tears must flow,
Great our Affection, great must be our Woe.
Her two lost Princes fated to deplore
Rome wept *Marcellus* much, but *Drusus* more;
If just the grief our Sires to *Henry* gave,
If justly fell the Tear on *Glo'ster's* Grave,
Who will to *FREDRICK'S* riper Age refuse
The deep-fetch'd Sigh and melancholy Muse?
As Worth unpractis'd stoops to worth employ'd,
As Bliss expected yields to Bliss enjoy'd,
To Man compleat must early Youth give Way,
And *Glo'ster's* Morning yield to *FREDRICK'S* Day.

He scorn'd the Laurels, lawless *Cæsar* won,
Nor wish'd the pow'r of *Philip's* frantic Son:

Tho'

O X O N I E N S I A.

Tho' brave, yet good, He chose the better Part
To win with kindness, and subdue the Heart;
His Joy to bless a People rich and free
Patron of Commerce, Arts and Liberty:
With honest warmth to prove his Country's Friend,
Averse to injure, ready to defend.
How justly true He form'd his social Plan,
Nor in the Prince's Grandeur lost the Man,
How bright, unmov'd by Pride, his goodness shone,
How felt our Joys, and made our Grievs his own.
Witness whoe'er the Master kind admire,
The tender Husband, and the careful Sire;
Witness whoe'er could want or Virtue plead,
Whoe'er was good, to merit; poor, to need;
Whoe'er his generous Actions kept in View
And their own Life from that fair Copy drew.

Grieve then, but let not Grief those Bounds exceed,
By Wisdom fix'd and Piety decreed.
When God inflicts, shall foolish Man repine?
Severe the Stroke, yet still the Hand's divine.
If for our impious Frauds, our daring Pride,
Our Lusts, our Crimes, lamented **FREDERICK** died,
Let us with care those Paths destructive shun
Nor call by Sin eternal Vengeance down:
His righteous Deed with thankful Awe admire,
Who took the Son, but left the aged Sire,
Left him to sooth with gently lenient Hand,
A mournful Family, and sorrowing Land.
Where **GEORGE** presides, can Woe distress the Plains?
Can slav'ry threaten, while a *Brunswick* reigns?

Britons, whate'er ye owe to **FREDRICK**'s care
Behold his offspring, and repay it there.
Tho' gloomy Fogs obscure the rising Sun,
The Skies may clear, and Joy return at Noon.
Your youthful Prince to just Perfection brought,
Each glorious Lesson by his Grandfire taught:
Taught by **AUGUSTA** every charm to please,
Prudence, benevolence, and social ease;
In each brave, virtuous, royal Act approv'd,
Will ever imitate the Sire he lov'd.

The Honourable *Frederick North* M. A. Eldest Son of the
Right Hon. the Lord *North* and *Gilford*, of Trinity Coll.

E P I C E D I A

SAT fuit sævi studiosa luctus,
Sat dedit jam *Melpomene* querelas;
Ad meos cantus aliam ciebo

Voce Camœnam.

Musa quæ gaudes adhibere curis
Dulce lenimen, propera, modisque
Dic quibus possim placidam dolori

Ferre medelam.

Nec tamen defint lachrymæ decentes,
Quis neget chari lachrymas favillæ
Principis? quis non tenui Sepulchrum

Munere donet?

Parce sed longos iterare fletus,
Ne quid ex hac perpetuâ querelâ
Gaudium majus capiant *Britanni*

Nominis hostes.

Quid quod abreptum *Britones* dolerent
Nec magis Solem sibi luctuosum
Ducerent, quam qui *FREDERICUM* acerbo

Funere merfit.

Qui sui fecit memores merendo
Sorte regali sapienter usus,
Moribus cæstis, animoque recti

Usque tenaci.

Quid juvat raro studio decentes
Gratias illum coluisse, quicquid
Suave largitas, stabilemque quicquid

Poscit honorem,

Dura nequicquam precibus fatiges
Fata; quin cantus, age, lætiores
Profer, & fessas meliore mentes

Omne firma.

Dic pios mores gelida carere
Morte, dic puræ remanere formam
Integram vitæ, in memori suorum

Pectore sculptam.

Regna dic iusto stabilita scepro,
Dic simul notam studio fideli
Conjugem, & castum simili cubile

Prole beatum.

Vivat

O X O N I E N S I A.

Vivat extento, cane, Cæsar ævo,
Hinc enim fluxit, decet huc referri
Regiæ stirpis decus, huc *Britannæ*
Gaudia gentis.

Honorabilis *Ricardus Byron* A. M. Ædis Christi Alumnus,
Honoratissimi Dom. Baronis *Byron* Frater.

DEfinas tandem, pia Sponsa, fletu
Persequi sævo reducem Maritum,
Lege non istâ patrii profectum à
Limine Cœli:

Namque Vitales simul atque in auras
Extulit charum caput, hæc Ministris
Edita alatis sonuere Regis

Jussa Supremi:

“Vifat, annorum properante cursu,

“Fraude turpatas maculisque gentes:

“Vifat, ignaros sibi quanta Sors in-

“-dulserit, *Anglos*.

“Demat his quicquid doleat; suoque

“Pectora accendat generosa Vultu:

“Lachrymam abstergat Viduæ; indigenti

“Erigat ora:

“Excolat pacis studiosus artes:

“Curet, ut virtus, pietas, fidesque, &

“Quicquid humanum genus ornat, omne

“Crescat in ævum.”

Præstitit. Quid jam petis, hinc moretur?

Invides cœlum, nisi Tecum, adepto?

An Tibi mens est geminâ *Britannos*

Clade ferire?

Nos decet vanos iterare planctus,

Nos magis: Musæ, *Rhedycina* plorent:

Si, quod optârit *FREDERICUS*, optes,

Tu Tibi parce.

Honorabilis *St. Andrew St. John*,
Honoratissimi Dom. Dom. *St. John* Baronis de *Bletsoe*
Fil. Natu Secundus, è Coll. Nov.

E P I C E D I A

HOC fuit in votis, magni solatia luctûs
 Hæc sibi præcepit *Britonum* gens, funera Regum
 Mortalesque vices prospectans; "Si Superis sic,
 "Sic visum fuerit, Tu, *Cæsar*, ut orbe peracto
 "Humanæ laudis, cælestibus adnumereris
 "Cætibus ante diem -- est, rerum qui flectet habenas,
 "Est qui succedat similis Tibi Filius; ætas
 "Cui matura dabit, Patres firmare labantes
 "Confilio ut possit, Populi qui jura tueri
 "Nôrit, & hostiles in fœdera mittere gentes.

At quantum Spe decidimus! præpostera fata
 Secûros nos esse vetant: plorabile funus
 Suspiciamus miseri, luctûs in quo omne levamen
 Tollitur, & desiderii medicina futuri.

Oh, *Britonum* fors infelix! quibus una videtur
 Jam superesse salus, si Parca benignior æquo
Cæsaream longo producens flamine vitam
 Addiderit Patri quos Nato dempserit annos.

O, auguste Parens, quin Tu dignare Tuorum
 Annuere optatis; sine nos Tua magna morari
 Gaudia sollicitâ prece; præsens numen haberi
 Hic patiare diu. O, præstes solatia, solus
 Quæ potes, & trepidam solvas formidine gentem.

Henricus D'Anvers Baronettus.
 è Coll. Linc.

IN Hell's dread Mansions, by the iron Cave
 Whence black *Cocytus* rolls his lazy Wave,
 And *Lethe* pours her sad oblivious Floods,
 In Realms that *Chaos* ancient Sire obey,
 Where Heav'n's lost Sons maintain their empty Sway
 In tenfold Darkness and *Cimmerian* Clouds:
 Death the Tyrant holds his Reign,
 The Child of Sin, and Heir of Pain;
 And hears exulting on the dreary Coasts
 The Fury's Lash, and Screams of tortur'd Ghosts.
 Gloomy Fiend, whose ebon Rod
 Has Pow'r to blast the Works of God,

In

O X O N I E N S I A.

In fullen Shades and sinful Night
To blot the golden Face of Light:
Not Hell's Domain alone thy Prize;
But Air and Ocean, Earth and Skies.
When Clouds the wint'ry Deluge pour,
When Whirlwinds rage, and Flames devour,
When groaning Thunders rock the Ground,
And Ocean heaves the vast Profound;
Then Death in Triumph rides the Wast
On Northern Winds, or *Eurus*' Blast,
From Planets sheds the baleful Ray
Whose magic Influence sickens Day,
Or shakes from Comets blazing Hair
The Pestilence and Rage of War.

Not such in elder Ages known:
His Prison Hell, tho' now his Throne,
By adamant Fethers bound,
And torrid Oceans boiling round;
What Time the Earth with Infant Morn
At Heav'n's prolifick Word was born,
Emerging from the Deep she sprung
In vernal Radiance fair and young,
With all her Woods, and all her Rills,
Her fragrant Vales, and sunny Hills;
Then all that wing the Air were made,
That skim the Stream, or haunt the Shade;
And last on Man effulgent flow'd
The living Ray that beams from God.

Ah hapless Man! thy Trespas drew
From yawning Hell a Stygian Crew;
Disease, and Pain, and Sin, and Care,
And murder Child of black Despair,
And Famine gorg'd with human Food,
And War that baths in crimson Blood,
With Death their Chief in evil Hour
To blast Creation's fairest Flow'r,
To bind the North in frozen Chains,
And scatter Flames on Southern Plains.
Ah! see his Iron Sceptre spread
To crush the trembling helpless Head!
Behold his chill *Gorgonian* Frown!
When keen to mow the Nations down

EPICEDIA

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E P I C E D I A

His unrelenting Sickle stands
Usurp'd from Time's delaying Hands.

Adieu! *Saturnian* years of Gold!
Ye Streams for Nectar fam'd of old.
Perpetual Youth no longer leads
Her choral Train around your Meads.
Where Forests crown'd the Mountain's Brow,
And Vales with Plenty smiled below,
Shall central Fires exhaust their Store,
And Seas, escap'd their Limits, roar.
Adieu! the past'ral Field and Grove,
Where Concord dwelt and social Love
When Lambs with Tygers graz'd the Lawns,
And Lions join'd the sportive Fawns.
Ah! soon the Tyger's fiery Glare
Nor Herds nor bleating Flocks shall spare,
That tawny Lion rend the slain,
And Nature's Cries implore in vain,
'Till Death, the fiercer Foe, invades
His gloomy Haunt in woodland Shades.

Man too, Misfortune's fatal Source,
At Desolation's raging Course
Despairing, spiritless, amaz'd,
Shall feel the Pow'r his Crimes have rais'd;
And chill'd by Care, or sunk by Age,
Victorious Pain, or hostile Rage,
In Groans resign his fleeting Breath,
And own thy Triumphs, Sin and Death!
Nor ought avail the Lover's Sighs,
The Parent's Pray'rs, and Infant's Cries,
Nor Wisdom's, Virtue's, Beauty's Charms,
Mæonian Songs, or Patriot Arms—

So sung the Bard in *Chieftan's* Bow'rs
With solemn Strain at midnight Hours.
Unwonted Horrors damp'd his Breast,
And Woes impending banish'd Rest.
How oft' to ev'ry Pow'r he pray'd,
Each *Genius* wont to haunt the Glade,
Each *Naid*, Daughter of the Floods,
And Nymph that loves the pendent Woods!
Thee, *Thames*, the Poet's raptur'd Theme,
Thee too he call'd, majestic Stream!

“O!

O X O N I E W S T A.

"O! as ye prize your *Albion's* Peace,
Her Glory, Empire, Arts increase,
Protect from Danger, shield from Ill
The princely Train that grace your Hill;
And FREDRICK first, by Heav'n design'd
The future *Titus* of Mankind!"
The Pray'rs were vain — remorseless Fate
To narrow Space confin'd his Date;
And Death and Sleep the Chief convey'd
To *Edward's*, and to *Henry's* Shade.

Ah! yet, he cry'd, the Muse shall save
From Night, and dumb Oblivion's Cave
The Spirit freed from cumbrous Clay,
And wing her Course to Light and Day:
O! not to waſt eternal Hours
With Silence in her empty Bow'rs
Was form'd that gen'rous gentle Mind,
By Virtues, Graces, Arts refin'd,
Or that unspotted Bosom giv'n,
That ſmiling ſmooth as azure Heav'n,
Unruffled ſtill by Paſſion's Storm,
Reflected ev'ry Angel Form
That erſt deſcended from above,
With Candour, Truth and roſy Love,
Mercy that quits for Man the Skies,
That wipes the Tears from Miſ'ry's Eyes,
And radiant Bounty that imparts
Her quick'ning Beam to fainting Arts,
And, dazzling to the human Senſe,
The Cherub Child, Benevolence.

Thou, *Britain*, hear the Verſe relate,
Could Pray'r and Tears have ſofter'd Fate,
What Wars maintain'd in *Europe's* Cauſe,
What Empires form'd on Freedom's Laws,
What ancient Glories Heav'n ordain'd
To mark the *Æra* FREDRICK reign'd.
Then once again the Lyrick Strings,
To hail the beſt of Patriot Kings,
Had eccho'd Conqueſt's joyful Strains
On thine, *Poictiers*, and *Creſſy's* Plains;
And Mem'ry's Pen enroll'd his Claim
To GEORGE's, and to *Alfred's* Fame.

AN EPICEDEIXA

Thou, Prince, on Vict'ry's Lap reclin'd,
Saluted Sire of human Kind,
Hadst seen, with Years and Honours crown'd,
The Arts and Commerce smiling round!

O! not by airy Fiction led
With Flatt'ry's Charms to sooth the dead,
The Muse inflam'd with sacred Rage
Discloses Fame's prophetick Page:
Since ev'ry copious Annal brings
Examples strength'ning Truths she sings,
And Time confirms and Nature's Course
That Glory springs from Virtue's Source;
That still from kindred Pow'rs combin'd,
Fair Twins of one immortal Mind,
With golden Chains of *Jove* and *Fate*
Are link'd together *Good* and *Great*.

Sir John Davie Bart. of Magd. Coll.

TE, Princeps, *Britonum* delicias breves
Præreptum querimur flebilibus modis.
Te, FRED'RICE, Tuis nomen amabile,
O nomen pariter flebile! Patria
Te desideriiis icta fidelibus
Virtutumque memor Te super ingemit
Quærens præsidium, & dulce decus suum.
Flentes ad tumulum plangite, Gratia,
Extinctaque jacens tristis Hymen face;
Huc afferte rosas, lilia, & hortuli
Quicquid spirat adhuc languidulum decus,
Vitam quod referat suavem & amabilem,
Vitam quod referat pro! nimium brevem:
Marmorque & tabulas addite, & ingenî
Summum quicquid habet Musa Poetici.
Sed marmor tabulasque heu! fuga temporum
Consumit, sepelitque invida Sculptile
Heroum decus; at Te diuturnius
Clarabit monumentum: usque tuebitur
Famam rite tuam Musa superstitem.

Richard. Vyvyan Baronettus,
è Coll. Oriel.

O X O N I E N S I A.

To His Royal Highness GEORGE PRINCE of WALES.

A Ccept, Great Youth! from one untaught before
In all the sacred Sisters learned Lore,
These artless numbers, that unstudied flow
From the rude lip of ill-dissembling Woe:
Ne'er yet I bow'd before the tuneful Nine
To bless my Verse, and smooth the polish'd Line,
Happy if now these trivial strains declare
A Head unskillful, but a Heart sincere:
But happiest yet of all the Muses throng,
If kind AUGUSTA smile, and you approve my Song.

Yet not in my presumptuous Verse be read
The countless tears which sad *Britannia* shed,
Not in my strains what Nations came to mourn
Around your mighty Sire's distinguish'd Urn,
These weighty Themes to abler pens belong
Too high alas! for my untutor'd Song.
From the flow *Cherwells* low sequester'd Vale,
I bring domestic sorrows humbler Tale,
And at your Knee Great Youth! submissive bend
To weep the Father, Guardian, and the Friend.
Tho' death has now in nearer prospect shewn
The dazzling splendors of *Britannia's* Crown,
Yet lovelier once to thy delighted eyes
Did the bright opening scene at distance rise,
When thy Great Sire with kind parental Hand,
To his lov'd Heir mark'd out the promis'd Land,
Himself still leading on the pleasing Road
Thro' paths of Love and Peace to Empires high abode.

Yet still blest Youth! the glorious Toil assay,
Tho' Cares perplex, and Clouds obscure the Way,
AUGUSTA's prudent Hand shall still sustain,
With all *Cornelia's* Care her filial Train,
And *Britain's* Sons in future annals trace
More virtuous *Gracchi* in her royal Race.

But chief shall *Harcourt* wife, polite, and just,
Embrace with conscious Pride his honour'd trust,
Call'd by his awful Sovereign's gracious Voice
To fix on Honours Cause the early Choice,

E P I C E D I A

To form thy Mind on Wisdoms glorious plan
 And lead thy rising Virtues up to Man.
 Pleas'd to behold thy quick advancing Soul
 Outstrip unactive Precepts sober Rule,
 And glowing with impatient Zeal aspire
 To reach the virtues of thy Royal Sire,
 That conscious *Britain* in thy future Reign
 May own, that *FREDERIC* did not live in vain.

The Honourable *Allen Bathurst* Fell. of New-College,
 Third Son of the Right Hon. *Allen Lord Bathurst*.

TE Decus, Te delicias Tuorum,
 Civium plorat, *FREDERICE*, luctus;
 Nos Tuū longum memores vovemus
 Flebile carmen.
 Hos dedit planctus, metuens futuri,
 Tota *Marcello* pereunte *Roma*;
 Hos, *Tito* longe graviora raptō
 Funera cernens.
 Infidet nostris penitus medullis
 Comitas morum, velut imperantis
 Liberæ genti; decor, & benigni
 Gratia vultus:
 Utque plaudentis populi secundo
 Omine incedens, opulenta regni
 Rura lustrabas & agros; sciendi
 Captus amore
 Qui frequens herbæ pecorisque campus,
 Fruge quæ tellus melior creandâ,
 Quæque vendendæ studiosa mercis
 Oppida fervent.
 Artis & priscæ tibi cura; quicquid
 Protulit tellus vel *Achæa*, quodve
Roma non æquâ cohuit *Minervâ*
 Invida *Graiiis*.
 Hæc super fato breviorē questū
 Vota fundentes cineri supremo
 Debitum munus tenui Camœnâ
 Solvimus umbræ.

Petrus Lyfter Baronettus, è Coll. *Æn. Nafi*.

O X O N I E N S I A.

To the PRINCESS of WALES.

Illuſtious Mourner, beautiful in Tears,
By Nature and the Graces form'd alone
To ſwell a Nation's hopes, diſperſe its Fears,
To grace a Scepter, dignify a Throne;

AUGUSTA! O forgive us while we ſing;
The Muſes are deſerted: you ſupply
A Nobler tribute than the Muſe's Spring: ---
I ſee the Tears ſoft-ſtreaming from your Eye:

Lamented Prince! — In rural *Cliefden's* Grove,
With ſoul to thine attun'd, He led the hours,
To Nature ſacred and connubial Love;
How ſweet the Walks, and how belov'd the Bowr's!

But ah! they charm no more, no more invite;
Wither the Bowr's, the Walks forget their Green,
The Groves in dreary ſadneſs pain the ſight,
And ſigh the *Princeſs*, whom they hop'd a *Queen*.

What Heav'n has will'd, all-gracious Heav'n, be done;
In Fates Eternal Book our Doom is read:
A Prince is now extinguiſh'd, now a Sun:
The Sun muſt die, and FREDERIC is dead.

Yet truſt the Muſe, who ſcorns a hope or Fear,
Since *Gloc'ſter's* Aſhes ſanctify'd her Verſe,
Ne'er *Oxford* felt a ſorrow more ſincere,
Than now, lamenting o'er his honour'd Hearſe.

He lov'd the Muſe: For *Pope* reliev'd his Hours,
And with melodious magic ſweetly charm'd:
And *Thomſon*, Nature's Painter! ſpread his Flow'rs
With more than *Titian's* glowing colours warm'd.

Had they --- but Death involves in gloomy ſhade
Their laurel'd Brows! his virtues ſtill had ſhone
With Colours rounded, never taught to fade,
More royal in their Lines, than on a Throne.

E P I C E D I A

For sacred Poets, by a mystick Pow'r,
Lords of Eternity! but drawn the Pen,
And lo! the Favourites of the tuneful Bow'r
Refine to Angels who before were Men.

Sir *Lambert Blackwell* Baronet of Queen's Coll.

Ad Serenissimam WALLIÆ PRINCIPEM.

PPrinceps Alma, tuis paulatim parcere discas
Fletibus! erepti neque enim Tu fata mariti
Sola gemis: lachrymas demum quin respice Gentis,
Quosque tuis miscet viduata *Britannia* luctus.
Quippe, pios omnes socios habuisse doloris
Solati id restat, solatia siqua supersint
Jam privata Tibi, jam publica damna ferenti.

Respice Progeniem, tot pignora chara, relictam;
Respice natorum redivivum in imagine Patrem,
Queis stabit fortuna Domus, Sceptri que *Britanni*
Intemeratus honos nullo debilis ævo
Principe dilecto tantæque propagine læti,
(Sic visum superis) nimium fortasse potentes
Tu *Britonesque* tui; propria hæc si cuncta fuissent.

O Anima illustris, dudum matura Deorum
Conciliis! quanquam Te pridem Regia Cœli
Invidet *Angligenis*; neque jam mortalia tangunt;
Usque tamen memori recalemus pectore, quantis
Pro Patria & Populo, pro Relligione *Britannum*
Egregius moriens Heros simul excidit ausis.
Scilicet haud longum tempus, modo vita superstes,
Visurus nostras humiles *FREDERICUS Athenas*,
Sheldonei intrasset lætus spatia ampla Theatri,
Mularum eximius fautor gentisque togatæ.

Tuque Juventutis Princeps, spes altera Regni,
Tu patriæ virtutis, aviti & nominis Hæres,
Maecte animis Princeps! ingentem imitare Parentem,
Qui male distractos statuit componere cives,
Qui voluit lapsis unus succurrere rebus
Oxonidum, & solâ spes nostras morte fefellit.

Steph. Niblett S.T.P. Coll. Omn. Anim. Custos.

OXONIENSIS.

SÆpius ingentes latè traxere ruinas
 Regna, Patres Patriæ cecidere, nec ipsa sepulchrum
 Elusit virtus: tumuli quæ tanta voracis
 Immanisque fames? nec Tu fata aspera rumpis,
 Tu, tribus ostensum miseris modò gentibus *Astrum*.
 Ite procul molles numeri; dolor exigit ingens
 Singultus, lacrymasque; hæc, vulneris intus adacti
 Signa, hæc, quæ meritis summi debentur honores.
 Tu, Populi Pater afflicti quas pectore curas
 Nunc sentis! Nati crudelia funera cernens:
 Infelix! Divùm si non aliena voluntas
Angligenum votis, votis quæ fuderis ipse,
 Ille, Pater quem tu luges, & honoribus hæres
 Virtutique simul venisset, & *Anglia* eundem
 Olim vidisset, *FREDERICO* sospite, Regem.
 Dicite Vos Musæ testes, si ritè sepultum
 Laudibus his cumulem, si ritè hoc munere fungar:
 Quanquam non sumptis terrorem induxerit armis,
 Arva per, hostilesque plagas; quanquam horrida bella
 Posthabuit pacis studio, tamen utilis idem
 Consilio, auxiliisque serenæ mentis honestis.
 O mihi *Castalio* si nunc canere ore liceret,
 Heu quales tristis properarem effundere fletus,
 Quas laudes! prisci, clamarem, cedit Amantes,
 Cedit Vos, summæ queis vinc'la jugalia curæ,
 Cedit Vos, cordi quibus usque *Domestica Virtus*,
 Vos noti in natos animi, pia turba, Paterni.

Si Deus è summâ nos respicit *Ætheris Axe*,
 Si nostra æternum non terrent crimina Numen,
 Cæsareum ferva, oro, genus. Servate ministræ
 Cœlituum turmæ, Matrem, sobolemque relictam.
 Ipse ego, seu fuerim *Tamesini* fluminis hospes,
 Mœsta ubi stat sedes, jam non tua, sive per arva
 Flectam iter, atque tui repetam vestigia cursûs,
 Dulcis ubi, Agricolas inter, tua durat Imago,
 Aut quacunque ferar, Tui enim sunt omnia plena,
 Rura, Urbes, portus, & dives piscibus *Æquor*,
 Te, Princeps, Caput O fletum, flendumque, *Cadente*
 Sole canam ferus, Te, Sole oriente peremptum.

Honorabilis *Hamiltonus Boyle* *Ædis Christi* Alumnus,
 Honoratissimi Comitissæ de *Orrery* Fil. natu Secundus.

E P I C E D I A

Nunc mœsta indulget Lachrymis *Rhedyma* decoris,
 Præcipit & querulos languida Musa modos.
 Et meritò; FREDERICUS enim, proh flebile Fatum!
 Funere supremo, publica Cura, jacet.
 Magnorum Heroum decoratus Stemmata longo,
 Magna Ipse illustris Pars imitanda Domus.
 Si non insignes potuit numerare Triumphos,
 Militiæque Ducem nulla Tabella refert;
 At pravos contra Mores feliciter Arma
 Direxit, Bello nobiliore nitens:
 Formavitque Animum patrii ad Moderamina Sceptri;
 Heu! meditans Ævo prospera Jura suo.
 Testetur supplex; non furdæ Principis Aures;
 Janua non unquam non patefacta bonis;
 Majestas, — Aditus faciles quæ præbuit omni!
 Sic, sic est *Britonum* conciliatus Amor.
 Spes quanta abrepta est! Tecum, O mitissima Princeps,
 Concordi gemitu *Wallia* vestra dolet.
 Tu nunc sola Decus nostrum es; — sed comprime Luctus;
 Tam pulchræ Proles læta sit usque Parens;
 Tuque, Hæres Sceptri, faveant modò Fata Juventæ,
 Moribus & Fama Tu FREDERICUS eris.

J. Pardo,

Coll. Jesu Princ.

Quid Numen orat, Quid rogat Arbitrum
 AUGUSTA Regum? Non revocabilem
 Poscitne lamentis Maritum
 Fœmineis, gemitûque inani?
 Non imbecillis mens ea! Conjugem
 Si finxit orbam, non tamen impiam
 Fortuna finget! (si liceret
 Vifa loqui, rapere & sub auras)
 Matrem remotis in penetralibus
 Vidi docentem (plaudite Posterì)
 Prolemque discentem, Puellas
 Auribus & Pueros bibentes:

“Cœlis

O X Q N I A N S I A

- "Cœlis receptum Mî neque Conjugem,
 "Vobisve Patrem, flebilibus modis
 "Urgere semper vel Decorum est,
 "Vel licet; ah Soboles relictæ!
 "Non lege Sponsus creditur Optimus,
 "Dilectus idem non aliâ Pater,
 "Ni promptus ut pareret ultro,
 "Quem penes Arbitrium, vocanti
 "Arcere duram quam Pietas nequit
 "At ferre cladem dat Patientia;
 "Sequere qui certò Parentem,
 "Forſan Avum præiture, Sanguis
 "O diſce noſter, Quæ Reverentia,
 "Qualeſve mores Omnipotentia
 "Debentur, ex Me Matre; fortis
 "Diſce vices alibi ſecundas!
 "At Tu, GEORGI, Fratribus & prior
 "Ætate, Princeps, & Sapientiâ;
 ("Acerba Tu ſi fata rumpas
 "Quæ Tibi ſur' puerint Parentem,
 "Fatique poſthac ordine euntibus)
 "Tu, non ut Hæres degener, indue,
 "Sed ſero, Regales Honores
 "A Proavis & Avo receptos.
 "Sed voce ſupplex, & genibus minor
 "Agnosce, Princeps, Imperium Dei:
 "Quem cura Sacrorum tuetur,
 "Fert proprium, & Populare ſcutum.
 "Si Te creantem, me temerè vocet
 "Plebes beatam; Qui potes, effice
 "Beatiorem, Te monendo
 "Cum fuerim Pietatis Autor.

Theophilus Leigh S.T.P.

Collegii Balliolenſis Magiſter.

I Siacæ Gentis nondum caſtiſſima Mater
 Tot ceſſit vexata malis: non prava jubentum
 Effrænis rabies, non implacabilis ira
 Indoctæ turbæ, numeroque opibusque potentis,
 Flexerunt validam, ſpretæve injuria Proliſ.

E P I C Œ D I A

Nil desperatum FRED' RICO Sospite. In illum
Oxonidum, Britonum, Spes inclinata recumbens
 Lætos ire dies jussit, sub corda latentes
 Excutensque metus, & curas ambitiosas.

Dignatos summo non infamabat honore
Phœbi sacra cohors: Gens Relligiosa reniti
 Regibus esse nefas reputat, mandataque justa
 Ingratis nunquam didicit turbare querelis.
 Pacis amans, libris gaudens, victu & lare parvo
 Felix, divitiis inhonesto pulvere partis
 Indignos uti dominos non invida jussit.

Quod tamen haud junctis sperarent viribus hostes
 Incassum audentes armis subvertere incrimas
 Innixos propriis virtutibus, Artibus illis
 Instructos nondum variis, quibus Utile Honesto
 Secernunt pravi, lucro soliti dare Primas,
 Heu nobis damnosa dies ecce attulit una!
 Virtus, quam nunquam domuit violenta Potestas,
 Virtus, non ullis Fortunæ agitata procellis,
 Uno, non superesse valens, jam concidit icu.

Fracti animis cadimus, subito Te funere PRINCEPS,
 Extinctum flentes & non reparabile damnum
 Exanimes querimus *Thamesina* ad flumina fusi,
 Plurima de nobis Meriti, Magnique canentes
 Tristia fata Viri, fungentes munere inani.

At mœrore novo feriuntur pectora nostra,
 Acres cum occurrant itidem Confortis Amatae
 Corde erumpentes gemitus; quot acerba premebant
 Mœstum animum, Natis, inter suspiria, Matre
 Amisssi desiderium narrante Parentis.

Mente autem firmata Virum Quæ plorat ademptum,
 Et Ratione Suum potuit frænare dolorem,
 Non immota videt Viduatam Palladis urbem.

Credibile est animos arcto tam fœdere Amoris
 Conjunctos, eadem Nolentes atque Volentes
 Mutuam in *Oxonium* curam gestasse, nec Ipsam
 Ejecturam animo Chari Confortis Amicos,
 Curantem officiis humanis digna fideque.

Communi en luctu Sociatas! Illa Maritum
 Ereptum ex gremio luget, *Rhedycina* Patronum.

Flexis at genibus dum PRINCEPS anxia Cœlum
 Suspiceret, repetens oculis jam morte remotum,

Forfan

O X O N I E N S I A.

Forſan in aſcenſu charam ſi cerneret Umbram,
Adfuit auditis precibus, votisque recenti
Jam damno emiſſis Patriæ Pater, alter *Apollo*.
Ægrum animum Medicus dictis mulcebat amicis.
Se Patrem orbatis, Solamen Se fore certum,
Præſentemque Illi dubiis ſuccurrere rebus
Pollicitus, ficcat lacrymas, vultumque ſerenat.
Arriſit proli innocuæ dulciſſima Mater,
Egregiam formamque gerens, animumque Virilem.

Rebus in anguſtis Tantus ſi adſtaret Amicus
Pieridum Soboli, fractamque reſumere Vires
Juſſerit Hortator, non ampliùs impetet Hoſtis
Vincendi certos, ducentes agmen Honeſtum,
Solenni incedens pompâ, pulchro Ordine, paucis
Armatum, bello ſed inexpugnabile juſto.
Regis opem Matri dilectæ Filius optet!
Hoc pietatis opus. Rata fiant Publica Vota!
Immodicus quoties dementùm ferbeat æſtus,
Muſarum dulces O! Servet *Cæſar* alumnos,
Ingentique ſuâ tutatos protegat umbrâ. ---

Gualt. Hodges S.T.P. Coll. Oriel Præpoſ.

Juſſas dent alii lacrymas, precibusque fatigent
Quæ jura *Parnaffi* numina ficta colunt;
Me juvat *Aonidas* procul ablegare puellas
Nec dare compoſitis verba coacta modis;
Artis opem verus ſpernit dolor; ille miniſtrat
Non verba, at lacrymas quæ mihi corde fluunt.
Quis patriæ gemitum ficcis ſpectabit ocellis?
Immotuſve graves hauriet aure ſonos?
Ecce oleam abjiciens, pulloque informis amictu,
Cupreſſum dextrâ Diva *Britanna* tenet.
Aſpice ut inverſam geſtet miſerabilis haſtam,
Et laceret ſparſas victa dolore comas!
Me miſeram, ingeminat, quæ tanta ob crimina tantas
Digna fui pœnas, fata maligna, pati?
Heu! mea quo fugiunt venturæ grata quietis
Somnia? quo pacis dulcis imago fugit?
Te vivo, *FREDERICE*, mihi ſpes credula mentem
Fovit; at eſt tecum contumulata rogo.

E P I C E D I A

Cum fato heu ! tandem cedit maturior annis,
 Qui nunc sollicitus dirigit arte ratem,
 Nuda gubernac'lo, crebrisque agitata procellis,
 Quî fugiet tumidas faucia puppis aquas?
 Quis tantis pectus velit objectare periclis?
 Quæ portum in placidum ducet amica manus?
 Sed quò me miseram dolor abripit? omnia nondum
 Strata jacent: nondum spes mihi tota perit.
 Vivit, & in patriis ponit vestigia signis
 Æmulus antiquæ laudis & ipse nepos.
 Sit sospes, precor, O superi, meliora parente
 Nactus fata, gerat mentem animumque parem.
 Sic positis lethi exuviis, FREDERICE, sepulchro
 Surgens, mutato nomine, vivus eris.

Fran. Webber S.T.P.
 Coll. Exon. Rector.

DIvæ, quæ placidæ servantes *Isidis* undam
 Felices olim thalamos, sociataque læti
 Fœdera conjugii, & fidos cecinistis amores,
 Solennes iterum cantus, luctusque decoros
 Præcipite: En! *Britonum* occumbis justissima cura,
 En sedes tibi sorte datas, & sceptrâ relinquis
 Debita, nec nostros audis, miserande, dolores.
 Atqui non unquam blandæ Te desidis Otî
 Illecebræ, non indecorem damnosa voluptas
 Implicuit, meditantem animo, quo jure *Britannos*
 Eveheres late imperio, queis legibus orbem
 Pacares, lætasque æquo moderamine gentes:
 Talia versabas tecum, tum clara priorum
 Exempla, & magni recolebas facta Parentis;
 Ut pulchros olim pro libertate labores
 Pertulerit, populosque feros, affluetaque bello
 Sedarit corda, & veteres comprefserit iras.
 Talis, si precibus nostris Te fata dedissent
 Antiquas Patrum laudes famamque revolvens
 Ipse tuos regeres *Anglos* felicibus æque
 Auspiciis: qui nunc curis ingentibus ægri
 Absentem revocant votis, studioque fideli
 Dilecto imponunt cineri solennia dona.

Nec

O X O N I E N S I A.

Nec vero occubuit tantos expertus amores
Edvardus, quanquam vires luctantis *Iberi*
Contuderit bello, & *Gallum* tremefecerit armis.

Quin Tu, cui ritè extremos molimur honores,
Si nostras vel adhuc vacat exaudire querelas
Accipe, quæ sola ad ripam, muscosaque *Tami*
Littora, defuetâ meditatur arundine Musa,
Scissam passa comam, & nigrâ velata cupressu.

Johannes Fanshawe S. T. P.
Ædis Christi Canonicus,
& S. Theologiæ Professor Regius.

Segnus infausto sub fidere provenit annus;
Vix spes autumnus præbet acerba dies.
O Patria! O variis jamdudum exercita curis!
Heu! nullis flecti corda superba queant?
Nequicquam externo cecidit tua Marte juvenus;
Nequicquam cives misit in arma furor;
Nequicquam insolitis tremuerunt motibus arces;
Nequicquam armentis ingruit atra lues.
Jam propiora urgent, raptus te Principe, fata,
Et magis apparet vindicis ira Dei.
Quem pœnè everso missum succurrere sæc'lo
Credidimus, feretro vidimus impositum!
Eheu! quam neglecta abiere in nubila vota!
Angliacum nomen vulnera quanta tulit!
At satis ille diu vixit sibi --- jamque beatas
Juncta colit sedes regibus Umbra piis:
Omnibus his niveæ vestes, & lucida circum
Tempora felicem torquet oliva comam.
Sed perculsa gravi, nos, turba miserrima casu
Fundamus mœsti supplice voce preces.
Parce, olim tibi dilectæ, Pater Optime, genti,
Et versa in melius tempora læta fluant!
AUGUSTUM tueare caput; serò expleat annos;
Tarda sit hæc *Anglis* usque gemenda dies!
Regius auspiciis crescat sub talibus Hæres
Interea, *Europæ* Flos, Patriæque Decus!

. E P I C E D I A .

Surgat, quam similis Patri, afflictisque ruinâ
Majore, extincto sit FREDERICUS avo.

Jo. Robinson S. T. P.
Coll. Mert. Custos.

Vixdum restinctus belli deferbuit ardor
Armorum filuit strepitus, clangorque tubarum,
Cum novus exoritur luctus, cum sævior hoste
Incubuit clades, & acerbius *Anglia* vulnus
Accepit, quam si bello occubuisse videret
Mille duces, portisque instaret *Gallica* pubes.

Occidit *Angliacæ*, Princeps, spes altera gentis
Dilectusque suis, FREDERICUS, amansque suorum.
Stant tristes circum proceres, flentesque sorores,
Stat propè natorum & natarum lucidus ordo,
Et moribunda super crudeli funere Conjux.
Nil medicæ profunt artes, nil vota suorum,
Indomita hærescit circum præcordia tabes,
Et tacitum lasso vivit sub pectore vulnus.

Solvitur in lachrymas populus, per compita tristis
Attonita it gemitus, planctu rus omne remugit.
Neglectæ lugent artes, commercia languent,
Te Civis, Te mercator, te Navita plorat.
Rex ipse in folio gemitus dat pectore ab imo,
Et premit ingenti labefactus corde dolorem.
Te Musæ ante omnes luctu comitantur inani
Te FREDERICE, decus nostrum, te spemque salutemque.
Integrat & plectro lachrymans miserabile carmen
Melpomene, sonitum percussa reverberat *Isis*.

Tu tamen ingenti, GEORGI, ne cede dolori;
Sunt tibi reliquæ dulces, charique nepotes,
Et præclara nurus, justî solamina luctûs.
Tu, precor, interis multos, Rex magne, per annos,
Et teneros fingas animos, docilemque juventam.
Ut tua progenies populo det jura volenti
GEORGIUS, & mores imitetur Avique, Patrisque.

Tho. Randolph S. T. P.
C. C. C. Præses.

O X O M E N S A

Carmen Hebraicum, Pentameterum.

בְּכֹהֵן אֵלִים בְּכֹהֵן שִׁמּוֹ עֲלֵיכֶם

בְּנָדִים קָדְרִים הֵן מִתְּנֵשִׁאֲכֶם:

פְּרֻרִיק נֶפֶל כַּעַץ נִגְדַע בְּאֵבֹ

פְּרֻרִיק נֶפֶל אֲשֶׁר כָּל אִישׁ אֲהָבֹ:

אֲהָבֹ כָּל אֲשֶׁר שָׁכַן בְּבֵיתֹ

בֵּי בִטְנוֹ בְּנוֹת חֶשֶׁק וְאֶחָדֹ:

אֲהָבֹ כָּל אֲשֶׁר עֵמֶד לִפְנֵי

לִשְׁרָתָ לֹו עֲבָדָיו נָם זִקְנָיו:

אֲהָבֹ כָּל אֲשֶׁר אֲהָב שְׁלוֹמִים

רַבְלָה לֹו בְּאַרְץ אֹו בֵּימִים:

אֲהָבֹ דָּל וְאַלְמָנָה וְאַבְיוֹן

כָּאֵב הוּא חֲלָצִים מִרַע וִינֹן:

אֲהָבֹ דָּד לְדָד הוּא טוֹב וְנֵעִים

חֲלִי הַמִּיר וּרְפָא כָּל נִגְעִים:

אֲהָ מִי נָא בְּמוֹת נִשְׂאֵי יִתְמִי

בְּכָל חֲכָמָה יִשְׂרָאֵל לְאֻמִּי:

וְאַתָּה אֵל אֲשֶׁר חָצַר מַלְכִים

לְמַלְכֵּנוּ חֲתָה חַיִּים אֲרָבִים:

חֲתָה נָם כָּל בְּרִכּוֹת כָּל יִקְרוֹת

לְאַנּוֹסְטָא כְּבוֹדָה הִיא בְּשִׁרּוֹת:

Tho. Hunt, S.T.P.

Ædis Christi Canonicus,

Ling. Hebr. & Arab. Professor.

Αρχετ' ολυμπιαδες Μισση, ^{κιν. αρχετ' αιδης}
 Και γοερην κελαδεите μελος. -- ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ αμυμων,
 Αρχοντων οχ' αεισας, αιδυκει, αιδετ' ολεθρω,
 Εθνεσιν Αγλιακοις τε βροτοις φιλωτατ^ο. Αι, αι,
 Ουδε γαρ, εδε κεν ΑΥΤΟΣ υπεκφυγε κηρα μελαιναν,
 Αι, αι, επ^ο ε ηβης εεικυδε^ο ικετο μετρον.

Ποσα τελευτησας φορεις ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΕ Βρεθωνοις
 Δακρυα και σοναχες; ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν Αγλων}
 Ως ιδεν, ως ενοησεν; -- αταρ νυν πιασιν σιν ΑΥΤΩ
 Τερψις εκας απεφδυγεν -- απωλετο ΧΑΡΜΑ ΒΡΕΤΑΝΝΩΝ.

Οξονιαι σοναχεите ναπα, και Ισιδος υδωρ,
 Οξονιοις μεγα πημ, οι αμ ερχομενω ενιαυτω
 Δεξεαδ σφετερος εις δωματα ευχετοσ^ο
 Αρχοντ' αντιθεον, πασιν φιλονεξας Μισσαις.
 Παντα δε νυν αμα ΤΩ ξυγκληθαιεν ηδεα Μισων,
 Δαιδαλεα τεχνη, και φαιδιμα Παλλαδος εργα.

Αλβιονων, ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΕ, ΣΕ ομωζοσιν εφηβοι
 Ευχολη καπα αεσυ πελεσσε, ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} τ' οτ ΣΕ θεον ως
 Κυδος αγασαρμας, ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} πιασιν και δαμων επαινεν.

Αλβιονων, ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΕ, ΣΕ ομωζοσι θυγατρες
 Ποιμον οδυραμνη τε γυναικων ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} ηα ΣΕΒΑΣΤΗ
 Αμβληδω γοωσα, εχσο αχε ακειτα θυμω
 Εζομενη ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} ωδα ΣΟΙ και μησαμεν εδε τι σιτε,
 Ουδ' ευνης -- τα δε ΟΙ γαλερωτερα δακρυα κολπον,
 Κολπον ες ιμερ^οεντα ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} καπα βλαφρασιν εχεοντο.
 Ως Θεπς εζομνη ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} ωδα Πηλει, Αιδμα μητης,
 Αιαζι μοιραν Πηληιαδεω Αχλη^ο.

Ειπατε ο' Αλβιονοι, Αρχοντες ο' ειπατ' επαινον,
 Ος ^{η τις εις ακουσεν αν} μεν Ελ^οδεσιν φιλωι γε Βρεταννιδα γαιαν,
 Εμποειαν γαλεριω τ', Αλιοιο θυγατρα γερνι^ο,
 Ηαπισ' αει Αρα τωγε θαλασσια εργα μεμηλη.

Τοις^ο ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ επη, μεγα ΧΑΡΜΑ ΒΡΕΤΑΝΝΩΝ,
 Τοις^οτον μεν εοντα δυσηκοος ελλαβε ποτμ^ο.

Ο ΧΟΜΑΕΝΣΑ

Αλλ' ἀρεταὶ ζῶσι καὶ ἀφθίται, αἵ Αἰδοῦντες,
Πόντων ἀρπακτῆς, ἐπὶ ἀλλαν χεῖρα φοβεῖται.

Thomas Shaw S.T.P.
Linguae Graecae Professor Regius,
& Aulae S. Edmundi Principalis.

AT O dolorum quis pudor aut modus?
Dilecte Princeps, Te lacrimabilis
Ministra pompæ Te canoro

Prosequitur pia Musa luctu.

Non illa caræ Conjugis immemor,

Quæ caritates mille domesticas

Desiderat, nunc orbitatem,

Nunc viduos recolens Amores.

Beata longum Vivite, diximus,

Conjuncta fidis pectora amoribus!

Serique regnantem nepotes

Georgiaden videant nepotem!

Heu vota quo nunc publica concidunt,

Et spes *Britannum*? — Dira Necessitas

Incumbit improvisa lethi,

Heu tacito peredens veneno

Mortale corpus, non ita creditum!

FRED'RICE, Tecum lux abiit brevis;

Caliginosæ noctis umbra

Subsequitur, gelidusque terror:

Tristes querelæ, triste silentium

Percellit aures. — O quis amabile

Solamen AUGUSTÆ gementi

Afferet? — At minuit dolorem

Gratum elocutus consiliantibus

Cæsar Ministris: "Sistite lugubres

"Questus, nec AUGUSTÆ Maritus,

"Nec Pueris Pater usque deerit

"Custode rerum *Cæsare*: Vindicem

"Me, Me Parentem agnoscite, Filii;

"Laudis nec oblitus avitæ

"Exstimulet generosa virtus,

Æ P Y C E D I A O

"Per quam *Britannum* nomen, & *Anglia*
 "Crevere vires: hos animos dabit
 "Præceptor instructos ad omnes
 "Imperii & pietatis artes;
 "Ut *Mentor* olim, non sine *Pallade*
 "Finxit docendo *Telemachum* suum,
 "Per ardua, & per blanda pacis
 "Expediens, & acuta belli.

Edw. Bentham S.T.P.
 Coll. Oriel. Soc.

To his Royal Highness PRINCE GEORGE.

While *Britain* fills with streams of tears Her *Urn*;
 Shall the Land grieve, and not the Prophets mourn?
 Whilst every Face the fatal blackness wears;
 Shall these most feel, and yet withhold their tears?
 Oh, this be never said! But rather say,
 They'd pay their Sorrows in the noblest way.
 As some rich Vessel, just her Voyage gain'd,
 The Sailors pleas'd to see their hopes attain'd,
 By fates unseen is stranded on the Coast;
 And all, except some few choice Ingots, lost;
 Their busy grief's employ'd on what remains;
 No Time to dwell upon the perish'd gains:
 So we — your Nation are the shipwreck'd here;
 You, our great Treasure, and our ardent Care.
 'Tis not the cluster'd Titles, garter'd Pride;
 Our royal Loss can ne'er be so supply'd.
 Goodness alone the drooping heart must cheer;
 By growing hopes to ease your Country's fear;
 And give a blessing back for every Tear.
 To turn you to the Pattern on the Throne;
 And study there the duties of a Crown.
 Each regal Virtue in that Glass to View;
 And learn the End of Greatness, not the Shew.
 Plac'd, like the Serpent, for the public Eye,
 To heal the Plague of Sorrow ere we die.

To

O X O N I E N S I A.

To let no Whispers draw your Youth aside;
But be His great Experience still your Guide.
To hear with Rev'rence, and with haste obey;
And teach your Subjects by yourself the way.
So Jewellers their curious Stones refine,
Setting their lustre by the kindred Mine.

The Roll you will not tear, young Prince; pursue.
Love for the Dead becomes a Zeal for you.
Dead, did we say? --- But not to be forgot!
O worthless Greatness, that must be thy Lot!
His Goodness issu'd with so free a Grant,
The only fear was, Royalty should want.
Like light He bless'd, and quickned like the Heat;
The smallest Plant was cherish'd with the Great.
Ask of each Charity, she'll weep and own.
The Father lost was Her's, not Yours alone.

Blest Shade, farewell! Tears the best Altars raise;
At home the fairest Monument of Praise.
Soon our plain lines the nice Disdain will leave;
Your laurel'd Son a nobler Fame shall give.
When scepter'd Kings around shall view His worth;
They'll talk of thee, who gave such Virtues birth.
O Prince, these great Examples now receive;
Like Odours mixing the Perfumes they give;
Think on your Father's Death --- like GEORGE, to live.
For what to copy Him can more inflame,
Than the vast Love pour'd out on FREDRICK'S Name.
No adverse Tryals you have need to fear;
Two royal Blessings still support you here.
The Third that's gone will turn your Guardian there.
Your Master to his own wise purpose leave;
Favourite to Heav'n you are in what you have.
When Crouds expectant flock'd around the fire,
Waiting to see the Jewish Youth expire:
Tho' Three, which Heav'n did for its Chosen own;
The Angels kept to save them, were but One.

M. Cholmeley D. D.
Fellow of Magd. Coll.

E P I C E D I A

Nuper ingentem saturata luctum
Exerit sacrum caput Alma Mater
Anglia, & si quod subeat levamen

Mite doloris,

Quærit, affueti patiens vigoris —

“En! ait, dum cor trepidante saltu

“Emicat, cari en! superest Parentis

“Læta Propago!

“Ut Patrem spirant! ut avita toto

“Ore Majestas sedet, & pudicæ

“Suavitas Matris decorat nitentes

“Mollis ocellos!

“Vos, reor, priscam referetis olim

“Gloriam Genti, mea Spes, *Britannæ*;

“Creditum Vobis reparare Cladum

“Damna priorum.

“Cerno Virtutum segetes opimas

“Nascier! cum mox adolescat ætas

“Firmior, quos Stirps generosa fundet

“Prodiga fructus!

“At quis imbelles, animi fidelis,

“Et potens artis, studioque caro

“Ductus attollat, dubiosque gressus

“Dirigat æquus?

“Quis viam Famæ implicitam asperamque

“Pandat haud fallax, & ad omne sacrum

“Imperî munus juvenile fingat

“Gnaviter ævum?

“Præful en! Musæ bene notus omni,

“Mentis excelsæ, placidusque, centum

“Artium Præful, tacitus nec idem

“Ore disert;

“Hic meos carè foveat Nepotes,

“Unicè pollens; amet Hic vocari

“Principum ductor, rapiatque Avitæ ad

“Culmina Famæ.

Maçte Vir dulci officio! Colende

Maçte Vir! cui delicias *Britannûm*

Haud breves commendat amore blando

Anglia Mater.

Maçte

O X O N I E N S I A.

Maſte ter! votum cape gratulantis
Comiter Muſæ — Deus hos labores,
Quem colis, fidòs tueatur, & ſpes
Expleat omnes!

Richardus Hind S. T. P.

Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

ET Nos in Patriæ luſtu, lachrymiſque decoris,
Indulgere juvat lachrymis, cantumque ciere
Lugubrem, à ſacro revocatis limine Muſis,
Quà Citharæ dudùm pendent, deſuetaque plectra.

Deliciæ noſtræ perierunt, maxima gentis
Spes, & dulce Decus, columeque inſigne futurum.
Nam quicquid dulce eſt, & quicquid amabile, magnus
Hoc FREDERICUS erat. Plorate, *Britannica* pubes,
Quem natum ad Sceptra exornârunt mille placendi
Artes, omnigenûmque cohors pulcherrima laudum,
Aurea quæ poterant vobis promittere Regna,
Degenerique datura exemplum imitabile Seclo.
Olli etenim intemerata Fides, & candida morum
Simplicitas, & mens fucata nescia fraudis,
Semper erant cordi: & quantum ſuperaverat omnes
Fortunæ donis, tantum & Virtutis amore,
Et meritis ſtudit ſuperare, & mente benignâ.

Plorate, *Oxonidæ*, (longos & ab *Iſide* fletus
Accipiant *Thameſis* reſonantes flebile ripæ;)
Plorate ingenii reſtinctum lumen, & artes
Præſidio orbatas: — nam Vos FREDERICUS amavit,
Et placidè excepit, multo & dignatus honore eſt.
Quinetiam Ipſe comes Muſarum ſæpe ſolebat
Ingentes Citharâ dolci lenire labores,
Et non indecori velabat tempora lauro.

Sed neque victricis (ſi Te unquam in caſtra tuliffet
Fortuna Imperii) quiſquam Tibi præmia palmæ
Præriperet, denſiſve incurreret acrior armis:
Hoc ſperare domus dederat *Brunſvica*, Tuique

E P I C E D I A

Vivida vis animi, & generosæ in pectore flammæ,
O Patris atque Atavum heroum non degener Hæres!

At Tibi quæsitos heu! frustra invidit honores
Officiosus amor Patriæ, perque aspera belli
Tam charum metuit caput objectare peric'lis;
Si tamen in pace & studia inter blanda latentum
Occidis insidiis morborum ingloria præda.

O dolor, atque decus nostrum! O dignissime fati
Quem læta exciperet series, diuturnaue Sceptra!
Ni Tua Te virtus, cœlo matura, beatis
Affereret Divum ordinibus, & damna rependens
Æthereæ dederit jus immortale Coronæ.

Nec nulla interea est tanti medicina doloris;
Nec tota in *Britonas* ruit inclementia Cœli,
Supplicium quanquam nimium crudele luentes:
Dum regno incolumis Rex & Pater optimus unus,
(Incolumemque diu, Superi, fervate!) volentes
GEORGIUS in populos dat jura; atque arbiter orbi
Composito pacem & socialia fœdera firmat,
Angliacam expediens extrema per æquora classem.

Et Tu, chara Viri egregii & mœstissima Conjux,
Quanquam nulla dies abolebit pectore fido
Dulces, quos potuit mors sola abrumper, amores;
Accipe quæ superant duri solatia casus.
En! magnus Tibi *Cæsar* adest, lenire dolentem
Alloquio cupiens miti, officiisque Paternis.
En! vestras unâ viduata *Britannia* curas
Partitur, gemitusque imo de pectore miscet.
Nec totus tamen interiit FREDERICUS; — at astra
Dum super incedit cœlesti lætus honore,
Restat adhuc terris generosâ in prole superstes;
Quæ auspiciis formata Patris felicibus, olim
In Patrias surget laudes, (Tibi gaudia mille
Assiduâ pietate addens,) & nomen aviti
Et decus Imperii ad feros feret usque Nepotes.

Guil. Hasseldine S.T.P.
Coll. Magd. Soc.

O X O N I E N S I A.

WHY droops the Muse? why silent are the Lays,
Which erst symphonious to the Voice of Mirth
Refounded FREDERICK'S Name? why faltering speaks
Each tuneful Tongue, late prompt to sing of Joy?
Why languid shines the Sun? why screaming fly
The Birds portentous? in the Vault of Heaven
Why shrowd their lessening Lights yon starry Worlds?

Veil, veil, *Britannia*, hide thy faded Honours
Now mouldering into Dust. See where the Star,
That reign'd propitious at his natal Hour,
Has sadden'd all the Year!----

Alas! that not his heavenly Princess' tears,
Nor yet those Babes, those Pledges of their Loves,
The fairest Flow'rs in all *Britannia's* Soil,
Nor yet his Sire's, nor yet a Nation's Prayers
Avail'd t' arrest th' inexorable Doom!

Has Providence to scourge a guilty Land
Elanc'd it's Arrow, snatching to itself
Such Worth, for Heav'n matur'd, too just for Earth?
Yet still in Pity to our fervent Vows
The Sire remains; and may He long remain,
T' avert the dreaded Ills, desponding Hearts
To animate, and bless this mournful Isle!

Nor grieve, fair Princess, that your other self,
From transient Pleasures, only gilded Pains,
Is soar'd beyond Life's Storms --- His virtuous Soul,
By long Experience train'd in Wisdom's paths,
Knew the true Value of all earthly grandeur,
The Statesman's Glory, and the Great man's Pride.
Thee only, and thy Babes of princely Worth
He left with great Regret, (yet with a Prayer
For *Britain* and for Thee;) still that allay'd,
Full well assur'd his Sons, in *Britain's* Cause,
Shall Conquerors rise, and Thou their Acts enjoy
Bless'd in thy Virtue, but in theirs o'er bless'd.

For this, where scarce a tuneful Voice is heard,
Or Flowret grows, advent'rous shall the Muse
Tune it's love-labour'd Song, for who deserves
It more than those the Patriots of our Weal?
Glad as benighted Travellers to see
The friendly Lamp come dawning on their Eyes,

A P I C E D I A

I raise my thankful Hands to gracious Heaven
In gratulation of my Country's Good. —

When Rocks descend to Dust, when Mountains nod
Low as their Basis; need we wondering view
The Sons of frail Mortality decay?
No; when the Cyphers of Existence sink,
They, heedless as they liv'd, unheeded die.
But when the good, the generous, and the brave,
The nobler Spirits of ethereal Mould,
As Suns bright-shining in the azure Heavens,
As mean men bow, as Insects of a Day,
How are the mighty fall'n alas! we cry
Thoughtless, that they but disappear; they veil
Awhile from us their radiance, to illumine
Another Hemisphere before unblest'd.

Yet FREDERICK's salutary Deeds shall live
In Verse, more durable than breathing Brass.
When Time's keen Scythe shall level in the Dust
Peasant and Prince, without a Stone or Sign
Sepulchral to point out their mean remains,
Still shall the turf lie light on FREDERICK's breast,
And Ages hence as near *Evander's* Dome,
Shall Shepherds blithly pipe, and sing his Praise.

Oft yet the tender tear, the heaving Sigh,
Humanity, fore-touch'd at such a Loss,
Will rise spontaneous, claiming to be heard.
And pensive as they walk, they still must wish
That gracious Heav'n, in pity to Mankind,
Had longer lent Him to adorn our World.

Oh! Man, insensible of rising Ills
Best hid by Providence in Time's dark Womb,
Big with the Hope of something new, untry'd,
Plays like a Lambkin, on the flowery Lawn,
In the broad Sunshine; thoughtless what dire blasts
Fly pestilential, in the noontide glade,
Which not a *Wilmot* with *Machaon's* Skill
Can dissipate, nor Thine, illustrious *Mead*;
Careless what Accidents may intervene,
What Arrows, pointed by the Hand of Fate,
May random fly, yet wound a sacred Breast;
Fair as the fairest of the blooming Spring,
Too oft a Canker preys upon the root,

And

O X O N I E N S I A.

And withers all the Honours of the Year.

O! when the pealing Organ calls to Dust,
How melancholy duteous to attend;
The funeral Obsequies of one so lov'd.
Oh! then the sad remembrance of his Love,
The heart-felt Anguish for a Prince so good,
Untimely lost! how deadly then the Pangs
Of His lov'd Consort, robb'd of all that's near,
And dearest to Her --- O! the tender Scenes,
Where they so innocently spent their Days;
The last sad Scene embittering all the past!
Great as the Sorrow of his royal Babes,
Of their best Stay bereav'd, of sound Advice,
Living Example, which best spoke the Truth,
Truth which the *Stagyrite* could ne'er instil
Into young *Ammon* --- grave, religious Truth!
Fit to uphold, and dignify a King;
Not in the dark, the melancholy Dress
Of fourest Superstition, to affright
Their tender Minds, to gloominess averse;
But in the amiable, the easy garb
Of genuine Faith, Simplicity, and truth,
Candid Simplicity best form'd to please:
Nor unadorn'd, mere cold and lifeless Words,
Apt to disgust, as spiritless, as dull;
But wing'd with true Sublimity of thought,
Lively Sincerity, a glowing Zeal,
Language persuasive of a well-fram'd Heart.

Rapt into Ages past, when *Cressy's* fields
Enfanguin'd rush to view, th' embattled Hosts
In his Description war; their little Hearts
With manly thoughts expand: before them pass
Sages and Heroes, th' *Edwards*, *Henrys* bold,
High in the Rolls of Fame, and far renown'd
For Arts of Peace or War; and beck'ning seem
To call them forth to Virtue: they mean while
Hang on his Words admiring; at both Ears
Drinking Instruction; kindling into thoughts
Like Theirs impassion'd, in *Britannia's* Cause,
One Day to rise the Conquerors of the World.
There great *Eliza's* form stands fair to View
Augustly amiable; th' *Armada* seems

A P I C E D A O

Vanquish'd beneath her Arms: here *William*, fam'd
 For rescu'd Liberty, and Arts restor'd,
 Raises his laurel'd Head; their raptur'd Sense
 Already sees their kindred Heroes rise
 In glittering Array; and now they hear
 Their Trumpets sound th' Alarm --- they start --- the fight
 They meditate, and dauntless rush to Arms.

E're yet their Minds were tender to be form'd
 By salutary Precepts, well He stor'd
 The Soul's void Cabinet: Example rare!
 Meet to inform the Flower of *Albion's* Youth
 To rise in Arts superior as in Birth,
 The brightest Jewels in the *British* Crown.

More had He plann'd --- but th' iron tongue of Death,
 Envyng such Dignity should long reside
 With Mortals undeserving, call'd away
 His princely Soul, and there *Britannia's* Pride.

Who now with friendly, true parental Care
 To guide their wavering footsteps; who to warn
 From Pleasures Paths, and false-alluring Charms?
 Thou *Harcourt* can'st, for say who better knows,
 More skilful who, to watch each rising Passion,
 To train them in the Path the Grandfire treads,
 Framing their Morals to adorn a World.
Norwich, 'tis Thine to pour th' instructive Beam
 Full on the opening Soul; it's latent Powers
 By Exercise t' unfold; the real Charms
 Of Truth, of Liberty, of virtuous Lore,
 Sole Objects worthy of a *British* Prince,
 With a resistless Eloquence to teach:
 This can alleviate all a Nation's fears ---

All Hail, Great *GEORGE*: this generous Plan is Thine,
 Thus to reform us, th' Influence will extend
 To distant Lands, and Heroes yet unborn.
 And when (O very late!) Thy nobler Part
 Ascends her native Skies, *Britannia's* Sons
 Oft as Thy natal Day, the Day, which gave
 So great a Blessing, shall revolve, will hail
 Thee as their Father, Thee their common Good:
 Fame ever-faithful shall Thy memory grave
 In Columns high, immortal as Thy Acts!

James Fortescue D. D. Fell. of Exeter Coll.

O X O N I E N S I A.

“THE Solemn Dirge prepare — What Bard unsung
 “Can leave the Muses darling Patron fled?
 “What Harp, if artless, by meer Sorrow strung,
 “Joins not to celebrate the mighty Dead?”

“Why groan’d the Earth of late, why shook with fear
 “Convuls’d, Those Herds why sicken’d now we see;
 “Forgetful of the Spring why lagg’d the Year,
 “’Twas Nature, *Albion*, sympathiz’d with Thee!

“Ye Sons of *Isis*, in your tuneful Woe,
 “*Britannia*’s Wound, her Hero fal’n deplore;
 “Myself will publish it where’er I flow,
 “And spread the mournful News from Shore to Shore.

Thus spake the Sacred stream, whose Chrystal tides
 Thy Reverend Tow’rs, fair *Rhedycina*, lave;
 Then leaning on his Urn reclin’d, he glides
 Pensive adown the slowly-rolling Wave.

At length fit haunt of Gods, thy blisful Seat
 Appears, O *Cliefden*, rushing into view,
Cliefden late fav’rite of the Good and Great;
 Then struck with grief the God begins anew.

“O Tow’ring Palace, O thou sacred Grove
 “Made ever verdant by my fost’ring Care,
 “Where FRED’RICK and AUGUSTA wont to rove,
 “Within thy Mazes, lovely, loving Pair!
 “Adieu, ye charming Scenes, where oft I’ve ey’d
 “The Godlike Man, adieu ye soft Retreats;
 “Displeas’d I now behold ye as I glide —
 “What envious Pow’r hath robb’d ye of your Sweets! —
 “Your Sweets indeed remain, but not to me,
 “Your Paradise is now a barren Waste;
 “Your Hero’s fled, and charming tho’ you be,
 “I missing him none other pleasures taste!

EPICEDIA

"But say what Nymph in fable Weeds array'd,
 "By Moonshine seen thro' yon dark thicket gleams?
 "'Tis She, AUGUSTA gliding thro' the Shade
 "Alas! is come with tears to swell my streams.

 "Well may She weep, full well her woe-gall'd mind
 "In all the Vehemence of grief Complain;
 "Well feel the stroke which pierces all mankind,
 "I too could weep — but that to weep were vain!

 "Then dry those fruitless tears, since thus to mourn
 "But taints the bliss of thy dear Saint above:
 "These streaming Eyes to thy lov'd Offspring turn,
 "Sweet, Beauteous pledges of your former Love.

 "See their great Sire renewing in his Race;
 "And whilst they round thee on my Margin play;
 "My Mirror pleas'd shall their lov'd Image trace,
 "Their forms reflecting, as thy FRED'RICK's They!

George Smith M. A.
 Fellow of New-College,
 and Senior Proctor.

Ingentes luctus & tristia fata tuorum
 Musa file; cantuque pio solare labores
 Quos mœrens *Rhedycina* agro sub pectore versat.
 Quò tamen Amisfi miseram solabere mortem?
 Quò possit multo infelix se solvere luctu
 Musarum sedes; altè cui vulnus adactum est,
 Cui vulnus crudele dies enl attulit atra?
 Heu! leto, FREDERICE, tuo spe decidit omnis
Aonidum domus ingenti; nam Te fore quondam
 Fautorem afflictæ spondebant *Palladis* arces
 Egregius si unquam gestâras sceptrâ tuorum:
 At, non pollicita hoc, Te pulchra Scientia luget
 Defunctum, Te cana Fides, & pura futurum

O X O N I E N S I A.

Religio columen; juxtà & lugubritèr Alma
Stat Mater, largoque humectat flumine vultum;
Et Natos inter gravioris conscia curæ
AUGUSTÆ sortem questu miseratur acerbam,
AUGUSTÆ, quam castus Amor, quam candida Virtus
Subsequitur, quam mitis amat Sapientia, curas
Seu quando Sponsi placido sermone levaret,
Seu tenues levi percurrat pectine telas
Virgineo comitata choro; aut stipata frequenti
Prole det attentæ prudens documenta catervæ
Quæ dictet pietas studiosaque cura Parentis.

Quis fatis, Alma, tuos FREDERICI in morte dolores
Exprimat? aut tanti possit solatia casûs
Afferre? ô tales indigna expendere pœnas:
Nam jacet Ille nimis crudeli vulnere fati
Cui laus, cui virtus, cui vitâ dignior ætas
Affuit, & Patriæ studium; felicius artes
Nec quisquam excoluit, Regni quondam decus ingens
Quæ fuerint, *Britonas* patriâ virtute volentes
Cum regeret tandem foliumque teneret avitum.

Quis poterit lacrymas Hæredis fistere parvi?
Quis fletus orbæ prolis, quos elicit infans
Sincerusque dolor, nil cheu! tale merentis?

Solus qui novit tantis succurrere curis
GEORGIUS hæc oculis præsens Pater aspicit æquis:
Et quanquam Nati immaturo funere mœstus,
Solando cupit AUGUSTÆ lenire dolorem,
Et Pueri gemitus patriis avertere dictis;
Dum tenerum pectus famæ venientis amore
Accendit, magnumque decus jubet esse Suorum
Olim cum moriens regnum det habere Nepoti.

Quin ô quin serus sedes, AUGUSTE, piorum
Accedas; lætusque diu defende tuorum
Jura, Pater; votisque favens assuesce vocari
Oxonidum, nostros longumque tuere Penates.

S. Dickens A. M.

Ædis Christi Cenfor,

& Academiæ Proc. Junior.

E P I C E D I A

A Lready War had spread his wasteful Flood,
 And delug'd half the Globe with *British* blood;
 Rebellion next with so much fury reign'd,
 Ev'n Vict'ry mourn'd amidst her triumphs gain'd:
 Yet, as unwarn'd by Heaven, our careless Land
 Play'd with the bolts that arm the Thunderer's hand.
 To punish nearer the luxurious Lord,
 Disease, and Famine, threat the wanton board;
 Yet still, with loose debauch, they waste away
 The Night in pleasures; and in sleep, the Day.
 Th' Almighty rose, to dash their senseless mirth;
 And, to the Centre, shook the trembling Earth:
 A momentary pause their revels broke;
 But the Fear vanish'd suddain as the Stroke.
 Greatly incens'd, yet tenderly severe,
 He gives this last, sad effort, of his care;
 The wonted Trial of his mighty hand,
 Or to reclaim, or sink a guilty land.
 Ev'n harden'd *Egypt*, long by Judgments try'd,
 Saw, and relented, when her First-born died;
 Ev'n harden'd *England*, to reflection driven,
 Rememb'ring *FREDERICK's* Virtues, thinks of Heaven:
 Divided Parties now consent to fear;
 And Faction joins her undissembled tear.

In all these Realms of Sorrow, see where chief
AUGUSTA sits; the Sovereign Queen of Grief!
 What mighty anguish tears her tender breast!
 What heart-felt pangs! How variously distressed!
 Fondly, she counts his many Virtues o'er:
 Then mourns her Loss; but mourns for *Britain* more.
 Paternal Love, and chaste connubial Truth,
 On her right hand, weep o'er the Royal Youth:
 Upon her left, the mournful Arts appear;
 And drooping Science sheds the grateful tear.

Our Patron Saint, to sooth the sinking Dame,
 With aspect mild, like *Britain's* Monarch, came.
 His arm upheld her, by her griefs oppress'd,
 Whilst thus the Tutelary *GEORGE* address'd,
 And oft, in speaking, view'd her with an Eye
 Of troubled Love, and gentle Majesty.

O X O N I E N S I A.

'Tis fit, AUGUSTA, thus to vent your woe,
 And give the bursting tears a generous flow;
 When prest with sorrow, and o'ercharg'd with grief,
 'Tis from the Eyes the Heart demands relief:
 But, O forbear t' indulge the pleasing pain!
 Though Heaven's Great King afflicts, He heals again:
 Again, he takes *Britannia* to his care;
 Sees *England's* sorrows, hears your generous Prayer.
 The Nation's crimes, that wak'd the wrath of Heaven,
 At length, for princely Virtues, are forgiven.
 Then rise, and be Yourself! — Beneath your wing
 Propitious shield this future Patriot King:
 Great *Britain's* second Hope with caution raise,
 And turn his steps from Error's mazy ways;
 His course 'midst Pleasure's soft allurements steer:
 A Nation's welfare hangs upon your care.
 See, to your aid, how chos'n a Band resorts!
 See *Harcourt*, form'd for Friendship, and for Courts;
Stone, learned, good, judicious, and polite;
 Instructed by each Grace, to act or write:
 And *Norwich*, skill'd to lead, persuade, convince,
 Looks like a Guardian Angel on his Prince.
 These, these attend! To watch his ripening years,
 T' assist his Virtues, and allay your Cares.

Yet, e'er I part, this short Advice be given;
 And well observe it, for it comes from Heaven.

“Mark, the true path to Glory! --- Teach his Youth
 “Religion, Virtue, Polity, and Truth.
 “By the Divine Exemplar mould his mind:
 “Wisdom, and Goodness, with Dominion join'd.
 “These be your Arts, and this your Pattern be
 “For Godlike Rule; an Empire, o'er the Free.
 “All Power, to the Publick Good direct;
 “And form a King, to Bless, and to Protect.”

Joseph Spence M. A.

of New College,

Professor of Modern History.

AD APICIA

יבוא יום צוקנו בו

ורבות אנהתנו

הקנה מרה לנו:

שר מת חסידים כחם

חנון רחם פרדרי

מת אשר חפצנו בו:

על נהר חמסיה

ישבו וזם יבכו

אוקשוניונים יבכו

על מות שר שאחבם:

שר גדול מת אמרנו

בימי חלקה יפרה

אשרי נזי כבד ירבו:

עבר לא שנית תראהו

אשתו טובה היא בנשים

ורק יקוננו בניו

ולא תעיל חמרתנו:

מת יהי שלום עלי

יהי הוד וחרר לשמו

ברור יבוא אחריו:

יהי מלך אבי עמו

יהי שבע ימים ויהוד

ילמד הנער בנו

אשר יאשר בו עמו:

Ric. Browne S.T.B.

Coll. Trinitatis Socius,

& Linguae Arabicæ Professor.

OXONIENSIA.

Carmen Phœnicium,
ad inscriptionum Citiarum normam exaratum.

9292477194318
879137791929991
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42717409429444
42929747407441
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Carmen Etruscum.

AD : 8DE+EDIKE : 1VKE : ANKE :
1VNTES : ES2NV : 0EDTED : 2VME :
212+V : INK : V0V0V : VTEM :
AI : AD : 8DE+EDIKE : AI :
2E : IVTE : MADTE : ET : KAIIDE :
AEI : 2E2+ : 1VKVMV : KEVDKE :
AD0IA : AVKVS+A : ET : 8VIA :

Joannes Swinton, A.M.
ex Æde Christi.

Carmen Arabicum.

قال الشيخ الاخضع العلما جرجيس في مذهب المراثي ولم يكن
من طكاب الرفد علي موت ربنا قردريك الامير الغاليين وابن الملك
الافضل نور الدين سلطان جرجيس اطل الله حياته
اسمعوا اتي اسف للقلوب كالبرن
هلكت وشمس في سحاب تغايبت
بنات ثيابكن حمر تنزعن
وتبكين سايد اهبناء في صدر
وقلنا باوراق لحدوده الظل

Geo. Costard, A.M. Coll. Wadh. Soc.
6H 2

NEPICE DIA

קינח

ad inceptum huiusmodi existimant

מי יתן עיני מקור ראשי מעינו מים
לבי שופך כנחל דמעת דמעת עולם
אבכה יומם ולילה על פרץ בת עמי
למה רעשה ארץ רנוז מוסדות חבר
התפצצו הררי עד שחו נבעות קדם
מפני חרון אף יהוה על פשעי נחלתו
יהוה חלל באפו כל תפארת בת עמי
הוריד גאון היער נדע ארץ לבנו
אשר אמרנו תחת ענפיו צל לנו מחרב
אהה אדני יהוה חטאנו רשענו מאד
הפר כעסך עמנו אסף כל עברתך
חוסה יהוה על מלך הושע שריר בית מלך

CVNTES: ESNV: OEDYED: SVIII:

SISTV: INVK: VOIVDV: VLEN:

ACI: LAD: SDEVEDIKE: ACI:

SEL: IVCE: MADTE: ET: KANDE:

ACEI: SES: LVICVMV: KEVDKE:

LADQIA: AVKVSTA: ET: SVIA:

Robertus Lowth A.M.

Coll. Nov.

Poeticae Prælector.

M.A. notius & minus

CUM Britonas mœstos nimiùm ingemuiffè peremto
Principe, nec modicis fatum incufâffe querelis,
Tœderet Lachefin; paullùm commota, (subinde
Lentæ digito filum producier album
Cæcæ erat) quianam hos luctus, hæc verba cietis
toniti? exclamat: fateor, lacrymabile letum
im meritumque Viri, qui multa & magna pararet
Angligenis bona; quo nec sponsæ, conjuge dignæ,
Carior occubuit, nec sponsus amantior unquam.
Ruricolæ hunc, mitem ingenio, suavemque loquelâ,
Non sceptris inhiantem, hortos & rura colentem
Mirati assiduè; patres hunc, optima natis
Et dantem monita, & vestigia cæca regentem,
Laudavere boni: mercator, navita, pictor,
Qui vel acu variant vestes, aut stragula; texunt

Licia

O X O N I E N S I A.

Licia qui nativa, aut qui bombycina; tum quos
Exercent ovium candentia vellera, largum
Semen opum patriarum; hunc agnovere parentem.
Quinetiam quibus hæc, merce præstantior omni,
Piscatura brevis, nostrum quam porrigit ultrò
Indigenis pelagus, curæ cordique fuisset;
Nè *Gallus*, *Danufve*, aut *Belga* lacefferet usque;
Præsentem hunc voluere ducem, ultoremque futurum.

At tamen afflictæ genti, plebique, suisque,
Non domini, non patroni, non principis æqui,
Conjugis, aut patris, immaturo funere rapti,
Sit licet hoc ingens damnum, solatia defunt.

Scilicet has artes, hæc jura tuebitur, almam
Jam senior, positis armis, spretisque triumphis,
GEORGIUS & pacem colet, & quæ commoda pacis
Cuncta instaurabit; commercia prisca reducet,
Firmabit nova: non *Hispanus* prædo colonos
Atteret Occiduos; non erro perfidus oram
Vexabit dubiam: mox dividet arva negata
Nequicquam, imbellem populum defendet ab hoste
Miles, & effrænes animos atque aspera corda
Gallorum Indorumque jugo submittet eidem.

Interea pius AUGUSTAM Rex, conjugis ipse
Amiffæ memor, & natos solabitur orbos;
Et gressus idem, &, servatos ante, paternos
Ritè secundabit mores, studiisque favebit
Felici auspicio: ferusque redibit Olympum.

Aurea jam tandem veniunt longo ordine sec'la,
Candidiorque dies: vestros ea fata nepotes
Certa manent. unum hoc, venturi præscius ^a *ævi*, *verbum*
Solicitis gratum adjiciam, casusque levamen.
Bis vitam æquabit patris, bis tertius, *Angli*,
Quot regnârit avus, numerabit GEORGIUS annos.

Josephus Jane S.T.B.

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

EPICEDIA

To Her Royal Highness

The PRINCESS DOWAGER of WALES.

I.

NOT with perpetual horror lours
The low-hung Cloud: tho' gloomy Show'rs
Now shroud the darken'd plain;
Soon, Royal Mourner, soon shall stream
Thro' the dank Mist th' all-cheering Beam,
And bless th' enliven'd Swain.

II.

The North-Wind bleak with dreary blast
Awhile may Nature's Charms o'ercast,
And chill the Womb of Earth;
But quick succeeds th' auspicious Spring
Soft-brooding with expanded wing
To wake the genial Birth.

III.

Thou, still forlorn, thy bended breast
With all Affliction's weight oppress'd,
Droop'st o'er thy FREDERICK's Urn:
Nor dost Thou check the gushing Tear,
Or when mild Evening lights her Star,
Or at the Dawn's Return.

IV.

Did then th' embitter'd Streams of Woe
Down Anna's Cheek incessant flow,
When Denmark left her Side?
Or when the melancholy Doom
Untimely seiz'd her Gloucester's bloom,
Was Comfort's Balm denied?

V.

Cease, fair AUGUSTA, cease to grieve;
Heav'n claims thy Lord, and bids Thee heave
No more the fruitless Sigh;
Resume thy wonted Air serene,
And raise to many a pleasing Scene
The long-dejected Eye:

There,

O X O N I E N S I A.

VI.

There, turn thine elevated Sight
To those encircling rays of Light,
Thy Confort wears above;
Here, GEORGE'S Throne establish'd see
On Pillars of fair Liberty
And of his People's Love.

VII.

Then view that lovely, numerous Line,
Sweet-blending FREDERICK'S Charms with Thine. ---
Begin th' important Charge,
Which the wise Monarch's tend'rest Care
Commits to Thee; their Youth to rear,
Their op'ning Minds enlarge:

VIII.

They by thy generous Voice inspir'd,
By *Brünswick's* great Example fir'd
Shall wide proclaim their Race;
The Rights, their Sires maintain'd, ensure;
Preserve our Laws, Religion, pure,
Britannia's firmest Base.

William Dobson LL.B.
of New College.

ERgo extincta jaces, nostræ Lux Altera Gentis;
Nec Te dulcis Amor, nec Te pia Vota Tuorum,
Nec tenet infomni Natorum cincta coronâ,
Quæ caro hærescit Comes indivulsa cubili,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia, Conjux?

Tu tamen immistus Superis, seu forte recentem
Excipit *Henricus*, seu tristia facta recenset
Sorte pari *Arthurus*, radiantia ve ora tueris,
Laurigerasque comas, & Nigri Principis arma,
Respice nos hoc tantum --- interque dolentia latè
Agmina, ne tenue officium aspernâre Camœnæ.
En Tibi (funereæ nec pars erit infima pompæ)
Pullatas inter turbas cum gente togatâ
Ad Tumulum haud tacita incedit mœstissima Mater,
Et focios simul admiscet *Rhedycina* dolores.

E P I C E D I A

Ah Decus, ah Dolor *Angligenum* ! perit ilicet omnis
Et Vigor & Virtus mentis, perit ille *Britannâ*.
Libertate calens Animus, thalamique fidelis
Rarus Honos, curâque & amore repleta paterno
Pectora, Simplicitas periit placidissima morum,
Et Vox læta sonans, & aperti Gratia Vultus.

Ah Decus, ah Dolor *Angligenum* ! Te, dulcis Imago,
Te viduæ flere Artes, Commercia necdum
Firma fatis, flevit patris Te quisquis Amores
Expertus teneros, Fidei cuicunque jugalis
Cura fuit, cuicunque domestica munia cordi :
Immani ante alias mœrore miserrima Conjux
Flevit inexpletum ; molli nec *Amelia* voce
Permulgere valet, solatia dulcia fundens,
Neu monita, augustique valent promissa Parentis ;
Ast immota manet, duros in corde dolores
Exagitans, carosque premens ad pectora Natos.
--- Solus ab hac clade interea fidentior Hostis
Arripit augurium, atque animum spe pascit inani. ---

Quin noli nostris nimium exultare periclis,
Quisquis es --- En viget incolumis, longumque vigebit,
Numinibus fidens patriis, animosa Senectus
*Cæsar*is, & magnis mens dudum exercita rebus !
En circum innumeri lætâ de stirpe Nepotes
Constipant latus, atque amplexus inter avitos
Demulcent animos ! viden', ut Puer impiger Ille
Florentes aperit vultus, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis inspirat amores ?
Tertius Hic olim (sic Dîi vovere faventes)
GEORGIUS, auspiciis & nomine carus avito,
Regnabit, --- frustra Furia prohibetis inanes ---
Et facili imperio fidos tutabitur *Anglos*.

At Vos O ! quibus *Angliacæ* Spes credita Gentis,
Quorum dulcis Honos teneros ad munia Regni
Erigere, atque animos venturæ accingere Famæ ;
O si qua est Pietas, si quæ reverentia Recti,
Si quis amor Patriæ, placido invigilate labori ;
Virtutisque sacram haud segnes accendite flammam.
Sit bona Libertas, Probitasque, Fidesque Verenda,
Sit Patriæ haud simulatus Amor, sit maxima curæ
Religio --- Quin & monitus exempla sequantur,
Quin juvet Annales magnorum evolvere Regum,

Fata-

O X O N I E N S I A.

Fataque, fortunaſque, & cari quando recurret
 Nomen avi, dolci diſtendite corda calore ---
 Dicite, juſtitiâ quantus, fideique tenore
 GEORGIUS: affiduos pro Libertate labores
 Dicite, Conſiliumque ſagax, Curaſque perennes.
 Quin lætum Patris ingenium, Moreſque referte
 Perplacidos --- qualis vectus FREDERICUS ovantes
 Per populos, quanto complevit compita plaufu.
 Parcite neù vos Victoris meminiffe *Wilhelmi*, ---
 Ut *Gallum* ad GEORGÎ latus, haud impune ferocem
 Fuderit, immanes ut mox maturior hoſtes
 Pacârit Vindex, & patria Fulmina torquens
 Perjuraſ Acies deſertæ ad flumina *Speiæ*
 Fregerit, & *Scotiæ* extremas tremefecerit Oras.
 --- Sic operi Deus aſpiret, ſic grata laborem
 Agnoſcat præſens, & poſtera diligat *Ætas*.
 Vos etiam, quibus Heroum ditiffima Tellus,
 Et Virtus *Britonum*, & Libertas maxima cordi,
 Diî patrii, ſervate domum, ſervate ſacratam
 Imperio Prolem: --- quin dilectiffima Cura
 GEORGIUS emineat --- date mollem, & honore refertam
 Canitiem --- Auspiciis Hujus procul exulet omnis
 Invidia atque Furor Demens --- & lege perenni
 Stet folium --- longumque vigenſ tandem ordine juſto
 Secura ad ſeros tranſmittat Sceptra Nepotes.

Georgius Secker A. M. *Ædis Chriſti* Alumnus.

To Melancholy.

Hence ye Pleaſures fond, and vain,
 Hence ye light, fantaſtick Train!
 But come, Thou Goddeſs, ſad, and ſlow,
 Who tread'ſt the ſolemn ſtep of Woe!

Come, and with Thee bring along
 The penſive Sigh, and plaintive Song,
 The wrinkled Brow, the Viſage drear,
 The burſting Heart, and ſtarting Tear,
 Grief, that in ſtupid Silence ſtands,
 And Sorrow wringing both his Hands.

E P I C E D I A

Come at Horror's highest Noon,
When howling Dogs proclaim the Moon,
When the Schreech-Owl tunes her Throat,
And lengthens out the boding Note,
When, from the Ivy-mantl'd Tow'r,
Sullen sounds the Midnight Hour.

Sober-suited be thy Trim,
Thy waxen Taper blazing dim,
To cast around a serious Gloom,
And glimmer in the silent Tomb;
Where repose the pompous Dead,
Where the mighty lay their Head.

Hail! Goddess, Hail! and with me deign
To meditate this darkling Scene---
Its scanty Limits, scarce a Span,
Its hoarded Treasures, Wrecks of Man,
Reason, Beauty, Honour, Birth,
Lost in mould'ring Dust and Earth.

Yet here, in mimic State, must lie
The Glory of this nether Sky;
Whose awful Brow cou'd doom to Death,
Whose Smile recall the parting Breath,
Whose Pow'r benign, with copious Hand,
Cou'd scatter Plenty round a Land.

The Orphan eat His daily Bread;
He eat, and blest the Hand that fed.
The Widow told her piteous Tale---
The wasting Oil forgets to fail.
Her smiling Offspring round her rise,
And catch the Comfort from her Eyes.

Ev'n Mis'ry ceas'd to clank its Chain,
He charm'd away its Sense of Pain:
Ev'n Care cou'd blunt its sharpest Sting,
And 'midst her Torments laugh and sing:
Envy unmov'd cou'd gaze at Bliss,
And bid her Gorgons cease their Hiss.

The

O X O N I E N S I A.

The Sister-Graces beat the Earth
 Light, in all the Maze of Mirth.
 In Saffron Robe, and loosen'd zone,
 They led the laughing Seasons on;
 Cherub Joy, with aspect bland,
 Attendant on the decent Band.

Ah! Goddess, such the Halcyon Times,
 When FRED'RICK hail'd these blissful Climes;
 When, like the Bird whose Mattin rings,
 He foster'd us beneath his Wings;
 And, by the Boon of partial Heaven,
 To us the brooding Warmth was given.

But now this genial Heat is fled,
 Fair Poesy reclines her Head:
 Sculpture inanimated stands,
 And drops the Chizel from her Hands:
 Whilst Music, melancholic-flow,
 Can only trill the Note of Woe.

And hark! amidst the mournful Gloom
 Slow winds a murmur round the Tomb,
 Which seems to sound in hollow Strain,
 This is Melancholy's reign.

Foote Gower M. A.
 Fellow of Brazen-Nose College.

A Pta joci & fueta leves ornare triumphos
 Luctifonos fundit nunc Elegeia modos.
 Ante diem, FREDERICE, cadis! succisus aratro
 Flosculus exhalas fuaveolentem animam.
 Semper honorandum, nunc primùm flebile nomen,
 Flere simul Tecum gaudia rapta licet.
 Triste subit desiderium; Tua plurima virtus,
 O Pater, O Conjux, non sine laude subit,
 Et variæ mentem stringit pietatis imago:
 Gaudia quæ crescunt, crescit & inde dolor.

E P I C E D I A

Non Tu Martis opus, non horrida bella secutus;
 Non ullâ tinctus cæde triumphus erat.
 Te Jocus & Charites circum castusque *Cupido*,
 Ingeniique placens gratia mille modis.
 Ver Tibi perpetuum; quo Tu per rura ferebas
 Cunque pedem, risit *Flora* decore novo:
 At torpent nunc rura, & in hortis *Flora* relanguet,
 Cognatoque perit funere veris honos.
 Te sibi Patronum Pictura, Poësis, & Artes
 Ingenuæ poscunt; Tu decus omne Tuis.
 Hei mihi! quos solos tribui Tibi nollet, honores
 Ad tumulum mœrens nunc Elegeia feret.
 Vive superstes adhuc in prole! & tale reposcat
 Carminis officium non nisi fera dies!

Ric. Grosvenor Bar. Fil. nat. max.
 è Coll. Oriel.

Φρεδεικον κλαιωμεν· ο γαρ γερας εστ θανοντων·
 Πες κλεος ηδ' αρετη, Βεληδυνια, ως σοι εταυρη
 Ελπις χαλλιπαρεια παλαι; χακος ηρπασεν Αδης,
 Ηρπασεν, εν κοινη σκηπ'εσθι ληαθημα τε πιπλεν·
 Τενεχα νυν γερωσ ομωζοις, κηδεα θυμω
 Πολλα παθουσα, Πατρις, τα δε δακρυα, λειψδρα σοργης,
 Σπενδοις, σοι γαρ ολωλε φιλω, φιλος ανθρωποισι·
 Ου πατερ' ορφανικω, ποσιν εκ αρ' εδακρυσε χηρα
 Σς ζωντος, Φρεδεεικε, συ γαρ ποσις ηδα, πατηρ τε·
 Ηρα συ θαλπωρη γηρα, πλατος τε πενητι·
 Η πενη, μητης κηδων, εγελωσε, και αυτη
 Δακρυοεν μειδης· Αχλυσ, οτε χειρας ορεξας
 Χαρματα πολλα διδων, και δουλιον ημαρ αμυνων·
 Αι αι σειο εκλαυσε ταχυν μορην αυτος Απολλων
 Και μελεων Μισσαι ληγασι, και εκεπι μελπε
 Βαεβιτος ως το παλαι, κει' λυγρη και αφωνη
 Η γερωσ τρυζι, και βραγχαλεον μελω αδδ·
 Μισσων μεν ολωλε φιλω, και ολωλεν αοιδη·
 Τιςδ' αρα νυν Ναυτη δωσθ' θαρσος τε μενος τε

Ελπιδο

Ο ΧΟΝΙΕΝΣΙΑ.

Ελπίδι κινδυνος θελγων, οτε δεινθ' αητης
 Ιστω εμβρεμε), και κυμ' ανεμοτρεφες ωρτο
 Δεινον απειλη; Φου ρηγνυται εμπεδος ισθ
 Ναυτη, μηδετ' ερετμοις πισεον· αλλ' αγε σειλας
 Ισια καρπαλιμως, εις ορμον νηα μελανιω
 Νυν παρθευσε, χακοις, δυσλω, ανεμοισι πεποιθως·
 Νυν αρετη κλαιοις, συ δε πρ' ηνε λυκοχιτωγε,
 Σωφροσυνη, κλαιοις, επι τυμβω δακρυ χεσσα
 Λυγρον, μνημα ποθων· κειλα φθονερω ενι τυμβω
 Παν το χαλον κ' αγαθον· φου φου! (Οι σ' εννυ) αγνη
 Λαμπας, Υμνω· πισου τις ερωτος δεσμα φυλαξει
 Ποτνια; πισος ερωσ αμα και Φρεδεεικος ολωλεν·
 Αλλ' ω Φοιβε, πατερ λιγυρας φορμηγθ' Απολλων,
 Αλλα σε γενεμαι, καλης μνησαδς αιοιδης,
 Μηδ' ολος εις φθιμενας βαη Φρεδεεικθ', εν αδη
 Καν φθιμμοις ζωοι λαμπρον κλεος, ως και οπιστω
 Ανδρασιν ερχομμοις αρετης παδειγμα γηηται.

*Johan. Mordaunt Cope Bar. Fil. unicus,
 è Coll. Trin. Socio-Commenfalis.*

T Was on the Ev'ning of that gloomy Day,
 When FREDERICK, ever lov'd, and ever mourn'd,
 (Such Heav'n's high Will, and who shall disobey?)
 To Earth's cold Womb in holy Pomp return'd.

With fullen Sounds the death-denouncing Bell
 Proclaim'd aloud the dismal Tale of Woe,
 The pealing Organ join'd the solemn Knell,
 In mournful Notes, majestically flow.

The full-voic'd Choir, in Stoles of purest White,
 With frequent Pause, the soul-felt Anthem raise;
 While o'er the Walls, in darkest Sable dight,
 A thousand Tapers pour'd their holy Blaze.

A E P I C E D I A

In high Devotion rapt, the mitred Sage
With Energy sublime, the Rites began,
While Tears from ev'ry Sex, and ev'ry Age,
Bewail'd the Prince, the Father, and the Man.

"Who, when our Sov'reign Leige to Fate shall yield,
"Shall prop, like him, *Britannia's* falling State?"

"Who now the vengeful Sword of Justice wield,
"Or ope, like him, sweet Mercy's golden Gate?"

"Who shall to Arts their pristine Honour bring,
"Rear from the Dust fair Learning's lawrell'd Head,

"Or bid rich Commerce plume her daring Wing?
"Arts, Learning, Commerce are in FREDERICK dead.

"Who now shall tend, with fond paternal Care,
"The future Guardians of our Faith and Laws?"

"Who teach their Breasts with patriot Worth to dare,
"And die, with Ardour, in *Britannia's* Cause?"

"And who, ah! who, with soft endearing Lore,
"Shall sooth, like him, the royal Mourner's Breast?"

"Her Lord, her Life, her FREDERICK is no more." ---
Deep Groans and bitter Wailings spoke the rest.

Then when at length the awful Scene was clos'd,
And Dust to Dust in holy Hope consign'd;
All to their silent Homes their Steps dispos'd,
To feed on solitary Woe the Mind;

All but *Lorenzo*; — He, with Grief dismay'd,
Nor heeding ought but FREDERICK's hapless Fate,
Musing along the cloyster'd Temple stray'd,
Till lonely Midnight clos'd th' impervious Gate.

But when each Lamp by slow degrees expir'd,
And total Night assum'd its silent Reign,
Sudden he starts, with wild Amazement fir'd,
And big with Horror traverses the Fane.

O X O N I E N S I A

The vaulted Mansions of th' illustrious Dead
 Inspire his shudd'ring Soul with ghastly Fears,
 Dire Shapes, and beck'ning Shades around him tread,
 And hollow Voices murmur in his Ears.

There, as around the monumental Maze
 Darkling he wanders, a resplendent Gleam
 Shoots o'er th' illumin'd Isle a distant Blaze,
 Pale as the Glow-worm's Fire, or *Cynthia's* Beam.

With Glory clad, th' imperial Shrines among,
 Four royal Shapes on Iv'ry Thrones were plac'd,
 High o'er their Heads four airy Diadems hung,
 Which never yet their maiden Brows had grac'd.

The first was he, whom *Cressy's* glorious Plain
 Has fam'd for martial Deeds and bold Emprize;
 Nor less his Praise in Virtue's milder Strain,
 Just, humble, learned, merciful and wise.

Next *Arthur* sat, at whose auspicious Birth
 In one sweet Flow'r the blended Roses join'd;
 And *Henry* next, fair Plant of Scottish Earth,
 The Hope, the Joy of *Albion* and Mankind.

Yet green in Death, the last majestic Shade
 Wore gracious *FREDERICK'S* mild endearing Look;
 To him the rest Obedience courteous paid,
 And *Edward* thus the princely Form bespoke:

"All hail! illustrious Partner of our Fate,
 "For, whom, as once for us, *Britannia* bleeds,
 "Hail! to the Mansions of the Good and Great,
 "Where Crowns immortal wait on virtuous Deeds.

"The same our Fortune, as our Worth the same,
 ("To Worth like ours short Date doth Heav'n assign)
 "As one our Fortune, one shall be our Fame,
 "And long Record our deathless Names shall join:

E P I C E D I A

"But oh! I tremble for *Britannia's* State,
 "May guardian Pow'rs avert the dire Prefage!
 "For well she knows at our untimely Fate,
 "How Heav'n's dread Vengeance smote each sinful Age.

"The regal Staff aspiring *Bolinbroke*
 "Snatch'd with rude Grasp from *Richard's* princely Hand;
 "Loos'd from Hell's Confines, civil Discord shook
 "The dubious Throne, and tore the bleeding Land.

"When *Arthur* died, imperious *Henry's* Thirst
 "Of Subject's Blood, nor heeded Sex nor Age;
 "His Wives a Sacrifice to vagrant Lust,
 "His Nobles Victims to tyrannick Rage.

"When pious *Charles* in Right fraternal reign'd,
 "Rebellion proudly stalk'd from Shore to Shore,
 "Her Laws, her Rights, her holy Faith profan'd,
 "And dyed the guilty Land with royal Gore.

"Yet ah! may Pity move relenting Heav'n!
 "Enough she groans beneath her present Woe;
 "Enough to Vengeance is already giv'n;
 "Her *FREDERICK'S* dead; — there needs no other Blow."

Scarce had he spoken, when the Bird of Day
 'Gan Morn's Approach with *Clarion* shrill declare,
 At once th' unbodied Phantoms fade away,
 The fond Illusion all dissolves in Air.

James Clitherow of All-Souls Coll.

HEU spes caducas! heu nimium breves
 Gentis *Britannæ* delicias! Dolor
 Inanis urget Te receptum
 Ad superas, *FREDERICE*, sedes.
 Ignosce verò damna querentibus;
 Ignosce Sponsæ flebilibus modis
 Te, care, Te rerum suarum
 Et decus & columen, vocanti.

Ignosce

O X O N I E N S I A.

Ignosce Fratri, Tuque Sororibus
 Acrem dolorem; quin famulis tuis
 Lamenta condones, suamque
 Flentibus *Angligenamque* fortem.
 Ignosce magnis planctibus, æstui
 Magnoque Patris; quem *Britonum* salus
 Incerta, plus quam acuta belli,
 Commovet, attonitum peric'lo.
 O! qualis angor Te, Patriæ Pater,
 Pertentat! O! quæ sollicitudines
 Metusque, curis impeditum
 Perpetuis, animum fatigant!
 "Si fors brevi Me, jam senio gravem,
 "Absumat ætas; Sceptra *Britannica*
 "Quis sustinebit? ecquis orbem
 "Educet instituatque prolem?
 "AUGUSTA, tandem lætior inquit;
 "Magistra vitæ nobilis, imperi
 "Rebus gerendis apta, curam
 "Sola habeat populi, & Suorum.

Carolus Gould A. M.

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

O Yet a Moment from the Heav'n-born Muse
 Invited turn the ravish'd Ear away,
 To weaker Numbers listen, nor refuse
 Indulgence to an humbler Poet's Lay:
 A Youth, who never from the *Delian* Grove
 Has dar'd to pluck the Laurel's sacred Wreaths,
 Whose Breast no Rapture feels, but what the Love
 Of Virtue to the grateful Bosom breaths;
 Who can assert no other Plea for Fame,
 But that his Verse is mark'd with gentle **FREDRICK'S Name.**
 Yet ye fair Virgins of the tuneful Quire,
 Who chaunt the Shades of *Helicon* among,
 I call not you to lend your needless Fire;
 The Theme itself shall animate the Song.

E P I C E D I A

'Tis FRED'RICK's Praise, and where's the Breast so cold,
But such a Subject can to Transports heat?
And so much Goodness who can e'er behold,
Nor feel his Heart with Admiration beat?
So the bright Sun amid the Sky serene,
Affords the glorious Light by which itself is seen.

But should each Sister bring, with plenteous Hand,
Her sweetest Flow'rs and strew them o'er his Tomb,
Such mournful Honours well may He demand,
Nurs'd with whose Care those Flow'rs began to bloom.
Chill'd with Neglect, they long had droop'd beneath
The cheerless Winter of a thankless Age,
He bad the genial Breeze of Favour breath,
And still'd the Storm of Envy's furious Rage:
Fair Science rais'd awhile her Head reclin'd,
And, not deceiv'd, in Him a Lover hop'd to find.

With Tales of spotless Love to swell the Verse,
No more let Bards to wanton Fiction rove;
But when they would the golden Age rehearse,
Seek here, and what before was Fiction, prove.
Th' applauding World beheld, with strange Delight,
A Prince the Wonder of Paternal Care:
The Bridal Torch was seen to burn so bright
That squinting Envy shunn'd the dazzling Glare.
He liv'd, like Nature's earliest Sons, sincere,
And held the guiltless Joys of social Pleasure dear.

A Bosom, that such tender Passions felt,
To glorious Freedom must be found a Friend;
Freedom and Love together still have dwelt,
Their Aid to Liberty the Virtues lend.
And not within the royal Walls confin'd,
He wider bad his Eye benignant rove,
With gen'rous Friendship to survey Mankind,
But look on *Britain* with a Father's Love.
O'er Virtue's modest Sons the Shield he threw,
But on her haughty Foes the Sword of Justice drew.

Yet

O X O N I E N S I A.

Yet ev'n for These he ne'er refus'd to feel
The Voice of Mercy whisp'ring in his Ear:
Nor would have wish'd to draw the pointed Steel
Regardless of the bended Suppliant's Tear.
Not drunk with Pow'r, he view'd the giddy Height
Of dazzling Greatness with a single Eye,
Nor thought the wretched were below his Sight,
Nor for Humility himself too high —
Yet vast Ambition fill'd his ardent Soul,
Not Arms, but Happiness, to spread from Pole to Pole.

Quick to his Name the grateful Column rear,
Let on its Top the royal Figure stand;
A Guardian Angel let the Prince appear,
O'er *Britain* spreading wide his bounteous Hand.
Beneath his Wings let Merit sit secure,
And feast upon his Smiles serene and sweet;
From her full Lap let golden Commerce pour
The Wealth of ev'ry Climate at his Feet:
While *Isis* by the Hand of Freedom led,
Fixes the Meed of Worth, her Chaplet on his Head.

Bright Partner of his Virtues and his Heart,
Hither thine Eyes, illustrious Mourner, bend;
In all thy Suff'rings *Isis* bears a Part,
A Friend to *Britain* must be *Oxford's* Friend.
This Store of Grief O think not to engross,
Nor judge that Fate has wounded Thee alone,
We'll share thy Sorrows as we feel the Loss.
Believe Him only hasten'd to a Throne,
Remov'd from Danger and secur'd from Care,
Which Thou with Him again art sometime sure to share.

But Thou, young Prince, *Britannia's* Hope, on whom
For Years of future Blessings she relies,
O, (as thou canst) elude the fatal Doom,
And give again thy Parent to our Eyes!
As Time thy growing Virtues shall mature
He shall again in Thee begin to live;
Then think not what a Loss we now endure,
But what a Treasure Thou thyself canst give.

EPICEDIA

So make Us hope, that not for our Offence,
But to reward his Worth just Heav'n has call'd him hence.

J. Huckell B. A.

of Magd. Hall.

HOrror ubique animos cepit, cum turbida nuper
Viscera quassati contremuere soli.
Quid Cœlum, quid Terra tremens vult, *Martis* & horror,
Principis ex flendâ morte, *Britanne*, vides.
Hinc Dii solliciti tot tristia signa dedere,
Hinc hominum insolitus pectora moeror habet.
Invidiam attonitus fatis objecit *Apollo*:
Deinde, diù questus, talia iussa dedit.
"Mando tibi nostros luctus, *Rhedicya*, canendos:
"Undique tu natos, undique plectra move.
"Non decuit tacitâ *FREDERICUM* morte perire,
"Delicias *Britonum*, *Pieri*que chori.
"Sæva breves annos *Pelidæ* fata dederunt:
"At versu æternum spirat, *Homere*, tuo.
"Tuque neci eripias, mea Nata, heroa *Britannum*:
"Immortale ævo tu decus adde brevi.
"Saucia nonne vides ut congemit *Anglia* tanto
"Vulnere? non, omnes ut maduere genæ?
"Quid, licet *Edvardum* perculsa *Britannia* flevit?
"Vate sacro caruit flebilis ille cinis.
"At nunc cum visit Manes illustrior umbra,
"Te poscit numeros gens miseranda pios.
"Quâ tamen arte! Quibus numeris solabere flentem!
"Carminè quo gemitus tot cohibere potes!
"Altera spes superest: Patriam erige; Flos viget alter;
"Lætæ materies mox oritura lyra.
"Regius ecce Puer, dignus Genitore, nitebit,
"(Non augur vanus spondeo,) dignus Avo.

J. Allen A. M.

Aul. Magd. Vice-Princ.

O. X O N I E N S I A.

To Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES.

B *Ritannia* mournful fought the silent Stream,
Where Virgin-*Ifis* hastes to meet the *Thame*;
And thus the River-Deities addrest,
While pungent Sorrows heav'd within her Breast:
"Teach me, Ye murm'ring River-Nymphs to mourn!
"Let the big Eye pour forth it's plenteous Urn!
"No greater Loss e're pious Tears requir'd;
"No greater Hopes have in one Breath expir'd.
"From Heart to Heart alternate is the Sigh;
"Her promis'd Guardian falls; and *Albion* seems to die.
"Her Royal PATRON from her Arms remov'd
"Let *Ifis* mourn! for *Ifis* much He lov'd.
"Lend me Your Fountains, all Ye Wat'ry Powers!
"Ye *Naiads*, weep in all Your dewy Bowers!
"Ask not why yet *Britannia*'s Cheeks are dry,
"Why Tears their tributary Streams deny;
"Grief is grown stupid through Excess of Woe,
"And stops the Sluice where Rivers strive to flow.
"The Hypocrite his feign'd Regret can steep
"In Floods of Tears; the Heart-stung cannot weep.

Ifis beneath a Vault of dripping Stone,
Sat penfive on her Ooze, and heard the Moan.
"*Britannia* stands excus'd; for Tears, She cries,
"Are but faint Emblems of the Heart that dies.
"My Muse in stronger Lines shall paint thy Grief,
"And great Expression give the Heart Relief.

"My Muses all prepare the plaintive Song!
"To mournful Subjects plaintive Notes belong.
"How gracious are the Pangs of Social Woe!
"But spare thy Tears! See, my own Streams o'erflow!

"Enough of Clouds! — Cease *Albion*, cease thy Moan!
"New Beams arise, and bid Despair be gone.
"For late when Nature was all hush'd in Sleep,
"All but the flowing Eyes awake to weep,
"Learn'd *Rhedycina* to the *Naiads* came,
"And thus began the Sage Prophetick Dame:

"Weep not, Ye gentle *Naiads*, for the Dead!
"Let living Joys exalt the drooping Head!

E P I C E D I A

"Though FRED'RICK from your fond Caresses flies,
 "Yet see the Father in the Son arise!
 "See radiant Glories round his Temples play!
 "And his bright Visage is the Face of Day.
 "Albion shall still preside upon the Main,
 "And Brunswick's Name still triumph o'er the Plain;
 "The Terror of whose Arms shall Peace command;
 "And Civil Discord envious quit the Land.
 "Arise, fair PRINCE! thy Grandfire still survives;
 "And in his Breast a tender Father lives.
 "Begin to imitate thy God-like Sire!
 "Cheer with his Goodness; bless with all his Fire!
 "His num'rous Steps through History pursue,
 "And learn Mankind in one extensive View!
 "With ancient Days the present Hours connect;
 "Causes the same produce the same Effect.
 "In each Great Reign your Father's Soul you'll see;
 "And where the Good assemble, there is *He*.
 "But this one fixt, unvaried Rule you'll find,
 "Vice is a Curse; the Virtuous bless Mankind.
 "Subjects and Sov'reigns are a mutual Crown;
 "And Righteousness the Basis of the Throne.
 "And Thou, Great PRINCESS, Matron of our Hope,
 "Behind the Sable Vail no longer droop!
 "No more a Widow — let thy Sorrows end!
 "See GEORGE thy Husband, Father, and thy Friend!
 "Rise to the Task the Nation's Strength to rear;
 "Watch with thine Eye, and in thy Bosom bear!
 "Prepare to bless, Ye Nations yet to come,
 "The Paps that suckled, and the fruitful Womb!
 "Though FRED'RICK quit thy faithful Arms too soon,
 "Let not the Womb forget th' appointed Moon!
 "Haste *Embryo*-Infant ripening to be born!
 "Fly swift, Ye Hours, and bring th' Illustrious Morn!
 "While circling Joys the Mother's Cares beguile,
 "And playfome teach the widow'd Cheeks to smile.
 "Rise blooming Race, and form th' Auspicious Train!
 "Command *Britannia* to forget her Pain!
 "As Your own Trophies wide extend her Name,
 "Ye lively Omens of her future Fame!
 "Henry and Edwards live again in Song!
 "Awake the Lyre, and Ciceronian Tongue!

"Till

O X O N I E N S I A.

"Till Time shall own, the Heroes of this Line
 "The first in Lustre through his Annals shine!
 "From this Great Stem the brightest Glory springs,
 "That decorates the long Records of Kings.

Thus *Rhedycina* sang; each River Nymph
 Dried from her bright'ning Eyes the pearly Lymph.
 On *Ifis*' Banks no more *Britannia* mourn'd;
 But to her Seat of Empire quick return'd:
 There She the Weighty Book of Fate unfolds;
 A Rising Hero in each Prince beholds;
 Anticipates the Glories of her Race,
 While *Pæans* ring through all th' Æthereal Space.
 Each blooming Prince that round the Sceptre shines,
 Exalts her Triumphs, and her Bliss refines.

Thus when some suddain Frost, *Pomona*'s Fear,
 Has nipt the open Gem, and chill'd the Year,
 Yet the gay Primrose rears it's Vernal Head,
 And the sweet Violet paints the purple Bed;
 Bright Polyanths their varied Gleam display;
 All smile; and Nature's Face again is gay.

William Parker M. A. Fellow of Balliol College.

QUA viridis tenerâ vestitur arundine ripa,
 Desuper & patulæ frondosa cacumina fagi
 Diffundunt, querulo *Thamesis* dum murmure juxta
 Dulces volvit aquas, sola hic reclinis in umbra,
 Fata Ducum volvens animo, lugubreque Lethum
 Principis, insolito mœrore *Britannia* luctus
 Integrat; lachrymis oculos suffusa nitentes,
 Et roseas laniata genas; filuere fufurri
 Ventorum; cantant soli exequialia cycni:
 Questibus Illa implet late loca; flumine toto
 Et salices questus, gemibundaque ripa retorquet.

Tum sic orsa loqui; Divûm, inclementia, Divûm!
 Ah quoties ingrata meis Fortuna Triumphos
 Invidit? quoties voluit malefida jocari?
 Jam quid agam infelix? Oh quid committere tantum,
 Quid tantum potuere mei? Nunquamne per Urbes
 Felices populos, & prospera regna videbo?
 Devotos nuper Belli tuba dira ciebat
 Lethali clangore Duces, quos prodiga virtus

E P I C E D I A

Impulerat, Patriæque accenderat inclytus ardor.
 Jam memori occurſat *Germania*, conſcia Tellus,
 Cladibus inſignita meis, qua ſæpe Triumphos
 Et multo madidas deflevi Sanguine Lauros.
 Hæc invita tuli; ſed & his majora ſuperſunt.
 Vix etenim Pax alma quieto fœdere Gentes
 Junxerat unanimes, & vix horrentia Belli
 Fulmina deſierant, Mavorſque exceſſerat orbe;
 Quin iterum Gentem dira Infortunia terrent,
 Atque iterum adverſi luimus discrimina fati.

Heu refugit meminiffe animus; proh Fata! quis ille,
 Quis fuit ille dies, noſtris qui inviderit oris
 Egregium *FREDERICUM*, & funere merſerit atro?
 Quo fletu Manes, quâ Numina voce movebo?
 Non voce, aut fletu *Parcæ* fata aſpera rumpant.
 Occidit; Occaſum mœſti lugete *Britanni*:
 Occidit; & noſtrum manet immedicabile vulnus.

At, Supreme Pater, ſi Te mortalia tangunt,
 Si *Britonum* non pulſus amor, neque inania fudi
 Vota, preceſque meas, miſerere indigna ferentis.
 Everſo huic ſaltem ſeclo ſuccurrere Julum
 Ne prohibe, noſtri furgat ſpes altera regni,
 Et Patriæ præſens reparet diſpendia cladis.
 Pacis amans Leges ſervet; lætoſque ſub almo
 Protigat Imperio populos; mea jura ſuamque
 Defendat famam: *Luxus*, & probra *Tyrannum*
 Effugiat: Tandem redeat cum *PRINCIPE* adulto
 Et *Pietas*, & priſca *Fides*, & flectere *Vita*
 Neſcia, ſeu tentent *Animos* laqueare nefandæ
 Divitiæ, Ambitiove nitentes pandat *Honores*,
 Humano generi peſtes, placidæque quieti.

Albionem maduiſſe ſuo bis Sanguine vidi,
 Bis nuper vidi: Quo nunc *Discordia* Cives
 Perducet miſeros? *Compôſta* in *Pace* ſedebam,
 Feliceſque meos certè fore *Principe* tali
 Solabar populos: Fata, exitialia Fata
 Spes blandas reſecant, curiſque ingentibus urgent.

Dixit; jamque *Viri* laudes efferre parabat
 Crudeli deſiderio percuſſa, ſed alti
 Singultus vocem impediunt, lachrymæque decoræ;
 Ingemuit graviter, preſſoque obmutuit ore.

Edvardus Richmond Nicholas
 è Coll. Reg. Commenſalis.

O X O M I E N S I A.

EHeu! necesse est! Numina sic volunt!
 Invita quamvis, *Albion*, optimum
 Heroa permittas, trahente
 Vi Superum, ad Superos reverti.
 Ergone frustra *Pieridum* Chorus
 Vocesque, & omnis Fila Lyrae tibi
 Sacrârat, expertus faventem,
 Sospite Te, *FREDERICE*, *Phœbum*?
 Fallorne? an alto mœsta silentio
 Circumstat Urnam Turba frequens? patet
 Pullata Virtutum Corona,
 Et Charitum lacrymosus Ordo.
 At, O! solutis parcite fletibus!
 Ille, Ille, felix Regna petit diu
 Quæsitâ, Mercedemque vivens
 Quam meruit, moriens recepit.
 En! En! *Britanni*! restat adhuc pio
 Parente Proles digna, cadent Furor,
 Fraudesque, Virtutisque priscus
 Stabit Honos, Pretiumque Recto.
 Regnare, charus, par Oneri gravi,
 Regnante magno discet Avo, Puer,
 Qui, Patris exemplo, decorè
 Vivere jam didicit, morique.
 Illi Triumphus Morte duplex venit —
 Heroa Sanctum gloria Coelitem
 Circumdat, & Princeps refulget
 Progenie simili superstes.

Franciscus Knollys A. M.

Coll. Di. Jo. Bapt.

Sup. Ord. Com.

SIT, *Gulielme*, Tuum meditari Martia Facta,
 Turbataeque acies; sit fas ostendere Lauros.
 Anglia quas servata Tibi, quas Gallia reddit
 Devicta, & partos haud uno ex hoste Triumphos;
 Nec minor interea est *Brunsvici* à Stemmâ missis
 Gloria Principibus, cognoscere munera Pacis

A P Y C E D D A O

Mitia, *Palladia*que domi mirarier Artes,
 Et quos civilis docuit Sapientia Mores.
 Heu Talis *FREDERICE* fuisti! & Te quoque digna
 Principe Pacifero velabunt Tempora frondes.
 Et Te magna manent, quanquam haud operosa, *Tropæa*:
 En tibi (regales quâ, non insignior ulla
 Vestit Palma comas) ut lætos pandat Honores,
 En tibi fœlicis quæ Copia crescat *Olivæ*!
 Ergo utcunque Tibi dispositas cernere Turmas
 Non *FREDERICE* fuit Cordi, atque in murmura *Martis*
 Haud placuit sublime Armis fulgentibus ire;
 Quin Te, divini correptum Ruris amore,
 In Juga *Clifdenæ* multâ frondentia Fago,
 Seu *Thamesin* propter, dilecta per Otia *Keve*
 Convallem in riguam, Musæ, tua Cura, solebant
 Ducere *Pierides*, solisque recondere sylvis.
 Nec tacitas inter reptâsti inglorius Umbras;
 Quin patriæ placidâ meditans in mente Salutem,
 Quærere consuêras, fuerit quæ Regia Virtus,
 Quæ Mens, quique Animi Regem decuere *Britannum*,
 Promisso invigilans regno, Sceptisq; futuris.
 Qualis, Qui Curibus parvis, & paupere Terrâ
 Missus erat Princeps, sanctos sub nocte silenti
 Cesserat in Lucos; aderat pia Diva, ministrans
 Consilia *Ægeria*; incultam queis Legibus Urbem,
 Effrænes regeret quâ Religione Quirites,
 Quâ Dextrâ Imperii rigidas torqueret *Habenas*.
 Quid referam ut Studio pollens *FREDERICUS* in omni,
 Interea digito citharam calleret *eburnam*
 Artifici pulsare, & suaves edere cantus,
 Queis *Thamesis* medius stupefactus constitit Undis?
 Haud frustra Heroûm meliora Exempla secutus,
 Quorum Fama vetus per terras diditur omnes:
 Nec fuit indignum *Æacidâ*, dum Moenia *Trojæ*
 Insignis quateret Clypeo, & cœlestibus Armis,
 Tœdia solliciti secum testudine belli
 Solari *Aoniâ* & dueros mulcere labores.
 Nec Tu, *Thebanæ* Gentis fortissime Ductor,
 Dedignatus eras divini Munera cantus;
Leuctrensi quanquam devinctus Tempora Lauro.
 Quid

O X O N I E N S I A.

Quid memorem, *Phœbi* fuerant ut semper apud Te
Munera Lauri Vis, & suavè rubens Hyacinthus?
O Pater, O præsens Numen, FREDERICE, Poetis!
Ut Tibi *Calliope Permessi* inspersa Liquore
Monstravit Nemora, & formosæ Jugera *Cirrbæ*,
Ut cupidum *Pindi* immisit rorantibus Antris,
Antiquæ felicem & Laudis, & Artis Alumnum?
Talibus Auspiciis, & tanto Principe fretum,
Quid mirum est, Tempestates mutabilis anni
Thomsonum tam jucundo cecinisse Lepore,
Horrida quid meditetur Hyems, quæ purpureum Ver
Germina progeneret, quas Frondes explicet Æstas,
Et quantis Autumni exultet Pampinus Uvis?

O (quin Fata obstant!) si nunc foret ipse Superstes!
Munifici Desiderio perculsus Amici,
Quam memori officio fudisset Nobile Carmen,
Quàm Tibi *Pierio* decorasset Funera fletu,
Triste Ministerium haud humili molitus honore!
Quàm bene lecta tibi studio, FREDERICE, fidei
Ferret in Exequias variarum Dona Rosarum,
Et digna augustis inspergi ferta Sepulchris!

Interea tenues tumulto quas, impare Musâ,
Mittimus inferias, non duro respice vultu,
Parce pio Vati, & faveas levioribus ausis.
Quin mihi supremum fas sit dixisse, *Valeto*;
O longum, FREDERICE, valeto, O Inclyte Princeps
O valeas, frustra *Angliaci* Diadematis hæres!
Nec sanè accepit gravius, propiusve medullis,
Per Fastos tot retro infelix *Anglia* Vulnus;
Ex quo, *Cressiaci* media inter Festa Triumphi,
Atque Equitum antiquo socialia Prandia ritu,
Ante Diem *Edvardus* cecidit; fluitantia late
Vexilla, & fuscis quæ fecerit acer in Armis,
Vinforiæ ostentant Sedes, perque Atria longa
Regificæ exultant spoliis victricibus Arces.

T. Warton A. M.
Coll. Trin. Schol.

EPICEDIA

Carmen Syriacum.

انعمه محم

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J. Betts A.M.
Coll. Univ. Soc.

שני קנה בשר
 בשר דגים דגים
 כי מן השר
 לרד המלכה
 און שמע האשה
 כי מל מל מצותם
 אבי יחוס ולא עור לו
 גם הוא שמוע לעקבות
 ועין ראה ותעידהו
 יע לב אלמנה מרן
 כי אם בשלום עמו חפצו
 ובלבותם כסא כונן
 הוא אהב מאד ישיבה
 הדרת מלכות שוך לחוררה
 אד הני מן השר עורנו
 יאן הנדל בנו חרה
 על כן דמוע רמענו
 על כן נכחלה נפשנו
 שבתה שמחה וקול רנה
 נחפ לבב משרשנו
 ואהה מלך רב ונורה
 תחת בגד חשיב לנו
 מרובה ששק או יסכר
 ובשר רנה מזהלנו
 ואמר לשני מקום זה
 אנשים הם כנים -- רצוני
 כהצנה אפרם -- גם כי
 בור חפץ בם ואחפץ אני

J. Betts A.M. Coll. Univ. Soc.

E P I C E D I A

DUM pacis inter munera conticet
 Bellum cientis classica vox tubæ;
 Janique Sedes obferatis
 Conspicitur spatiosa portis;
 Dic unde fervens exoritur Dolor?
 Quænam ferenos nubiferæ vices
 Soles inumbrant, atque opimos
 Clade novâ violant Triumphos?
 Annon nefandum debuerant malum
 Montrâsse cœli flammea Sidera?
 Vel Phœbus iratos Deorum
 Deficiens monuisse vultus?
 Vix jam querelas finierat graves,
 Vix luctuosos præstiterat modos,
 Camœna, Magnatum Sepulchris,
 Et Lacrymis decorârat urnas;
 Quin Mors tropæis inferioribus
 Lenita nondum his, ulterius nova
 Molitur, & fauces avaras
 Sanguine nobiliore placat.
 Eheu! *Britannum* Sol cecidit die
 Nondum peracto! vix medias viæ
 Transibat oras, & repente
 Labitur occiduas in undas.
 Regalis ergo Simplicitas perit
 Decora vitæ? nec Pietas gradum
 Fati coerces, prorogative
 Curriculum fugientis ævi?
 En! Pompa mœrens delicias breves
 Lugubre prodit! — Quis Pudor aut Modus
 Compescet effusos dolores,
 Quis *Britonum* cohibebit æstus?
 Solenniores pulsa refert sonos
 Campana, lentè dum procerum subit
 Pullatus ordo, lacrymosi
 Triste ministerium sepulchri.
 Haufit medullis *Albion* intimis
 Fatale vulnus; sensit amabilis
 Virtus ruinam, fletibusque
 Irrigui maduere vultus.

OXONIENSIA.

Fallorne? plausus jam videor pios

Audire; Cœlo præcinuit cohors

Solenne carmen, en! beatum

Elysium novus intrat Hospes!

At! O Deorum numine, GEORGIUS

Attingat arces ferius igneas,

Natoque surreptos malignè

Impleat inviolatus annos!

Quandoque Fato cesseris invido,

Auguste, nostri grande Jubar Poli,

Hæres avitis *Anglicano*

Auspiciis dominetur Orbi.

Car. Smith

è Coll. Mert. Portionista.

JAmdudum sævis bellorum exercita fatis

Vix tandem GEORGI auspiciis compôsta vigebat

Anglia, seque iterum veteri jactabat honore.

Dis aliter visum! media inter gaudia, Princeps,

Occidis heu! miseris semper deslende *Britannis*,

Atque omnes idem cepit dolor: undique sese

In lacrymas solvit casu concussa nefando

Albion, & centum ingemuit pullata per urbes.

At propior cura Augustam, devinctaque amore

Corda domat. Vix infausto divulsa cubili,

Cui totos defixa dies adsiderat, ægra,

Semianimesque trahens, famulis stipantibus, artus,

Ut primum ex imo singultus corde resedit,

Et voci laxata via est, "Tene, optime Conjux,

"Tene, ait, amisso ingratham producere vitam

"Demoror? ah! animæ pars longe maxima nostræ

"Tecum abiit, premiturque tuo, miserande, sepulcro.

"Hoc erat, externis quod desponsata Hymenæis

"Antiquamque domum liqui, caramque parentem?

"Hoc erat, ut paucos nequicquam læta per annos

"Mox tali obruerer casu? tua scilicet omnem

"Officiosa fides matris, fratrisque, virique

"Explevit curam, totumque æquavit amorem.

"Nunc sine te quæ jam miseræ solatia restant?

"O mihi si tantum dederant mea fata priori

"Oppetere! illustris regum conjuxque parensque

E P I C E D I A

" Audissem, & felix sub terras isset imago;
 " Tu vero populos, fato meliore superstes,
 " Moribus ornandos olim, belloque tuendos
 " Acciperes, *Britonum*que decus super æthera ferres:
 " Tu præsens nostri dulcissima pignora lecti
 " Imbueres monitis. Quis nunc virtute tenellas
 " Instituet mentes? quis nunc ad regia laudum
 " Formabit studia, & patrias accendet in artes?"
 Dixerat: atque illi media inter talia parvum
 Accurrit natorum agmen, puerilibus acres
 Blanditiis solans questus; nec plura locuta est;
 Sed tacita, & pulcram aspectans immota catervam,
 In fletus effusa ruit: flevire sequentes
 Una omnes famulæ, & perculsi corda ministri,
 Et mœsti FREDERICUM altas luxere per ædes.

Hæc adeo tibi sinceri munuscula cultûs,
 Innocuæ has lacrymas cuncti persolvimus umbræ,
 O *Britonum* prærepta Salus! nec cæca benignum
 Nocte prement animum, sanctosve oblivia mores.
 Dum folio excelsus quondam confidet avito
 GEORGIUS ille tuus, series dum immensa nepotum;
 Sive Fides, seu quem grati Clementia reddet
 Delicias populi; quocunque sub auspice longos
 Tentabunt cursus Commercia, & altior aureum
 Libertas caput extollet; Te semper amatum,
 Semper honorandum recolet ventura tuorum
 Angligenûm soboles; tua semper dulcis imago
 Occurret, FREDERICE, pioque assuescet honori.

Tho. Tyrwhitt A.B.
 è Coll. Reg.

Historic Muse! from whom the Page
 That scorns Oblivion's feeble Rage,
 And fires succeeding Youth;
 That gives heroic Acts Applause,
 In breathing Colours Virtue draws,
 Fraught with instructive Truth;

Methinks,

O X O N I E N S I A.

Methinks, the genuine Signs of Woe
In silent Eloquence you shew,
Majestically sad;
While near, beneath a Cypress' Shade,
Sits Melancholy, gloomy Maid,
In Robes of sable Clad.

Perhaps, with eager Hope elate,
To write of FRED'RICK good and great,
You sooth'd your flatter'd Mind,
Unconscious of that baleful Hour
That own'd grim Death's malignant Pow'r,
And snatch'd him from Mankind.

Perhaps, by airy Fancy led,
With Delian Leaves you crown'd his Head;
Or bad a Statue stand
With naval Trophies deck'd, and nigh
In brazen Chains old Ocean lie
Confessing his Command.

Or was a milder Scene portray'd?
Did Olive Wreaths his Temples shade?
Did ev'ry Tongue proclaim
Th' Assertor of commercial Right,
His Country's Father, and Delight,
With each much-honour'd Name?

Did ev'ry Muse exalt his Praise
With emulous and grateful Lays?
Who now their Lyres unstring,
Or Elegiac Strains rehearse,
And (fatal Change!) funereal Verse
In plaintive Accents sing.

The Prospect once so bright display'd
Though Fate has veil'd in envious Shade,
Assume th' impartial Pen,
Pursue the Theme, and bid your Page,
Preceptive to the coming Age,
Record him FRIEND OF MEN.

L

Tell,

AN EPICED PA O

Tell, how enthron'd within his Breast
The Queen of Virtues shone confest
Godlike Benevolence;
That, like the Ruler of the Day,
Diffus'd on all a gladsome Ray
And kindly Influence.

Say, *Britain's* Genius saw him dead,
Her Face with Sorrow overspread
Infatiate of the Tear:
Say, round his Urn the big-swoln Eye
Attended, and Heart-preying Sigh
Daughter of Grief sincere.

Yet Virtue claims a deathless Name,
Nor asks the sculptur'd Base of Fame
Its faithless Aid to give:
Such Praise Tradition shall relate,
And, smiling at relentless Fate,
Bid FRED'RICK ever live.

W. Newcome A. B.
Scholar of Pembroke College.

PA alar maith (pwl yw'r modd)
Ydyw hwn an dihoenodd?
Ba oer farn a ddaeth arnom
A chwyn trist ochenaid drom?
Duodd yn nos mae dydd nych
Marw ein tywyfog mowrwydych,
Marw FREDRIG dig yw y dôn
Eurog wr aer y goron.
Oerodd pob man llan a llys,
Môr anial mwy yw'r ynys.
Dwr diluw ydyw'r dialedd
Yw bod ein prins yn y bedd.
Och! gwae ni oll ei golli,
Tros daear cred trist yw'r cri.

Oerfel

O A S M E N S I A.

Oerfel ddaeth ar fil oi ddwyn
 Ag ynnial demestl gwanwyn.
 Tybiafom ynnom ennyn
 Y caem araul haul o hyd,
 Y mae'n aur trymfawr yw'r tro,
 A llen dywyll yn duo,
 I'n gado Unig ydym,
 Yn y nos yn wan iawn ym,
 Y Cymru Sydd beunydd heb baid,
 Dro anial yn drueniaid,
 Dan y dwr, mewn cyflwr caeth,
 Yn wylo yn eu halaeth,
 Am FREDRIG eu gwledig glan,
 Yn eu gofid yn gyfan.
 Sigwyd y dywyfoges
 Mae chalon ai bron heb wres.
 Dug ei dad mewn nâd y nych
 Ddau eigr olwg ddagreuwlych,
 Gida chalon a bron brudd,
 Rhed y dwr rhyd y deurudd,
 Am golli mae mowrgri maith,
 Ei fab a fu ei obaith.
 Mae'r frenhiniaeth yn gwaethu
 Ar ol y call reiol cu.
 Cwynfan yn druan a drig
 I FRYDAIN fro friwedig.
 Y Bonedd galarwedd gant
 Ar ei ôl a hir wylant.
 Y werin oll rowron aeth
 Oi herwydd mewn mawr hiraeth.
 Tylodion gweinion i gyd
 Yn poeni yn eu penyd.
 Pawb oll a gawfont golled
 Oi chwant y llefant ar lled.

NEPICEDDIAO

Gwae! Angau blin gwae ing blwng
Yn drifft darfu'n darofdwng,
Dyrnod i ben y deyrnas
(Gwae ni or awr gan oer iâs)
A roddodd; gwae wyr heddyw
Anaf i'n fyth na fai'n fyw.
Er ei ddwyn oi radd ennyd
Ai uniawn barch yn y byd
Oi goron enwog eryr
Oi fawredd gwychedd a gwyr.
Caiff yn y nef gartrefu
'Myfsg Angylion loywlon lu,
Mae Coron y gogoniant
Nefol i'r gwiw Siriol Sant.
A chyfran yn gyfan gu
Gwiw dwysog gida Jesu.

Ev. Evans,
è Coll. Merton.

To the PRINCESS of WALES.

YES, pious Mourner, 'tis but just;
Weep on, nor check the Complaints of Woe,
Flood with your Tears his honour'd Dust,
Let Earth, let Heav'n your Sorrows know.

Who shall forbid the bruised Heart
Disorderly to throb, and beat?
Or who shall teach Mankind the Art
To bear unmov'd the Shocks of Fate?

Then freely mourn the Royal Youth
Untimely snatch'd from your embrace;
In Wedlock's Tendernefs and Truth
Pattern to all the *British* Race!

Mourn,

O X O N I E N S I A.

Mourn, that the mild, pacifick Throng
Of Virtues, which around him Shone,
Mounted too soon the Stars among,
Nor scatter'd Blessings from the Throne.

Mourn, that his Tender, Honour'd Sire
Hath seen (the tender Parent's Fear!)
Before his Day the Son expire,
And wept, attendant on his Bier.

Mourn that the Son, who long had known
A Parent's anxious, pleasing Cares,
Felt, in Death's Pangs, his Childrens Moan,
Their Tears profuse, their fruitless Prayers.

Yet doth the Muse the Day fore-ken,
When Melancholy, loathed Guest!
Retiring to her gloomy Den,
Shall quit to swelling Joy your Breast.

When HE, his Country's eldest Love,
From *Harcourt* and the Mitred Sage,
Hath each wise Maxim learnt t' improve
Which best may *Briton's* Hearts engage;

When ev'ry grateful Tongue shall say;
"This Youth revives his Father's Fame,
"Intent to bless by gentlest Sway,
"His Country's Good alone his Aim!"

Then shall you feel your Heart o'erflow,
Feel Raptures your whole Soul employ,
All a fond Mother's Blessings know,
And weep no more — but Tears of Joy.

Tho. Patten,

Gen. Com. C.C.C.

ΕΠΙΧΕΙΡΙΑ

Χ Αιργίτε λοιπόν ημιν
 Ηδυδρόαυ Χορείου.

Τι μοι μέλει Κυθρη;

Συ πειθεός δε Μίσσα

Λυπητικαίς αοιδαίς

Μοι βαρβίτων δονάει

Τόκυν εμοι Λυρη γαρ

Στεναγμα μόνον ηχει.

Χαίρετε νυν Ερώτες,

Συ τέρψεις τε Μίσσα

Συ Χαιρε' με Λυρη γαρ

Στεναγμα μόνον ηχει.

Θέλω λεγέειν επαινον,

Γλυκύν τε θυμόν αδελφ,

Και παντέλη φρονησιν

Αρχόντος ευαρέστ,

Και καρδίαν δικαίαν,

Πανθεατ' μετ' ηδαις

Η βαρβίτος δε χορείας

Στεναγμα μόνον ηχει.

Τι μοι μέλει Λυαί,

Τι βαρκιδών χορείας τε;

Λυπουμένη Λυρη γαρ

Στεναγμα μόνον ηχει.

Σε πρῖον δυνάστη

Ὡς εἶδε νεκρὸν ἤδη

Δῆμος ῥοσσε δεινῶς

Και ταῦτ' ἐλεξε κλαίον,

ὦ Ἀχλὶν σέναζε,

ὦ ἀθλοὶ βρετάννοι

Ἀλγεῖτε Μίσσ' ἀπασα

Στεναγμα μόνον ηχει.

Ο ΧΟΝΙΕΝΣΙΑ.

Συ δ' ἄξιός γ' ἀμείνω
Βασιλείαν εἰ δεχέσθαι
Εν ἔρανοις ὑπέσθην,
Ἔως ἀπας λείψῃ σοι
Στεναγμὰ μόνον ἤχη.

Φευ, ποῖός, ἡλικός τε
Ἐθνησκέν· Εὐχαρίσθω
Ὁ Φωσφορός Βρετάνων,
Φιλῶν τε πάντας ἀνδράς,
Φιλῆμυρος τε παῖσι,
Ἐκείνος οὐ σέναζει
Μάλιστα τῷ Λυγρῷ με
Στεναγμὰ μόνον ἤχη.

Tho. Hurst A. B. è C. C. C.

AH me! that fate shou'd still with nipping blast
The sprightly blossoms of our hope destroy!
Which for a while refreshing odours cast,
And promise for a while fair fruits of joy;
But, while the season of mature delight
Advanceth on with footsteps nothing slow,
Comes the bleak *Eurus* with unpitying blight,
And lays their pride and bravest beauty low.
Did we for this on **FREDERICK** fix our eyes
With silent hope, and vows of love sincere?
For this did our delighted bosoms rise,
The chearing musick of his name to hear?
For this did *Britain*, which with pensive view
Had long beheld her foul degenerate race,
(Sad prospect! that call'd forth the bitter dew
Of Sorrow, trickling down her faded face)
Dry up the stream of her unruly grief,
And clear her brow with misery overcast;
Hoping from **FREDERICK** to obtain relief,
And by the future recompense the past?

E P I C E D I A

He now is dead, and with him too are dead
 The noble inmates of his princely breast;
 Compassion kind, with acts of goodness fed,
 And warm desire to make a nation blest.
 O grief! O gall of every virtuous mind!
 That virtue shou'd unseen, unnoted die,
 Ere it cou'd scope for generous actions find;
 And in the cell of dark oblivion lie.
 No, no: it must not in oblivion lie,
 Nor sink unwept into the ruthless grave;
 The Muse, fair tuneful child of Memory,
 From Time's rude envious tooth his name shall save.
 She, that with strains of heaven-taught melody,
 And fair examples of immortal praise
 Bequeath'd to merit and atchievements high,
 Did his pure spirit to patriot virtue raise,
 Shall not be silent; but with pious tears
 Snatch what herself inspir'd, from wasteful fate,
 And, hung on high above the reach of years,
 At Fame's fair shrine her offering consecrate.

S. Musgrave of C.C.C.

O Quæ Sororum maxima, nobiles
 , Aptare plectri, *Calliope*, sonos,
 Regesque & Heroas perenni
 Diva soles celebrare cantu:
 Tuque O! querentem, *Melpomene*, (tibi
 Nam luctuosum, & lene Pater melos
 Permisit,) intentumque tristi
 Officio, tueare Vatem.
 Sed quid liquentes pectine nœnias
 Non usitato persequor? O meæ,
 O fuscitarent si querelæ
 Diva virum semel interemptum,
 Bis destituto blandius *Orpheo*
 Mellita mœrens carmina fingerem,
 Rursusque tranaret paludem
 Et stygias FREDERICUS undas.

Aft

O X O N I E N S I A.

Ast Ille Divis aptior, uvidæ
Telluris orbem despicit integer
Purusque, & insignis per auras
Elyfii spatiaur umbra.
Nunc ferte Cives lucida feduli
Funalia, & nunc heu! celeres mori
Stipate flores, quin & ille,
Ille fuit celer ah! perire.
Quin ecce! quondam cui vigor igneus
Virtusque fat spectata periculis
Devolvitur humentes per ora
Nunc lachrymas per & arma Miles.
Non Ille Belli flebile tædium,
Depræliantur aut funera Gentium,
Non ille Gallorum caducas
Secum acies animosque volvit:
Sed dura rapto Principe, sed fera
Periclitantis fata *Britanniæ*
Perpendit, ingentemque luctum
Compositis meditatur armis.
Quin Ecce! Mercatura rudentibus
Flet dissipatis, & decus ingemit
Raptum Colonus campi, & omnes
Ingenue lachrymantur Artes.
Non omnis illo sed tamen excidit
Spes interempto, Progenies Patrem
Æquabit, in gentique Princeps
Parte fui superest relicta.
Videte quantam crevit in indolem
Proles decoro corpore regia,
Videte derivatum honorem
In Pueros animi Paterni.
Horum ingruentes Auspiciis ferox
Britannus olim prouet impetus,
Atque hostium victor per Arctum
Rex gelidæ metuetur oræ.

Gualterus Bagot

Ædis Christi Alumnus Baronetti Fil.

EPICEDIA

UNskill'd to sing I take the *Sylvan* Reed,
As artless Nature dictates I complain;
And, while each Bard laments *Marcellus* dead,
Pour forth my unpremeditated Strain.

II.
Britannia pines, and in some secret Bow'r
Silent indulges her insatiate Woe:
Fast from her Eyes descends th' incessant Show'r,
And *Cypress* Wreaths surround her pensive Brow.

III.
Much she revolves thy fond paternal Care,
Thy well-directed Search of honest Fame,
Thy duteous Love, thy gen'rous Spirit rare,
Whence unextinguish'd blaz'd the Patriot Flame.

IV.
Far from the trivial Tumults of the Great
You oft with Rapture view'd the busy Strand,
Where peaceful Commerce fix'd her happy Seat,
And wav'd her Horn of Plenty o'er the Land.

V.
The naval Scenes enamour'd to survey,
Where *Thames* impetuous rolls his rapid Tide;
And where *Avonia's* gentler Waters stray,
And midst the rocky Cliffs meandering glide.

VI.
By thee rewarded from the destin'd Shore
Our youth with Ardour rais'd the spreading Sail,
Or ply'd with active Strength the lab'ring Oar,
Or artful sought to catch the prosp'rous Gale.

VII.
Blest in thy Aid they with unweary'd Toil
Regain'd a Trade for num'rous Ages lost;
And from *Batavia* snatch'd the wish'd for Spoil
Late brought in Triumph home to *Albion's* Coast.

VIII.
But now they mourn their hapless Patron dead,
Where view'd from far the Domes of *Greenwich* rise;
Sorrowing for thee their pious Tears they shed,
And deeply heave their tributary Sighs.

OXONIENSIS.

IX.

With them each *Briton* will thy Loss deplore:
Thy public Spirit warm'd the Patriot Breast:
Nor less admir'd, when in the genial Hour
Good Nature smiling grac'd the social Feast.

X.

In Friendship's secret Converse form'd to please,
When distant from the Town's tumultuous Strife
Adorn'd with all the Dignity of Ease
You trod the silent Paths of private Life.

XI.

Best Prince, full often to your honour'd Urn
Will Virtue's Sons in distant Times repair,
With Emulation of your Glory burn,
And frequent shed the solitary Tear.

T. Tournay A. B.
of Linc. Coll.

DUM sedet infandis percussa *Britannia* curis,
Et tristi obtutu defixa ad Principis urnam,
Spectat inexpletum lacrymans; pia Musa doloris
Impatiens adstat, tumuloque fideliter hærens
Vult lacrymas miscere suas, fletuque favillas
Spargere regales. O! quanti prodiga luctus
Supplicibus terram lacrymis tumulumque rigaret
Fata Deum mœsto sciret si vertere fletu!
At non triste cadens oculis densissimus imber
Imminuet cladem, nec Te, *FREDERIC*, tuorum
Incolumem votis reddet; cadis, optime Princeps,
Æternum cadis, & nullo revocabere planctu.
Quin O! quam potis es partem Musa eripe letho,
Et, quos sæva egit *Libitina*, repende triumphos,
Dum sua virtuti sublata gloria constet.
Nam neque bellator sævis animosus in armis,
Nec celebri victor redimitus tempora lauro
Unicus insurget famâ: Tibi suppetit ordo
Et moles rerum major, dum *Palladis* hastam
Ardentem bello lætæ postponis olive.

EPICEDIA

Quare age, Pierium munus prætende sepulcro
 Vivacem nectens hederam, tristemque cupressum;
 Et sculptum in saxis hederâ vivacius ipsâ
 Signetur Carmen, "Vestrum quam conditus illic
 "Vixit amans, vobis adamatus & Ipse vicissim."
 Mœsta comes juxta passis *Rhedycina* capillis
 Effundat gemitus, tanto viduata patrono;
 Quem sibi fautorem in rebus persenserat olim
 Adversis, semperque sibi speravit amicum.

Fare ibi (ni laudes saxo concredere mallets)
 Ut patriæ magno, dum vixit, captus amore
 Omnigenas hominum solers inspexit artes;
 Ut consulta patrum, & leges, & jura *Britanniam*,
 Ac quæcunque bonum possent effingere regem
 Calluerit sapiens: Ut læta sub auspice tali
 Mercatura novo populum ditaverit auctu
 Splendida comportans nec sanguine parta trophæa.
 Scilicet hæ fuerant artes, quibus Ille studebat
 Fingere se dignum sceptro, & si fata tulissent,
 Imperio *Britonas* rexisset, ceu *Titus* alter,
 Deliciæ humani generis. --- Sed desine tristis
 Musa querelarum, neque spes deprome caducas.

Fare age, si poteris, charitum quo munere suaves
 Miscuerit summis virtutibus Ille lepores,
 Humanus, comis, recti studiosus & æquus
 Vixerit ut charâ fidus cum Conjuge Conjux,
 Ornamentum ingens, castique exemplar amoris.
 Ut sobolem teneram, genialis pignora lecti
 Præsidiumque olim nobis columenque futurum,
 Foverit instituens rectè pietate paternâ,
 Inque Suû, & claros mores formârit Avorum.

Ast O! si libeat, non ausis dicere Musa
 Quales discruciant *AUGUSTÆ* pectora curæ.
 Nam facer Ille tuo repletus numine Vates
 Qui quondam *Andromachen* flentem super *Hectorâ* casum
 Carmine lugubri cecinit, si dicere fas sit,
 Mœstitiæ cumulo ingenti subsideret impar.

Nec Regis melius speres æquare dolorem,
 Cum tibi mœrentis *Priami* obversetur imago.
 Nam quantum & qualem natum deplorat ademptum!
 At non corda premens luctus, nec pondera regni
 Ocyûs abrumpant pretiosæ stamina vitæ,

OXONIENSIS.

Ex quâ summa salus populi, & spes publica pendet
Quin, cum fera dies tantum neget amplius Illum
Quærenti Patriæ, superumque in templa reponat,
Maturus folium conscendat GEORGIUS alter.

Job. Hall S. T. B.
Coll. Magd. Soc.

שבי על עפר עיר הגדולה
הן פשעך בשבת יהיה פקד
בשבת עברתו כי רבו וכבדו
אוי יאסף אל אבותיו הוא
אשר אהבת ואשר אמרת
ארום אני בימי ואנשה
הנאהב הוא והנעים בחיי
הורדי כנחל דמעתך השכולה
אל למת כי לך ולחטאותיך בכי
הי הוא ביד האלהים רוחו
ונפשו משאול ביום יהיה
יקום וירש מלכות הטובה
ממלכות הזאת מלכות היא עולמים

Jacobus Stillingfleet,
Coll. Wadh. Scholaris.

O Tu canoræ Diva sciens Lyrae
Quæ laude dignos Musa vetas mori,
Heroa quæ cœlos ab imo
In superos *Acheronte* tollis;
Per te rapacis si tenebras fugit
Edoardus Orci regnaque tristia,
Ævumque durabunt per omne
Cressiacæ monumenta pugnae;
Per te, peremptum funere Civitas
Quem nunc acerbo flebiliter gemit,
Semperque lugebit, fruatur
Consimili FREDERICUS ævo:

O

Quan-

E P I C E D I A

Quanquam nec illum turbine martio
 Gallos fugantem vidimus, impiger
 Qualis per armatos frementes
 Egit equos *Edoardus* hostes;
 Qualemve Patrem mœsta *Georgium*
Oudnarda Sensit, cum trepidos manu
 Turbaret, ut præceps arenas
 Eurus agit volucresque nimbos.
 At non inerti ignobilis otio
 Vixit sepultus, sed bonus artibus
 Favens in æternum *Britannis*
 Consuluit *FREDERICUS* ævum.
 Videre feros jam videor mihi
 Natos nepotum, feraque sæcula,
 Cum pontus immensas recludet
 Divitias, & in omne pubes
 Procurret æquor nostra, pericula
 Temnens profundæ sæva, laboribus
 Assueta jam primis ab annis,
 Docta pati mala dura ponti;
 Audire laudes jam videor tuas
 O magne Princeps, cum populus frequens
 Narrabit, hæc olim *Britannos*
 Edocuit *FREDERICUS* Auctor.

F. Guy Dickens *Ædis Christi*
Superioris Ordinis Commensalis.

I.

GO now, ye potent Rulers of the Globe
 Who shake and wield the Nations with your Nod,
 In shining Armour clad, or peaceful Robe,
 Each, to the wond'ring Croud around, a God;
 Go, with the swelling breath of Praise elate,
 And let your little Breasts with Plans immortal beat.

II.

Then to those lofty, solemn Isles repair
 Where trick'd in Death's sad Pomp great *FREDERICK* lies,
 (The well-lov'd *FREDERICK*, *England's* High-born Heir!)
 And learn how fleetly human Glory flies;
 Learn that immortal Virtue cannot save
 Her darling Sons, but all must know the silent Grave.

He

OXONIENSIS A.

III. **He too, not mindless of the ruthless Day**
When Fate might round his Temples with a Crown,
Had forward sent his anxious thought to lay
Plans for *Britannia's* Weal and high Renown:
In vain; stern Fate had sown within his Frame
The Seed whose Growth too soon oppress'd Life's generous
Flame.

IV. **In vain? O! no — the Sovereign Judge above**
Deems not, as Mortals deem, of Man's desert;
Fair Actions claim the sovereign Judge's Love
While yet they bud, and swell the generous Heart;
Peace then, good Spirit, go with thee to thy Rest!
The glorious Meed is thine of Kings who Nations blest.

J. Estridge

Gent. Com. of C.C.C.

VIdimus quantum attonitas per urbes
Principis fama exanimis *Britannas*
Perculit mentes, hominumque luctu
Polluit ora;
Mœsta vocalem *Rhedycina* pubem
Ire confestim in lacrymas jubebat,
Et sequi quo posset honore magnum ad
Busta cadaver.
Tange lugubres pia Musa chordas
Regiis assueta comes sepulchris,
Et pares tanto modulare questus,
Diva, dolori.
Occidit gentis decus heu *Britannæ*,
Occidit regni columen futurum;
Et brevis quot spes venientis ævi
Abstulit hora?
Principem paci studiisque pacis
Deditum vidit, tacitoque dudum
Gaudio agnovit Patria, auspiciatum
Civibus omen

AN EPICEDEION

Artium accepit chorus; Alma plaufit
 Mater, hinc quid non sibi polliceri
 Aufa, plaufere *Aonio* fedentes
 Monte Puella.
 Nunc parens charo velut orba nato
Anglia acclinis tumulto recumbit
 Et filens urnam digito recentem
 Indice monftrat.
 Adftat elinguis lacrymante oculo
 Pax, & albenti metuens olivæ
 Ingemit; paffifque comis Sorores
 Pacis alumnae
 Affident flentes; Pietasque, Virtusque
 Et Fides adfunt, veniensque claudit
 Agmen, & fixo *Rhedycina* fignat
 Carmine marmor.

Richard. Bagot Baronetti Fil.
 Coll. Æn. Naf. Commenfalis.

High on the Forehead of a fteepy cliff
 Whofe chalky Top low'rs o'er the fubject main,
Britannia flood, revolving in her mind
 The hardy prowefs of her Sons, renown'd
 In ancient Story, who in foreign climes
 Whilom gave dreadful Proofs of val'rous Might
 And Puiffance, when the Flow'r and Pride of *France*
 On *Crefſi's* ever memorable plains
 Fled, poorly fled before a Chofen Few,
 Brave *British* Warriors, Chiefs of fair Renown;
 Nor in the tented Field alone expert,
 But in the milder Arts of focial Peace
 Well-principled, and of unequall'd Fame.
 Oft would She turn her azure Orbs, and view
 The fmiling Plenty of her fav'rite Ifle,
 Prime Seat of Arts and Empire: here She fees
 Full many a gallant Fleet, in royal State
 Plough thro' th' oppofing Waves their fteddy Courſe
 From fartheft Ind returning, where the Spice
 With balmy fragrance cheers the raviſh'd Senſe:
 Then turning She beheld the furrow'd Plains,

Where

O X O N I E N S I A.

Where sturdy Peasants at their daily task
 Laborious break with brighten'd shares the glebe
 Scarce yielding to their toil; or with new joy
 Casts her delighted Eye o'er blooming heaths
 Where stray the nibbling Flocks, whose fleecy coats
 Enrich at once and cloath the populous Land.
 But O how slender is the thread, whereon
 All human Bliss depends? how short its Date?
 E'en in the sunshine of our days may come
 Blasts, nipping blasts, to canker all our joys.
 Thus while the Goddess, gazing with delight
 On the gay Landscape, fed her glowing thought
 With rising Prospects of eternal Fame
 In future times, by *Brunswick's* honour'd Race
 Atcheiv'd, sudden an universal Peal
 Of heaving sighs and echoing loud laments
 Awak'd her from her Dream of fancied bliss
 Too soon to end -- for *Britain's* other Hope
 Her FREDERICK was no more -- ah me! she cries,
 Was it for this I plann'd the deep design
 Of wide extended Commerce, that should raise
 In after ages *Albion's* dreaded name
 O'er all the Nations of the peopled world?
 Was it for this, best Prince, I warm'd Thy mind
 With early Love of Arts, that might adorn
 Thy Empire, and become Thy sceptred worth
 Better than all the orient Gems, that grace
 The regal Diadem and Robe of state?
 Was it for this the rugged paths of Fame
 I shew'd, and bid Thee to be truly great
 Mark well the footsteps of my favor'd Son,
 My Pride, my Glory, ever-sacred GEORGE?
 But ah what now avail Thy pious plans
 Of temper'd Justice, what Thy patriot zeal
 To raise *Britannia* to the starry Sphere
 Since doom'd with all Thy honours to the grave
 Untimely Thou art fall'n: for thee shall mourn
 Thy once lov'd *Albion*, and with pious tears
 And grateful sorrow, meed of virtuous Acts,
 Do all due honours to Thy lifeless shade.
 For Thee each heav'n-inspired Bard shall sing
 Melodious, and for Thee shall tune the shell

A P I C E D I X O

To Notes of tend'rest pity, but O far,
 Far be all murr'ring, all presumptuous grief,
 Nor dare, O Man, with fruitless search to arraign
 The hidden ways of Providence, since He
 The supreme Good, sole Author of Mankind,
 Shall from this fruitful Stem a Scion raise
 Of regal grandeur and distinguish'd Fame:
 Who early nurtur'd in right gentle Thewes
 And by Thy forming hand and pious skill
 But chief, Thy bright Example, best of Wives
Augusta, gen'rous, prudent, great, and good,
 Train'd up to glory and to fairest deeds,
 Shall shield his People with paternal care.
 Already see the gen'rous Youth appear
 With native sweetness and majestick grace
 Charming the awe-struck Fancy; see him bow
 Before his royal Grandfire's honour'd throne
 Respectful. Still on him, O goodly Prince,
 Still fix Thine Eye attentive, nor let ought
 That *Hydra*-headed Faction shall suggest,
 Steal from his Counsels Thine observant ear.
 Thus shalt Thou reign, by all the gladden'd realm
 Belov'd, rever'd: and at Thy dread Command
 The Kings of utmost *India*, last of men,
 Shall to thy State their ready homage pay,
 And *Europe* yield to Thee her ballanc'd Pow'r.
 Then Liberty, best guardian of our Isle,
 And even-handed Justice, pure-eyed Faith,
 Unconquer'd Fortitude, with all the train
 Of social Virtues, that have long adorn'd
 The Bulwark of our State, time-honour'd *GEORGE*,
 Fast by Thy well-fix'd Throne shall wait, and shed
 Selectest influence o'er these peaceful Fields,
 Whilst a long Line of Kings, from *Brunswick* sprung
 To later Times shall guard *Britannia's* Laws.

William Fane Sharpe
 Student of Christ Church.

O X O N I E N S I A.

O Quæ per gelidos specus
Parnassi, faciles, *Melpomene* choros
 Ducis, quæ viridans humus
 Ridet purpureis confita floribus,
 Propter *Pierios* Lacus!
 Præsens exequias flebilibus modis
 Ornare, & brevibus rosis;
 Hos specta cineres, & tumuli decus
 Quem desiderio pio,
 Et flentes memori pectore condimus
 Adsis, & comites simul
 Adfint, & Pietas & niveam Fides
 Demittens humeris stolam,
 Incorruptus Honos blandaque Comitas,
 Et, quæ tristior aspici,
 Conspectis hominum casibus ingemit
 Imo pectore Caritas;
 Pax, & docta Quies divitis ingeni
 Cultrix; & simul artium
 Cœtu multiplici cincta, Scientia
 Mœstis passibus ambulet;
 Et quotcunque piis sub penetralibus
 Jamdudum Imperio parem
 Formârunt placidi Principis indolem,
 Virtutum chorus omnium.
 Adfint --- & memores præsidii sui,
 Funus flebile Principis
 Ter cunctæ tacito circum obeant pede,
 Mistis non sine lacrymis,
 Et lauro tumulum perpetuâ tegant.

Edm. Filmer A. B.

C.C.C. Discip.

DUM sepulchralem studiosa turba
 Principis nectit capiti coronam,
 Et dolor tristem decorare certat
 Æmulus urnam.

EPICEDION

O mihi (si quid loquar audiendum)

Detur ingentes iterare luctus,

Tristè certamen / cineresque grato

Spargere fletu.

Phæbe, lugubres age prome cantus,

Et graves mœstæ ingeminent Camœnæ

Nænias, ut cum misero periret

Gallus amore,

Seu velut ruptis fidibus, canoræ

Inter umbrosas *Heliconis* oras,

Flebili cantu doluere quondam

Fata *Hyacinthi*.

En! fluunt ultrò numeri doloris

Prodiga; in Reges bene fida luctu

Rumpitur sævo *Rhedicyna*, mœstis

Personat *Iſis*

Fletibus, tristesque modos olores

Ad *Tami* effundunt vada, flebilesque

Principem abreptum vacuis queruntur

Naiides urnis.

Quis pudor tandem lacrimis, modusve

Adsit, O magnam, fera si Deorum

Fata rupisses, **FEDERICE**, gentem

Nate tueri!

O parem quando invenient Patronum

Et Fides, & Jus, Patriæque cura!

Quando libertas parili enitescet

Vindice felix?

Ne tamen crebris nimium querelis

Increpes fatum, bene ferre duram

Disce fortunam, & preme inefficaces

Anglia luctus.

Vota, tutelam, focialque vires

Regius poscit puer, ille honores

Debitos Patri petit, *Anglicorum*

Publica cura.

Diva, quæ nostras regis alma sedes,

Artium præses, tibi nutriendum

Cæsarem parvum damus, O futuro

Consule Regi!

OXONIENSIA.

Et probos mores, animumque vitæ
Prodigum infundas tenero, vocari
Artium fautor cupiat, decusque
Addere Musis;

Sic tuæ semper vigeant olivæ,
Quâ vagos fluctus sinuosa volvit
Isis, & sacras tueatur olîm

GEORGIUS Arces.

Edw. Cecil Acton

Coll. Magd. Semicom.

Ἡ δ' αἶα χαίρει τέξῃς,
Μελωδία θ' ἔρωτῳ·

Οὐ μοι μέλ' φιλήσῃ,

Οὐ μοι μέλ' εὐδοίῃ

Κατασφην καρῶν.

Νῦν καρδίῃ σέναζῶ,

Ἡ βαρβίτος δ' αἰδῶ

Οδυρματ' ἠδὲ θρήνων·

Ολώλεν εὐλὸς Ἀρχῶν,

Ολώλε ΦΡΗΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ.

Εἰμαρμένη πονηρά,

Τῇ τοσάς Βρετάννῳ

Καὶ συμφορὰς λυπὰς τε

Ἀμειλίχῳ κομίζεις;

Ποτ' Εὐτυχίῃ λαμπρῶν,

Ποτ' Ἠδονῇ γελῶσα,

Εἰρήνῃ πουχθ' τε

Ἐν Ἀγγλίῃ συνοικουν·

Νῦν πασι, φευ, σέναγμα

Ἀσχετὸν δὲ πένθος

Ἐν στήθεσιν ε' ἀνασφ'.

Ολώλεν ἐλπίς Ἀγγλῶν,

Ολώλε κῶδος Ἀγγλῶν,

Τοιαῦτον οὐκ ἔδωκαν

ΕΡΙΣΕΔΙΑ Ο

Θεοὶ βροτοῖσιν Ἀρχόν,
 Οἷος γέ ΦΡΗΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ·
 Ἀστὴρ ἐλαμψε Φαιών,
 Σέλας τε τῶν Βρετάνων·
 Τεκνοῖσι παρθοφίλης τε,
 Κ' ἐπηρεατῶ γυναικί·
 Μῆσας φίλων γλυκείας,
 Φιλερμῆμος δὲ Μῆσαις,
 Φιλερμῆμος δὲ Φοῖβῳ·
 Πάντας μὲν οὐδίαζων,
 Οὐδ' οὐδῖος ἑ' εαυτῷ·
 Νῦν ἀλλὰ, φῶς, ἀπὸ λήθης
 Λιπῶν τε τῇ γυναικί,
 Καὶ τὰς φίλας ἀπόδυτας,
 Ἐς νεότερων χορείας.
 Οὐώλε, κ' ἀπεθνήσκειν,
 Οὐώλεν ἐὼλθ' Ἀρχόν,
 Γοάτε νῦν, Βρετάνοι
 Θάμνοντα ΦΡΗΔΕΡΙΚΟΝ·
 Μαλιστα δ' αὖ, Γεώργε,
 Πάτερ θανόντος Ἀρχῆ·
 Μαλιστα δ' αὖ καὶ ὑμεῖς
 Ἐρασμῆν τε Χήρην,
 Καὶ Ορφανοὺς γέ παῖδες·
 Γοάτε πάντες Ἀγγελοι,
 Ὑμεῖς γοάτε Καμβέρι,
 Ὑμεῖς μαλιστα Καμβροί,
 Οἰωνίδες τε πάντες
 Ἀρχεῶδε νῦν γοοῖο.
 Οὐώλε κῆδος Ἀγγέλων,
 Οὐώλε ΦΡΗΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ.

Georgius Johnson,
 Coll. Æn. Naf. Schol.

O X O N I E N S I A.

The TEARS of ISIS.

I.

IN secret Shades fond Passion vents her moans: ---
Then, whilst each Eye scarce checks the gushing tear,
Each struggling breast heaves big with heart-felt groans,
And on each luring brow sits wan Despair;
Led by lorn Grief oh! heedless let me stray,
Where musing Melancholy marks the silent way.

II.

This gloomy deep Recess from Clamour free,
(Where dreary Horror holds his iron reign)
Ah! how it winds my Thoughts to extasy,
The rapt Soul rais'd to Fancy's magic Strain!
Now, now she works, --- and to my wond'ring Eyes
By her strong Power compell'd th' embodied forms arise.

III.

Mark! by yond murm'ring brook the stately Queen
With flowing stole majestic sweeps the ground:
Hail, *Isis*, hail! --- I know thee by thy mein,
Thy radiant front with rising Turrets crown'd;
All like to her in *Phrygia's* blest abodes,
That auncient *Cybele*, hight Mother of the Gods.

VI.

Fast by her side Religion, pure-ey'd Maid,
Steps with slow pace, demure, and heav'nward looks;
Whilst hoary Learning stoops his reverend head,
Bending beneath a cumbrous load of books;
Nor far sweet Liberty bounds uncontroul'd,
And upright Loyalty stands firm, yet calmly bold.

V.

Hark, how with Plaints, soft stealing o'er the sense,
The mourning Goddess charms my ravish'd ear!
"Ah dire, mishap (she cries) which tore him hence!
"Haste then, my Sons, and crown his honour'd bier:
"Let every Muse that drinks my hallow'd stream,
"From Time's devouring tooth preserve his deathless fame.

ÆPICEIDA

VI.

"Rais'd by his foster care each generous art
 "Affum'd new vigour, with new lustre shone;
 "Hence Poesy with Music warm'd the heart;
 "Hence Sculpture form'd the animated stone;
 "With glowing tints hence Painting deck'd her plan.
 "Whilst others mourn the Prince, let me lament the Man.

VII.

"In him a father long I proudly hail'd:
 "In him I fondly hop'd to boast a Son:
 "Ah! flattering Hopes, how little ye avail'd! ---
 "Yet GEORGE may do, what FREDERIC would have done:
 "Then from your faith, my Sons, oh! never swerve; ---
 "His favour to enjoy, ye need but to deserve.

VIII.

"Still as to Liberty, to GEORGE be true;
 "Your every step while Loyalty attends,
 "Dauntless where Learning points the path pursue,
 "But chief Religion" — Hark — th' illusion ends;
 And less'ning to the fight the forms decay. ---
 FREDERIC, thy Name I love; thee, *Isis*, I obey!

John Heskin A. B.

Student of Christ Church.

PRæcipiunt Musæ dum tristes undique cantus,
 Mœstaque lugubres dat *Rhedycina* modos;
 Et miscere suos optat pia musa dolores,
 Quos infanda dies quos tulit hora gravis:
 Occidit infausto FREDERICUS vulnere Fati,
 Occidit infausto funere gentis Honos.
 Concipit ingentes quis non sub pectore luctus,
 Heu! quæ non lacrymis immaduere genæ?
 Quis grave non sentit vulnus surgentis Juli?
 Quem non AUGUSTÆ Sors viduat dolet?
 Non est quin vivos hæc infortunia tangant;
 Quin gemat abreptum terra *Britanna* decus.
 Defleti multum cineres requiescite; laudes
 Usque Tuæ, virtus usque perennis erit.

Henricus Mordaunt

Ædis Christi Commens.

Ο Χ Ο Ν Ϊ Ε Ν Σ Ι Α.

Corydon, Thyrsis.

Cor. **Α** ΔΥ πὶ χ' ὦ Θαμείσις ποταμὸν χεῖ, ἀδύ καὶ ὑλὴ
Τηλεθαί, καὶ Γαῖα φρεῖ νεοθαλεὰ ποίαν
Γηδοσιῶας θήρων Γένος ἐμπλεον, ἦδ' ἀνθρώπων·
Θυρεῖ, σε μῶνον ἐχ' πένθος μέγα, Θυρεῖ, τοὶ αἰεὶ
Ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀχρὸς, γοῶν δ' ἐπὶ πένθει τακῇ·
Ὠτάλαν, ἀλλ' οὐ οἶδα πὶ τοὶ χακόν· Ἀ Γαλατεῖα
Ἀ χαλὰ σε λιποῖσα κατ' ὠρεῶ αὐτῶ οπαδεῖ.

Th. Οὐ νῦν μοι γέ μελ' Κορυδῶν ῥοῦ, ὅς πεδίωνδε
Ψυχρὸν ὑδῶς χύσας χαταλείβεται, εἰδὲ μοι ὑλὰς,
Ἀνθέων θ', οὐσα πρ' αὐτὸν ἐρυθειώοντα φυοντὶ·
Οὐδὲ τέω, Γαλατεῖα, φιλαματῶ, εἰδ' ἀγέλαων
Αἰ εἰς αὐτῶς ἀνομοὶ τε δὲ ὠρεῶ μακρὰ πλανῶν).
Οὐκεπὶ μοι πῶνδ' ἦδος· ἐχὼ δ' ὑποκαρδίον ἐλκῶ,
Οὐκέτι μοι τίς τερψίς, ἐχὼ δ' ἀχορεστον ἀνίαν,
Ὡλετ' ἔπει μοι Δαφνίς, ἀπώλετο φίλτατος ἀνδρῶν.
Ἀδύ πὶ σὺν Νυμφαῖς ποτ' ἐν ὠρεσὶν ἐψίασθαι
Ἐπλετ', εὐεργεῖος τε πρ' οὐχθαῖσιν ποταμοῖο
Ἀδύν, ὡς ἀπ' Ἑρῶς γλυκερὸν φρενᾶς εἴλετο πάντας,
Ὡς πασαις Γαλατεῖα μετεπρεπεν ἐξοχα νυμφαῖς,
Χῶς ἀλλὰ χαλλὸς γέ πῶρος εὐεῖδ' ἑ Γαλατεῖαν,
Προς Ρόδον ὡς τίς ἀκόντισα πρ' αἰμασιασὶν ἐρεῖσθαι.
Νῦν δ' αὖ πάντας λελούπε, καὶ ἀγεία πάντα πεφυκεν,
Ἀγεία πάντα πεφυκεν, ὅλος δὲ μοι ὁλβὸς ἀπεεργέ.
Ἀ Νυμφαῖ, νυμφαῖ γλυκεραὶ ποτὲ, νῦν νεμεσά),
Μηκεπὶ νῦν Τάμερ πῶρα κυματὰ, μήτε κατ' Ἴσιν
Ποσσὶ πῶριπλεκτοῖς λιπαραῖς ἀγείαδε χορείασι·
Χαίρετ'· ἐπεὶ νῦν εἰ πὶ φίλον χορῶ, εἰ φίλον ὑδῶς,
Οὐδὲ δρυεὶς πόλιν κυμα κατηρεφείας κομώσσει.
Ἀντὶ μέλους ἔστω νῦν δὴ γοῶ, ἀντὶ χορείας
Πενθίμ' ὀδυρομένων θρήνοι· οὐχὶ Δαφνίς ὀλωλε
Καὶ τὸ μέλος τεθνήακε καὶ ὤλετο Δῶρις αἰοῖδα,

ΕΡΙΣΕΔΙΧΟ

Ωλετο πασα δε μοισα και αιλινα παντα γρυοντο.

Cor. Η μεν εγω δειδοικα κατὰ φρενα, μη τι γρυιτο
Πημα τι λυγροτατον· και γαρ πασι φερεται
Ειδος τε μεγεθος τε καλου Ποταμοιο πρ' οχθας
Δρυς, οδι πολλακι Δαφνιδ' εφαιδετο συεισδοντι
Χωρος απας, ανεμων χωεις, και τ' αιθρις ηδη,
Ηειπεν· αλλα τι μοι το κακον μαντθυετο θυμῳ.

Th. Φθι, φθι εχ' αλιον τερας επλετο· και τε πεποισας
Τας δρυος η ρα συ μαντις αλαγδα παντ' αγορδεις.
Και γαρ δη τι κακον θυμῳ τοσσην εφερπειν,
Οωτον παντας εβα, επι Δαφνιδι τεθναωτι,
Δαφνιδι τω χειρηντι, τω ε ποκα εωε) ισῳ;

Cor. Η σφαλερην τι χρημα πολυς και ατρεσφατος ολῳ.
Σημερην ηυξησεν, ταχα δ' αυειον ωχετ' αφαντῳ.
Εν δ' ορειων κορυφῃσι κακαι κλονεσσι θυελλα,
Πολλακι δ' αυ θυρρεντι πατηρ κατεφλεξε κεραυνῳ.
Ως νυν Δαφνιδ' εβα θανατος, και μοιρα κραταια
Τον πασι φιλον και υπειροχον ανδρα δαμασδει.

Th. Και το ροδον το φερετον εν ανησιν ειαρεινοισιν
Ακμαζι, ταχυ δη τι μαραινε) ειαρος ωρη.
Ωκυμοες δε τεω ποτμε, κηρος τε ταχειας
Εν πτεταλοισι τρεφεις, Υακινθε, γεγραμμυρον αλγος.
Ως ταχυ τοι, φιλε Δαφνι, φυγῃ ροδον· εξεμαρανθη
Ακμα δ' ως ταχυ πασα θανοντα τε σ' εκλιπε θυμῳ.

Cor. Αρχετε μοι, Μωσαι, τω πενθεῳ, αρχετ' αοιδας
Ει τις επ' υμιν παρὰ χειλεσιν· εις Αιδαο
Φιλῶτος ωχετο Δαφνις οθεν παλιν εκεπ' νοςῳ.
Αρχετε Πιεριδες τω πενθεῳ, αρχετε μοισαι.
Γαια νεα φυλλοις αναθαλλε)· αλλα θανοντα
Ποτμος εχθ' ποιας Δαφνιδα χλωροτερην.
Παντ' εαρος καλον παντα πλεα· νυν δε α χειμων,
Δαφνις επει ψυχραν ψυχροτερως χιονων.

Th. Και μεν εγω μοισαι λιγυρην σομα· κ' εκετ' αφωνον
Χρη σιγαῖν παντων Δαφνιδ' οδυρομυρων,

Ο ΧΟΝΙΕΝΣΙΑ.

Αἴθεα νῦν εἰρῆς βοτάνῃ τε μαρναίη· ἄπορρῃ

Πᾶν ῥοδόν, ἐκ τ' ἀκμῇ Δαφνίδα πάσα λιπεν.

C. Ἀλσεα καὶ ποταμοὶ ποτ' ἀκῆσατε, πῶς ποκα Δαφνίς

Ἰσὺς σοὶ φάιναν ταισὶν Ἀηδονίσι·

Νῦν ἐπὶ Δαφνίδι λυγρὴν ἀηδὼν ἀδετε πένθος,

Τὸν νικῶντ' ὑμᾶς Δαφνίδα κλαυμῶμαι.

Th. Νῦν σρέπτοις Ἰσίδος ῥῶσ' κυμασὶν αἰλινὰ Κυκνοὶ

Μυρεᾶτ', ὑμετέρῳ οἷον ἐπὶ θάνατῳ·

Χω Ποταμός πελαγῶσδε ῥέων, ἐπὶ πασι λεγέτω,

Οἷον πασι θάνων Δαφνίς ἐφήκε πόνον.

C. Αἴθεα καὶ βοτάνῃ ποτ' ἐκαίρετε τῷ παρόντι·

Δαφνίδος· εἰς αἶδαν, κλαίειτ' ἀπερχομῶμαι·

Κλαίετε φθινομῶμαι τ' ἀποφαινέτε, πῶς γέ στω αὐτῷ

Δαφνίδι χ' ὑμετέρῳ Ποταμός ἀφείλε χάριν.

Th. Ω δρυεὺς Αἰγαιεῖτε, πρ' ὑμῖν αἶκε θέρειας

Ἀγρῶστας χαλεπὸν Δαφνίς ἐφύγε σέλας,

Αἰλινὰ νῦν θαλλέωδε, καὶ αἰλινὰ πάντα τρέφεωδε,

Πᾶν χαλὸν εἰς Αἶδαν ὤχετο Δαφνίς ἐλὼν.

C. Ἀλλ' ἀγε δὴ, φίλε Ξυρσί, λυγρὰς ληγωμέτ' αἰοῖδας,

Οὐκέτι πάς δύσας φύγεν ἅλιος, ἔ γάρ ατεκνέω

Δαφνίς ἐβὰ συγερῶν θάνατ' ῥοόν, ἔδ' ὑπολείπει

Ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, Πατέρες τ' αἰεὶ φύσαντος ἀρίστ'·

Ἰσὺν ἐχοί, τιμὰς δὲ καὶ ἐς πρῶτον ἱκανοί.

C. Weston,

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

While Britain's sovereign in His royal breast
Feels of distracting care the doubled sting;
While with His own, or people's loss oppress'd
He weeps a father, or reflects a King;

What man of music in melodious strain
Can softly sooth the bitter pangs of grief?
What skilful bard assuage the Monarch's pain,
And yield His mighty Soul a kind relief?

EPICEDIA

Faint all the force of numbers, force of sound,
Too deep alas! the destin'd stroke is giv'n,
No mortal art can heal the deadly wound;
The blow, the cure proceed alike from Heav'n.

Yet may the sons of science drop a tear
Some tribute sure is due to regal pow'r,
Then cast a look on gentle FREDERICK'S bier
Repeat a dirge, and mourn the fatal hour,

When all the husband's, all the father's zeal,
The love for human kind, the social mirth,
The gen'rous ardor for the public weal,
The state of royalty, the grace of birth,

Remain'd no more; — In vain AUGUSTA sighs,
In vain the babes list a lost parent's name,
Whilst manly tears swell young *Marcellus*' eyes,
Marcellus Albion's hope, the child of fame.

O Prince on You may providence bestow
Whate'er it once to blooming *Glo'ster* gave,
Grant You to gain in youth what sages know,
Grant early wisdom, — but no early grave;

And when (oh be it late) You mount the throne,
With *Britain's* wishes, and at heav'n's command,
Happy to find this Isle of arms your own,
This seat of liberty, this patriot-land,

Say shall the sons of *Isis* idly sit
On whom the Muse has pour'd her charms divine,
Untun'd their lyres, and unemploy'd their wit,
Nor sing the glories of the *Brunswick* line?

J. Sampson B. A.
Fellow of Merton Coll.

O X O N I E N S I A.

ET studia, & lachrymas, pullatosque ordine Patres
 Nil moror: exequias lugubres, auspice Musâ,
 Instituet major FREDERICI & sanctior ordo.
 Hic prior incedat nigrante *Britannia* pallâ,
 Funereâ Clypeum intexens hastamque Cupresso,
 Cuspide & inversâ; & multum interjecto ululatu,
 Occinat heu! FREDERICE, peris, spes unica Nostri!
 Hanc pietas nebulâ (pro more) sequatur amicta,
 Attonitæ referens *Niobes* vultumque habitumque,
 Aut fletus, AUGUSTA, Tuos: & pectore plancto
 Ingeminet, FREDERICE, peris, spes unica Nostri!
 Heu! Quis nunc aræ perituros fuscitet ignes?
 Justitia Has una, sancta & Reverentia legum
 Incessu lento comitentur passibus æquis.

Succedant mœstæ Virtutes agmine longo:
 Hic sacra Libertas nullis temeranda periclis,
 Illic lucro averſa Fides, & Publica Virtus,
 Et Pax, lætata est quæ fronde recentis Olivæ,
 Et Spes, quæ nuper candenti veste refulsit,
 Nunc lugubrem induta stolam; singultibus omnes
 Ingeminet, FREDERICE, peris, spes unica Nostri!
 Tunc quotquot Charites, tunc Artes quotquot adeste!
 Sed Vos præcipue, concordi mente Sorores,
 Fœdere amicitiae junctæ, Pictura colorum,
 Atque eboris Sculptura potens, lugete Patronum!
 Ultima & adveniat procerior omnibus *Isis*
 Pars nec parva Chori --- secum sua numina ducens
 Et sylvis *Dryadas*, vitreis & *Naiadas* antris,
 Sic tandem vultus lachrymis suffusa peroret.

“Proh! spes fallaces, mentitaque gaudia vitæ!
 “Ergo Tuo, FREDERICE, rogo instauramus honores,
 “Cui nostræ jamdudum artes, cui mœnia curæ;
 “Credula sperabam quem, lævâ ah! credula mente,
 “Excipere hospitio; levia & munuscula certe,
 “*Isis* qualia habet, munuscula lecta parabam,
 “Pallentes violas carpens, mollesque Hyacinthos,
 “Queis possem propriæ ferta intertexere Lauris
 “Et Myrtus, AUGUSTA, Tuæ. --- Nunc frondibus atræ
 “Aspergens Tumulum Taxi, invisæque Cupressi
 “His cumulem donis, & munere fungar inani.

E P I C E D I A

“ Deliciæ sed Tu Populi, dulcissime GEORGI,
 “ Qui patrias reddis virtutes, reddis avitas,
 “ Sis Bonus, O Felixque Tuis — Hinc Æmula pubes
 Ingentes tollent animos Tua dicere facta,
 Æternam Famamque Domûs, & Fata Nepotum.

Guil. Day A. B.

Coll. Mag. Soc. Prob.

O Britonum prærepta Salus, Columnenque Tuorum,
 Grande decus Patriæ deliciæque Tuæ!
 Quis tua lugubri plorabit funera planctu,
 Aut solvet tumulto digna tributa Tuo?
 Solvitur in fletum Populus quasi funere in uno
 Vel gentis clades illacrymanda foret:
 Solliciti ducunt omnes suspiria, tanquam
 Hinc decessisses omnibus ipse Parens.
 Et Conjux simul & viduata Britannia lugent,
 Ductorem hæc raptum plorat, & illa Virum:
 Fida viro plorat, sæcundaque Principe multo
 Ingemit, & mœstos fundit ab ore sonos.
 In Cœlis fuerit quamvis Tibi Vita perennis,
 In Terris querimur Fata dedisse brevem:
 Chara diu Soboles vivant, Regalia Nobis
 Per multos Annos sint Monumenta Tui.

R. R. Short A. B.

Coll. Vig. Soc.

What means this deep Solemnity of Woe?
 The Sighs upheaving, and the Tears that flow,
 Whence these? And why do plaintive Notes around
 From Albion's Rocks to Albion's Rocks resound?
 What! Is AUGUSTA — Has the Pow'r Divine
 (Which twice benignant gave th' awakning Sign
 And made her tremble —) now supremely just
 Levell'd her Tow'rs, and laid her Pride in Dust?
 If not, and GEORGE yet lives — Oh, grant it, Heav'n!
 Avert that Stroke! Years yet on Years be giv'n!

If

O X O N I E N S I A.

If GEORGE yet lives, whence wretched and forlorn?
Say, *Britain's* Genius, how can *Britain* mourn?

" 'Tis not AUGUSTA's fall'n; She greatly stands!
" And GEORGE th' Imperial City still commands:
" But hear, and tremble! — *Britain* yet may mourn,
" For GEORGE Himself must to the Dust return;
" I saw it written in the Rolls of Fate!
" Then Who, with Arm like His, shall guard the State?
" Oh! waft in Sighs, ye Gales, from Shore to Shore —
" *Britain's next Hopes, and FRED'RICK, are no more!*"

How is the Mighty fall'n! The Great! The Good!
Mingle, ye Tears, and swell into a Flood.
Britons — be just to Merit's lasting Claim;
Your Smiles are Glory, and your Tears are Fame!
Pay then the Honours due to FRED'RICK's Shade;
Who lov'd Him living, well may mourn Him dead:
Each duteous Muse of *Isis* deck his Hearse,
And Our unruly Griefs disdain the common Bounds of Verse.

Others, *Great Prince*, shall grace thy hallow'd Tomb
With Flow'rs of Language cull'd from *Greece* and *Rome*,
Countries once glorious! — Me, who, void of Art,
Boast not the Poet's, but the Subject's Part,
Deign to accept, presuming to rehearse
Thy truly-*English* Fame in *English* Verse.

Ah! what avail'd thy Honours, mighty Shade!
Greatness hereditary — greater made!
Nobility by Virtue far outshone,
And lineal Glories yielding to Thy own!
With what mild Majesty didst Thou defend
The sacred Names of *Husband, Father, Friend!*
While *Arts* and *Commerce* sprung beneath thy Hand,
At once to strengthen and adorn the Land.

Oh! form'd to please and bless — But Thou art gone,
Snatch'd immaturely from th' expecting Throne;
Nor Tears nor Pray'rs reverse the fix'd Decree —
But why these Pray'rs, and why these Tears for Thee,
Thou new-created Angel? — Thrice forlorn,
Weep, *Britons*, for Yourself; for *Britain* mourn.

If Crimes atrocious claim th' avenging Rod,
If *Britons* yet revere a Sov'reign God;
With deep Repentance own th' afflictive Hand —
Heav'n strikes the Blow, and warns this guilty Land.

E P I C E D I A

Arise, ye Patriot Virtues, brighter burn!
Fair Truth, and holy Righteousness return!
Divine Religion, warm each *British* Breast;
Reign Thou triumphant! --- And We still are blest.

GEORGE has not yet his Race of Glory run,
And late may we behold his setting Sun;
He lives to fix the Empire of the Sea,
And crown his Land with Virtuous Liberty.

And now, *Britannia*, view with wond'ring Eyes
Thy future King from FRED'RICK'S Ashes rise!
How clear the Dawn of Life! how bright the Morn!
What radiant Splendors shall his Noon adorn!

I see --- I see his Days of Fame begun!
A *Third* Illustrious GEORGE, on *Britain's* Throne,
Far-distant Realms to save --- and bless his own!

But who, ah who! with greatly-anxious Care,
Shall guard, shall educate th' important Heir?
Who shall the arduous Scheme of Glory plan,
And *Great* and *Good* compleat the rising Man?
Crown'd is each Wish, and ev'ry Fear subsides ---
'Tis *Harcourt* governs, and 'tis *Hayter* guides.

While *She*, whose Worth all *British* Hearts approve,
Describes th' unerring Path to *British* Love;
And (for what Thought can animate him more?)
Bids the SON be --- what FRED'RICK was before.

While GEORGE Himself, with more than Royal Care,
Close to his Breast receives the much-lov'd Heir;
Breathes thro' his kindling Soul the Martial Flame,
And points the Way to *Virtue* and to *Fame*.

B. Kennicott A.M.
Fell. of Ex. Coll.

CHare vale --- Tibi funereæ pars debita pompæ,
Ipsa Parens *Rhedycina*, togatâ cincta catervâ,
Ad tumulum haud lætas iterabit voce loquelas.

Chare vale --- modò Te sacram duxisse per Urbem,
Atque intra augusti spatium excepisse Theatri
Sperabam, fidens animo, vovique futurum
Tempora dinumerans: at quanti corda calores
Tentâssent, quanto generosum pectus amore

Fervere

O X O N I E N S I A.

Fervere vidissem, dum Regum ingentia dona,
 Quasque Pii Patres, nati melioribus annis,
 Extruxere domos, animo ventura revolvens
 Lustrares! "Atque O multum carissima (credo
 "Dixisses) *Rbedycina*, mihi carissima semper,
 "Forte erit, ut tantâ Fautorum Me quoque turbâ
 "Nomen habere finas, numerumque augere Tuorum;
 "Sic tibi dulcis Honos crescet, sic, auguror, olim
 "Ipse geram *Angliacam* potiori laude Coronam.

At quanto intereâ resonâssent compita plausu,
 Quisque Virum fremitus, sacri dum limina scandis
Sheldoni --- numeris illic & voce valentes
 Centum Oratores, centum, lectissima, Vates,
 Nomina, dixissent Proavorum facta Tuorum
 Fortia, Pieridasque omnes in vota vocâssent.
 GEORGIUS Argumentum ingens, pacataque bello
Gallia, tuta Fides, Commercia læta laborum,
 Aurea Libertas, Tutelaque maxima Regum
 Religio --- neque Tu tanti pars parva Triumphi,
 Tuque, Tuique simul charâ cum Conjuge Nati;
 At Decus, at nostræ audisses Lux altera Gentis,
 Deliciaque meæ --- sed Mors spes eximit omnes,
 Festivumque diem, sed pro felicibus istis
 Funereos poscis numeros, & lugubre Carmen.

Chare vale --- Tu nunc celsi novus Atria cœli
 Perlustras, læto folium quò carmine cingunt,
 Atque æterna sacra celebrant solennia Musæ.
 Hic Te Principibus permistum amplectitur ultro
 Dulci flore vicens *Henricus*, & Ille *Britannum*
 Deliciæ *Arthurus* quondam, cristasque comantes
 Conspicis *Edvardi*, & nigrantia Principis arma,
 Cressiacas & adhuc sublimi in vertice Laurus.
 Quin sortire Deum vitam, Geniusque vocari
 Affuescas *Britonum* posthac, patriosque Penates
 Clade novâ lapsos relevas, & lege perenni
 Stet fortuna Domus, & Avi numerentur Avorum.

F. Hearle ex Æde Christi,
 Sup. Ord. Commensalis.

E P I C E D I A

Nominis nostri Decus invidendum,
Dulce Solamen venientis *Ævi*,
Te ferit, velox, *FREDERICE*, acerbo
Vulnere fatum.

Albion mortem precibus morari
Impotens, desiderio fideli
Icta Te raptum dolet insolenti
Squallida luctu.

Hospitis tanti viduata moeret
Alta *Clifdeni* domus, & Penates
Quærit avulso, metuens propinquæ
Ipsa ruina.

Unda vicini *Tamesis* tumultum
Luridis dirum meditatur arvis,
Et minax mordet querulo trementes
Murmure ripas.

Læsa communi Patriæ dolore
Nænas poscit graviore plectro,
Et piâ spargit lacrymâ calentem
Musa favillam.

Fama dum sculpsit memorem querelam,
Dum pudor Legis columnen marita,
Dum Fides constans, Pietasque simplex
Alma bonarum

Artium custos, animique magni
Candor effusus, placidam Camœnis
Vindicans pacem, merita tuentur
Præmia laudis.

Ipsæ quin vives simili superstes
Prole, cum famæ stimulos avita
Suggeret formans animos sequaces
Æmula Virtus.

M. Panting A. B.

Coll. Omn. Anim. Soc.

Acclinis urnæ carmine flebili
Lugebat *Isis*; cui vitreos pedes
Allapsa mœstum murmurabat,
Et Domina ingeminabat unda

Graves

O X O N I E N S I A.

Graves Querelas: O Nemora, O sacrae
 Valles, decoro Flumine quâ vagor,
 Et clara, tollens invidendas
Aufonia, Rhedycina, Turres:
 Quam dulce vobis eripuit Deus,
 O Quale vobis Præsidium dies
 Ademit atrox, cum reliquit
 Æthereas FREDERICUS Auras!
 Dilecte Princeps, si poterant piâ,
 Si dura flecti fata Deum prece,
 Te fera vidissent regentem
 Sæcula, Tu Patriæ atque Musis
Alfredus esses! Primus in ultimos
 Duxit *Britannos* fronde Scientiam
 Sacrâ coronatam, & recepit
 Vertice ab *Aonio* Camœnas
Alfredus; orâ ritè quiescere
 His ille nostrâ, & perpetuas dedit
 Optare Sedes, quas foveret
 Auspiciis FREDERICUS æquis,
 Tutela præsens; dum Pietas, novem &
 Conjuncta Virtus pura Sorrowibus
 Umbras inaccessas profanis
 Incolerent, placidosque *Lucos*:
 Hic sæpe Laudes illius aureæ
 Chordæ sonâssent & Lyra, *Thamesis*
 Amnem resultans quas per omnem
 In Mare purpureum tulisset,
 Lætus Coloni culta nitentia
 Videre, lætus flumine Navitam
 Referre Victorem, & superbis
 Pandere mille finum *Carinis*
 Valet, Musæ Carmina *Lesbie*,
 Valet! tantum quæ Lyra leniat
 Nobis dolorem? quæ verendi
 Aut gemitus Patris, aut pudicæ
 Mulcere possint Carmina Conjugis?
 Quæ lachrymarum Musa *Britannia*
 Compescat imbrem, multum amati
 Principis ad tumultum dolenti?

Tho. Powys Coll. Mag.
 Sup. Ord. Commens.

A EPICEDEIA

When some lov'd Friend to Man in all his Bloom
 Sinks to the Chambers of the silent Tomb,
 Thro' ev'ry Breast infectious Sorrow runs,
 And Nature prompts the Sigh in all her Sons. ---
 Lo! FREDERICK falls. --- Ev'n distant Nations own
 The gen'ral Loss and pour forth Groan on Groan.
 What Anguish then must sad *Britannia* know?
 How pine dejected with her Weight of Woe?
 With Wonder she survey'd and fond Delight
 His Worth exalted to the noblest Height:
 She saw his Soul by gen'rous Arts improv'd,
 Drest by each Grace, by ev'ry Muse belov'd,
 By Virtue's Flame from Passion's Dross refin'd,
 Humanely wise and amiably kind;
 And dares with grateful Warmth this Truth attest,
 She priz'd, and weeps him most, and knew him best.
 But oh! what more than mortal Splendors rise?
 What heav'nly Scenes to Fancy's ravish'd Eyes
 (Sure, not illusive!) their gay Charms display
 Beyond the solar Sphere, and milky Way?
 I see thee, FREDERICK! on a chrystal Plain
 Receiv'd exulting by a radiant Train;
 Heroic Souls! who range the blest Abode,
 The Patrons of Mankind, and Sons of God.
 Thee most those Worthies crown with just Acclaim,
 Who toil'd successful for *Britannia's* Fame.
 There *Alfred* chief, by every Title great,
 Friend to the Muse, and Father of the State.
 What starry Glories round his Temples shines!
 Not brighter Rays invest the *Brunswick* Line.
 But who that Prince, in modest Beauty fair,
 Whose laureate Wreath adorns his flowing Hair?
Britannia's Pride, illustrious *Edward's* Son,
 Like FREDERICK, form'd to dignify a Throne:
 Alike their Bosoms burn'd for honest Fame,
 The same their Merit, and their Fate the same.
 Approaching, to the new congenial Shade,
 Mild as in Life, th' unbodied Patriot said.
 "All-hail, my dear *Britannia's* latest Boast!
 "All-hail, triumphant on this blissful Coast!

O. G. Comment.

s T

"O early

OXONIENSIA.

"O early rapt from Earth's tempestuous Seas
 "To these calm Regions of eternal Peace!
 "What tho' each milder Glory was thy Care,
 "Free from the Noise and splendid guilt of War,
 "Where oft the Chief declines from Natures Plan,
 "And 'mid the Victor's Pomp forgets the Man,
 "As when ah! too successful I restor'd
 "To *Lusitania* her tyrannic Lord?
 "What tho' the plausible shouts of public Fame,
 "A grateful Nation's Praise! embalm'd thy Name?
 "What tho' Heav'n deign'd each Rapture to impart,
 "That warms the Consort's or the Parent's Heart;
 "Blest with each Joy, with ev'ry Honour grac'd,
 "That Worth can give, or Virtue knows to taste?
 "Yet wilt thou not at Heav'n's decree repine,
 "Since all it's blifs, it's glories all are thine.
 "Fair Virtue's flow'rs, tho' nipt by envious Fate
 "On Earth's cold soil they find too short a date,
 "Warm'd and expanded in this happier Clime
 "Shall dread no more the wint'ry blasts of Time."

Scarce had he spokē, when in sublimest Notes
 Thro' the glad Air ethereal Music floats;
 And strait those Bards appear, whose Numbers flow'd
 Pure nor unworthy of th' inspiring God;
 Who, while on Earth, illum'd the Patriot's Fire,
 And bade the World attend their moral Lyre;
 Now oft, high-favour'd in the Courts above,
 With choral Hymns surround the Throne of *Jove*.
 Pleas'd they exalt the Song to *FREDERICK'S* Praise,
 And charm his Bosom with immortal Lays,
 Lays! such as ne'er resounded on the Streams
 Of *Meles*, *Mincio*, or imperial *Thames*.

And could I sing like him, whose living Bay
 Bestrew'd the Laureat Hearse, where *Lycid* lay;
 Then would I teach my artful Verse to flow
 Sweet thro' the Mazes of melodious Woe:
 Yet, tho' my humbler Muse in Accents rude
 Her glorious Theme advent'rous has pursued,
 Yet will my native Land her Zeal forgive,
 That hopes beneath her *FREDERICK'S* Palms to live.

S. Bradbury Comm. of Wadham College.

EPICEDIA

DUM *Roma Drusum* flebilibus modis
 Urget peremptum; funere dum gravi
 Percussa plus a quo querelas
 Ingeminat miseranda mater;
 Turbata luctu *Melpomene* gemit,
 Flectique Divos arguit infcios:
 Tantumque Parcarum *Tbalia*
 Invidiae lieuisse plorat.
 At nunc Soroꝛes hic *Heliconides*
 Adeste, casus flebilior vocat,
 Drusoque *Marcelloque* major
 Accipias, *FREDERICE*, carmen.
 Adeste quotquot *Græcia* finxerit,
 Adeste Divæ, plangite pectora,
 Et fata lugentes acerba,
 Funereos iterate questus.
 Et Ille vobis cognitus, & novas
 Sacravit aras, vestraque Numina
 Excepit, & festas dicavit
 Carminibus choreisque ripas.
 Testor recessus *Cliefdoniæ* Domus
 Nuper canentem quo *Thamesis* pater
 Audivit, oblitusque cursus
 Attonita requievit urna.
 Heu versa nobis Numina, fletibus
 Jam nunc redundat plus solito furens,
 Paterque succensens ruinam
 Finitimis meditatatur agris.
Etona salve, quam metui, tibi
 Ne quid nocerent flumina, dum ruunt
 Ripasque dedignantur altas,
 Diluvio populata terras.
 Sed quæ canebat, quos gemitus dabat,
 Vos O Camœnæ si liceat loqui,
 Tantique non obstant dolores,
 Carminibus memorate dignis.
 O Magne Princeps auspicio Tuo
 Quid non valerem, me neque vinceret
 Ganges, nec *Indus*, nec fluenta
Æthiopis celebrata *Nili*.

O X O N I E N S I A.

Quæ non manerent funera *Galliam*,
 Seu nostra classis milite sub tuo
 Ad *Sequanam* bello tonaret,
 Aut *Rhodani* superaret urbes?
 Duræque tellus fleret *Iberia*
 Fractas triremes, & nova nomina
 Devicta terrarum, beatis
Americæ potiora regnis.
 Sentiret Orbis rite quid *Indoles*
 Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus,
 Quid Mens, quid *Augusti* Paternæ
 In Sobolem valere *Curæ*.

Job. Norris A. M.

Coll. Mag. Soc. Comment.

Flectere si possent *Libitinæ* immitia Corda
 Eximii dotes animi, si vivida Virtus,
 Conjugis & fidæ Pietas, & publica Vota,
Angligenis felix jam nunc *FREDERICUS* adestet.
 Sed Dea sæpe rapit lugentibus optima Terris
 Prima, & Spes hominum volucres dispergit in Auras.
 Interitum, *Marcelle*, tuum sic maxima rerum
Roma, nec immerito, lachrymis decoravit obortis;
 Occidit & Princeps, quo non tibi carior alter
Anglia, *Cressiæ* cingunt cui Tempora Palma.
 Non tamen indicti pereunt, queis Gloria cordi,
 Quos & Musa colit; florentem laude perenni
 Omnia transmittunt Populis per secula Famam;
 Nec tantum in terris memorabile Nomen; at ipsi
 Heroum Cætus inter, super Astra beatis
 Accumbunt Mensis & Cæli pocula ducunt.
 Vos, O *Pierides*, mæstas attollite Voces,
 Et non ingratum *FREDERICO* dicite Carmen.
 Ille bonas semper fovit placidissimus Artes:
 Divini Vates illum cecinere Patronum,
 Dum fuit in Terris, nunc mersum funere lugent
 Ad Cami ripas aut quâ fluit *Isidis* unda:
 Illum sæpe etiam vestri videre recessus
 Errantem & studiis lætum haud ignobilis Otî.

E P I C E D I A

Hic fortunatus Princeps, sua qui bona novit,
 Hic procul insano bellorum turbine, pravâ
 Ambitione procul, non Fratri invidit Honores,
 Quos iusto sibi Marte tulit, cum fulsit in Arvis
Flandriacis, Turmasve ingenti cæde rebelles
 Perdomuit, meritâque revinxit Tempora Lauro.
 Hunc Mercator ovans, quæcunque ad Littora Navem
 Appulerit, quascunque inviserit impiger Oras,
 Laudibus æquavit Cælo, jussitque remotas
Indorum Sylvas FREDERICI ediscere Nomen.
 Quid memorem, ut Patriis Animum Virtutibus ardens
 Tolleret? utque Fides illi dulcisque vigeret
 Libertatis Amor, Famæque immensa *Cupido*,
 Carmine regalem quæ gratior occupat Aurem,
 Cum volitat passim à Populo donata volente?
 Ut toto faustos Hymenæi admitteret Ignes
 Pestore, nec casti violaret Fœdera Lecti?
 Aut placidè ut Natos teneris formaret ab Annis
 Artibus ipse suis Pater, & florere juberet
 Delicias Hominum, majoribus addere Famam,
 Magnificosque suâ Titulos Virtute mereri?
 Sed quare vano libet indulgere Dolori?
 Attollam potius Vocem, & pro Pube *Britannâ*
 Vota dabo Patriæ captus Dulcedine Terra.
 Omnipotens Genitor, cujus mortalia nutu
 Regna cadunt surguntve, benigno Lumine Gentem
Angliacam aspicias: nostro Solatia Damno
 Æqua feras, positaque adfis clementior Irâ.
 Sat Marti Parcisque datum est: Immania Bella
 Vidimus, & passim hostiles ululare Tumultus,
 Ingentemque Animam FREDERICI abscedere Terris.
 Da bonus Annorum succedat pulchrior Ordo,
Angliacique diu felix moderetur Habenas
 GEORGIUS Imperii: Nato quos demseris Annos,
 Adde Patri, & *Britonum* nimios averte Dolores.

Henr. Cornwall Legh, è Coll. Wadh.

Superior. Ord. Commens.

OXONIENSIA.

TE quoque linquentem, FREDERICE, has Luminis oras
 Dii propero insignem voluerunt reddere fato,
 Sæpe nimis fueti virtutem tollere terris
 Immeritis, Laudisque brevem dare gentibus usum
 Eximiæ. Salve æternum mihi, Maxime Princeps,
 Æternumque vale: seu fortunata recondunt
 Vallibus Elysiis animam loca, sive beata
 Insulæ in Oceano magno, sive ignea virtus
 Dat cœlo, formosa polus qua fidera pascit.
 Auspice te fugerent Fraudes, hisque exul ab oris
 Lunatas acies ageret discordia *Thracum*;
 Auspice Te, montes atque avia linqueret, ausa
 Candida Libertas habitare palatia Regum;
 Interea tutæ tanto sub Vindice, Musæ
 Te canerent gratâ testudine, propter amœnam
 Ifida, vela procul fluitantia *Thamisis* æquor
 Mitteret in magnum, & lustraret classibus orbem.
 Diis aliter visum! quibus usa faventibus olim
Anglia, nunc sentit conversi numinis iras:
 Hinc adeo lætas languere armenta per herbas
 Hinc radii, *Boreæ* de parte, existere lucis
 Sanguineæ, & noctem diris incendere flammis.
 Hinc mugire solum, convulsæque intremere urbes.
 Hoc tamen O Divi *Angligenum* concedite votis,
 Ut Pater imperii longum moderetur habenas;
 Este bonæ, & nato demptos superaddite, Parcæ,
 Longævo Genitori annos; sub *Cæsare* Stirpis
Cæsareæ furgat spes, & maturior olim
 Sceptra *Nepos Britonum* moliri haud mollia discat:
 Ille regat populos fortunâ lætus Avitâ
 Et memor & magni similis virtute Parentis.

R. Hill Baronetti Fil.

Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Commens.

EPICEDIA

Ad Celsissimam WALLIÆ PRINCIPISSAM.

N Imbosa tandem Bruma cessit imbrium
 Aprilium teporibus,
 Sepes odoros induere flosculos,
 Et rauca linquens compita
 Breves agrestis otii captat vices
 Frequentis urbis incola.
 At quæ vicissitudo temporum tuos
 Lenire mœrores potest
Augusta, quæve frondeis recessibus
 Amœnitatem reddere?
 Haud jam placebit ambulatio devia
 In frigerante margine
 Quem subluit navalis unda *Thamesis*,
 Umbrosa nec sedilia
 In quæis juvabat accubantem *Conjugi*
 Spectare dulces liberos
 Dum rasili volvuntur herbarum in toro
 Vel gestientes lufibus
 Gratâ loquacitate provocant *Patrem*
 Puerilia ad certamina,
 At ille sensim gaudet, in tuis simul
 Suspensus hærens vultibus.
 Qua mente jam videbis affuetos locos,
 Amoris & vestigia?
 Jam nec vireti permeans umbram jubar,
 Nec dulcis, obstrepens aqua;
 Desideratur illa Vox, quæ suavibus
 Fefellit alloquîs diem.
 At tu severo luctui ponas modum
 Et Prole pulchrâ gaudeas.
 Valeas, precamur, & favore Regio
 Fruaris, & famâ bonâ.
 Sæclo futuro, quando feri posterî
 Muliebre laudabunt decus
 Certumque fœdus castitatis, haud diu
 Nomen tacebitur tuum.

*Robertus Tryon ex Æde Christi
 Superioris Ord. Commensalis.*

O X O N I E N S I A.

POST Rabiem Belli positam, Turmasque reventas
In Patriam incolumes, justis Classemque Triumphis
Ornatam, Gallo proprios agnoscere Fines
Edocto tandem; cui non sperare licebat
Propitios Soles, multosque trahenda per Annos
Gaudia, & omne procul nunc illætabile Tempus?

Vana Fides Hominum! En iterum crudelia Fata
Otia sollicitant, nostri brevis invida Plausus,
Atque ciere novos gaudent sub pectore luctus.
Nam Sopor æternus FREDERICI lumina condit,
Gaudium & omne simul tenuem evanescit in Auram:
Usque adeo fallax atque insincera Voluptas!

Nunc ideo, *Angligenæ*, certatim solvite Honores
Huic Cineri; Princeps etenim non gratior unquam
Materiam exhibuit Luctus, licet inclytus Armis
Edvardus periit, tum clari Nominis olim
Henricus; simili quos Fato ante Ora Parentum
Mors inopina tulit; Solium conscendere Regum
Nec dedit, aut patrias serò gestare Cononas.

Quos licuit sperare Dies, quæ Tempora læta,
Huic modò si Fatum plures concesserat Annos?
Nam mite Ingenium huic inerat, nam sedula Cura
Usque placere suis, nam largum Pectus egenis,
Ingenitusque Ardor Populum præstare beatum,
Atque sui Studium penitus diffundere in Omnes.
Scilicet his placidis Princeps Virtutibus auctus
Mox poterat fractis unus succurrere Rebus,
Flectere tum scissos Studia in contraria Cives,
Diffidioque nimis gliscenti ponere Finem.
At fuit immeritis ea Sors renuenda *Britannis*!
Hinc ideo est, Fatis tam claro Principe raptò,
Spe tali illusa, quod tot Suspiria Nostri
Tempore non alio dederint, miserasve Querelas.

Sed varios inter Gemitus, justissimus urget
Te, *Rhedicya*, Dolor; nam fidum quando Patronum
Huic similem invenies? Si quæ graviora premebant,
Si quæ spectabant Te solum Fronte minaci,
Ille Tui miseratus erat, Tibi Numen & ultrò
Obtulit, atque novas Vires suffecit inertì,
Jussit Opemque simul semper sperare futuram.

E P I C E D I A

Quin age, si Populum Mœror sic tangat acerbus,
 Diva *Augusta* potens, O qui Tua corda dolores
 Funditùs exagitant, qui conficit intimus Angor!
 Nam FREDERICUS abit, teneris divulsus ab Ulnis,
 Te simul & solam peregrinâ liquit in Orâ,
 Te Genetrice procul carâ, Te Fratribus almis.
 Heu! quoties Pompâ sese subduceret Aulâ,
 Et Procerum Turbis, & Majestate verendâ,
 Ut Tecum solâ innocuas traduceret Horas?
 Nempe fuit semper præsertim hoc Nomine clarus,
 Quod Tibi servabat castissima Fœdera Lecti,
 (Sit memor Exempli Populus!) quod semper Amore
 Flagrabat puro, & Tibi soli totus adhæsit.
 Quid tamen has memoro Virtutes Conjugis almas?
 Qualis erat quantusque aperit Tua Cura suprema,
 Assiduumque Ministerium, & Nox plurima Somni
 Expers, atque Tuus nunquam revocandus ab Illo
 Pes fixus, gelidos dum Vita reliquerat Artus,
 Sollicitusque Timor non quicquam profuit ultrâ.

Quæsumus at tandem Tibi parcas, optima Princeps,
 Neve finas atræ penitùs succumbere Pectus
 Tristitiæ: excute quin; aliosque capeffe Labores.
 GEORGIUS ardet enim, heu! citiùs Spes proxima Regni,
 Jam Monitus audire Tuos, pia discere Jussa.
 Huic ideo invigila, (Matris Præcepta verendæ
 Plurimâ namque valent) O! sapiùsingere Nato
 Virtutes patrias, patiens & ad Optima forma
 Hunc tenerum Pectus. Sic, cum concesserit illi
 Sceptra Deus, revocet lapsos in pristina Mores,
 Sublevet & miseros, Patremque redonet ademptum.

Interea, O venerande Parens, Rex optime, pergas
 Semper adeste Tuis, Senio neque cede gravanti,
 Nec Lacrymis Rerum; at solitos impende Labores.
 Cernis enim ut lacerat miseros Discordia Cives,
 Et sine Te Rerum quam lubricus afforet Ordo.
 Ergo diu vigeas, neque Cœlum durius ultrâ
 Te quoque subripiat, potiùs quin Damna rependens
 Apponat Patri quos Nato dempsit Annos.

Thomas Fothergill A. M.
 Coll. Regin. Soc.

O X O N I E N S I A.

OWN it at last, presumptuous Man, which Height
It vails not to pursue
The course of Nature's mazy Plan,
That still eludes your view.

Wherefore in one illfated Hour
Were all our hopes betray'd?
Why was denied the healing Pow'r,
When most we ask'd its aid?

O then, if ever, it Behoved
When gracious FRED'RICK gave
That Head so honour'd and so lov'd
A Victim to the Grave.

'Twas then to Heav'n a Nation cried
With vows of zeal sincere,
'Twas then the good AUGUSTA Sigh'd
And pour'd the streaming tear.

In vain — for Virtue's self attends
Th' inevitable Day,
The path of Glory hither bends
And here th' ignoble way.

Then Commerce wept in wat'ry bed
And closed her golden Hand,
Each Art reclin'd its drooping Head,
Fair Science dropt her wand.

That wand with which she erst cou'd Brave
The Shocks of time, and guide
With backward Course the lazy Wave
Of black Oblivion's tide.

No more shall Cliefden's echoing glades
In FRED'RICK's voice delight,
No more shall boast its spacious Shades,
Its Lawns and Tow'ring Height.

A P Y C E D I A

That Height, which like a Monarch proud
Commands each humbler plain,
Till Mountains vanish to a Cloud
Or join the azure Main.

Henry Flood
Gent. Comm. of Christ Church.

CUM GEORGÎ genus, *Angliaci* spes altera sceptri
Occidit, & totam concussit funere gentem,
Ifidos ad ripas, sacrataque moenia Musis,
Bis sex funerea velati tempora fronde,
Omnes florentes ætatibus, artibus omnes
Phæbeis Juvenes instructi, una exequialem
Haud mora concelebrare chorum, testataque luctus
Carmina sinceros; resonârunt carmina *Sylvæ*,
Ifidos & ripæ, sacrataque moenia Musis.
Ergo mendaci frustra rebamur amore,
Venturos sine nube dies, pulcroque per ævum
Ordine lapsuros; frustra magno omine mentes
Reddita firmabant Commercia, & *Amphitrite*
Intermissa diu, jam vectigalia pendens.
Ecce simul cunctas & spes, & gaudia sævo
Abrupere ictu Parcæ; crudelior omni
Incubuit bello pestis, lacrymosaque rapto
Principe, funestos agitat *Libitina* triumphos.
Tum quali infelix resonare *Britannia* luctu!
Multa viri bonitas animis, multusque recurfat
Ingenuæ virtutis honos; nunc, quantus amore
Flagrârit Patriæ, reputant; nunc qualis egentem
Juverit auxilio præsens, opibusque levâret.
Præcipue si quem castris amplexibus uxor
Grata fovet, si quem dulces circum oscula Nati,
Te, *FREDERICE*, patremque pium, sponsumque fidelem
Certatim luget; te pubes ruris amantem
Rustica; te *Britonum*, durissima pectora, Nautæ,
Auspiciis quicunque tuis super ultima *Thules*
Æquora, vimque hyemis spernunt, & frigora Cori.
Ipse pater glauca projectus *Thamesis* Ulva,
Et tacitas a fonte impellens segnior undas

Multa

O X O N I E N S I A .

Multa gemit, sævique incusat vulnera fati;
"Tunc igitur, quo nostra superbiit hospite ripa,
"Immaturus abis? nec posthac flumine læto
"Montibus his reducem allapsus gratabor honorem?
"Infaustæ *Clifdeni* umbræ, frustra que fluentis
"Terra rigata meis! cur sese tarda moratur
"Induere in florem, nec Soli *Sylvæ* vocanti
"Paret, nec *Zephyros* audit spirare secundos.
"Ah! periit vestras quæ quondam regia plantas
"Dextera curavit, cui latos tendere ramos
"Et solita in cœlum se attollere densior arbor."

Scilicet & fluvii, & tua quondam gaudia, *Sylvæ*
Interitu, FREDERICE, tuo, doluisse videntur;
Cum super exanimi corpus miserabile nati
Longævus fleret genitor; cum regia vestem
Ah! lacera, & magno mulier stupefacta dolore
Nunc furdos in vota Deos quereretur, ademptum
Nunc vana pietate virum revocaret; at illum
Non exoratus jam circumfuderat annis

Nec minus absentem studio ploramus inani
Dilecti, FREDERICE, tibi, dum vita manebat
Oxonidæ, gratique leves molimur honores,
Quos licet, & mœsto cumulamur carmine Manes.
Hæc tibi semper erunt; & cum, volventibus annis,
Magnos Musa viros, fortisque exempla malignæ
Fida recognoscet, quos non virtutis egentes
Atra dies patriæ, populoque invidit amanti;
Infelix cum sese oculis *Marcellus*, & ingens
Offeret *Edvardus*, simili tua surget imago
Majestate, pari tua fama vigebit honore;
Ipsa suas donec præsens tutabitur arces
Pallas, & æternum devolvit *Thamesis* annum.

Jobannes Ellis ex Æde Christi
Superioris Ordinis Commensalis.

ERgo nec herbæ, nec medicus valet
Labor, dolentis nec patriæ preces?
Ergone nec lethum repellit
Sollicitæ pia cura Sponsæ?

E P I C E D I A

Linqvenda tellus scilicet, & placens
 Uxor, parata nec comiti licet
 Abire tecum: sic Deorum
 Arbitrio, placitumque Parcis.
 At O! piorum qui minus audiens
 Preces, negabas auxilium manûs
 Medentis, adfis, *Phæbe*, & usque,
 Sis geminæ memor artis oro.
 Nec, si caduci pars abeat viri
 Concessa fati, cedat & altera;
 Vigescat, æternum vigescat,
 Threicio rediviva plectro.
 Te, si qua nondum corripuit fugam
 Virtus, alumnum mœsta dolet suum,
 FRED'RICE, te Musis amicum
 Castaliæ dolière Nymphæ:
 Nam grata *Laurus*, grataque *Apollini*
 Oliva; quas tu non nisi maximâ
 Cum laude florentes gerebas
 Ingenui studiosus Oti.
 Hinc jactat artes *Albion*, *Albion*
 Fœcunda Mater: navita *Bosphorum*
 Hinc non perhorrescit, neque *Alti*
 Damna timet, nec iniqua *Cœli*,
 Dum tu refulges, *Sidera*. Sed tibi
 Quo spes recessit, Navita? quo ruis
 Insane, per ventos per undas
 Heu dubiis malè fîsus astris?
 Heu! quem vocabit nunc *Populus Ducem*,
 Orbus parentem, Patria Principem?
 Discedis heu! dignus vocari
 Dux, Columnen, Pater, atque Princeps.
 Quin mitte luctus *Anglia*, Principum
 Beata Nutrix, cum supereft tibi
 Iulus alter, qui paternum
 Mox simili geret arte sceptrum.
 Sic quum labanti vix humero *Polum*
 Fulciret *Atlas*, fortior *Ætheri*
 Successit *Heros*, & ruentis
 Sustinuit grave pondus Orbis.

Gulielmus Pratt,
 è Coll. Wadh.

OXONIENSIA.

Matthæo Lee M. D. FREDERICI *nuper* WALLIÆ
PRINCIPIS *Archiatro*.

DUM fumum & fordes invisæ deferis Urbis
Et medicas, famæ satur, illustresque relinquis
Tractandas aliis, quas *Phæbus* tradidit, Artes;
Si lacrymas patriæ, si dulces, Prime Medentum,
Quos tibi Musa parat, vacet exaudire querelas,
Siquid habet suave ingenui facundia luctus,
Gratus erit citharæ strepitus, numerisque canoris
Sollicitos animi lenibit Musa dolores.

Tuque, O *Phæbe* Pater, medicum cum dure negasti
Auxilium, his faveas, hæc saltem munera reddas
Quando immaturo FREDERICI Funere rapti
Et tristes Elegos, & flebile carmen ad urnam
Fert *Rhedycina* dolens ferali cincta cupressu.

Æneam *Jasides* crudeli Vulnere lapsum
Ambrosiæ fovit succo, atque in bella remisit.
Cum lateri nuper FREDERICI affixa Sagitta
Hæreret, noster tu *Phæbo* charus Japis
Accensus simili studio, quid *Pharmaca* possent
Quid possent Herbæ, & longa experientia rerum
Tentasti heu! frustra; optatum Dea dira negabat
Successum, irridens herbis, artique medentum.

Dictamni occultè medicans Dea *Cypria* florem
Detulit indigno *Æneæ* concussa dolore;
Jupiter effusas lachrymas mærentis *Juli*
Vidit, & *Æneadum* audivit pia vota dolentum;
Et cavit ne fila Ducis pretiosa secarent
Immites Parcæ. *Angligenum* spes altera, Princeps
Supremam traheret nuper cum debilis horam
Connubii semper venerandi, semper acerbi
Tu memor AUGUSTA astabas, Tibi, Regia Conjux,
Affari extremum miseræ datur. Atque Mariti
Deficientem animam & captare novissima verba.
Et nos unanimes superis planctusque precesque
Fudimus, heu! frustra, immotis. Hæc inclyta tellus
Visa nimis felix solium si ascenderet olim
Regale, & sceptrum gereret FREDERICUS avitum,
Et patriâ *Britonas* regeret Virtute volentes.

E P I C E D I A

Herba potens siquid posset succique salubres
Affiduaeque preces, & si quid publica vota,
Non ita spem fleffet viduata *Britannia* raptam,
Non ita sortem ægram: Tua nam, Tua, Summe medentum,
Cura sagax, vitæ filum produxerat ægro,
Et volucres fati immitis tardaverat alas.

Cum tamen omne nefas sævam cœlestibus iram
Accendit, Regum Parcæ cum stamina rumpunt
Iratae, & prohibent misero succurrere sæclo,
Pellere perniciem non tu, Dilecte *Machaon*,
Fatalem noris, non rursus ad Luminis auras
Ætherii, noster posset si surgere, *Friendus*.

W. Sealy A.B.

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

H EI mihi! quam perdis, miseranda *Britannia*, lucem!
Quæ periit rebus Spesque Decusque tuis!

Lucifer ut si alios astrorum deserat ignes,

Aut in Vere orbus tristior annus eat,

Tale tibi damnum est, nec *Drusi* funere tantum,

Nec docuit rapto sic sua *Roma Tito*.

Invida Mors! Populi quam nulla movere gementis,

Nulla Senis poterant flectere Vota Patris!

Vidisti flentes per opaca silentia Cives,

Elingues plateas, & sine voce Forum.

Vidisti Natos ipso squallore decoros,

Et lachrymas, quas non fuderat una *Venus*.

Vidisti AUGUSTAM — si quid pia vota valerent

Ipsa satis poterat tale vetare nefas.

Heu Pietas! heu prisca Fides! quæ Cura Bonorum!

Quam mite Ingenium, munificæque Manus!

Dicite, *Pierides*, quis vobis blandior, idem

Fautor *Apollineæ* materiesque Lyræ?

Ah! vixit, cuncti sibi quem superesse volebant,

Vixit spes juvenum deliciæque senum.

Hoc vivo, nunquam peritura putavimus ulla

Quæ præstat Patriæ jam pia Cura Patris.

Nunc quo solemur tua tristia Fata, *GEORGI*,

(Ah! procul, oro, absint!) funereumque diem?

Quis

O X O N I E N S I A.

Quis verò ille Puer? --- Prolem quàm Patris Imago

Indicat, & placidus Matris in Ore Decor!

Dî tibi gentiles animos laudemque paternam!

Dî plures Annos --- cætera Patris habe!

B. Blayney A. B.

è Coll. Vigorn.

HEU frustra strages ultrix *Bellona* cruentas
Deposuit, frustra placidissima sustulit ægrum

Libertas caput, & dulces gens *Anglica* pacis

Perfensit fructus, sunt hæc præsaga doloris

Auspicia, & semper succedunt tristitia lætis.

Dejecti subito vultus, mutataque rerum

Apparet facies, lacrymisque *Britannia* obortis,

Et spes avulsas & lamentabile regnum

Ingemit, & *Parcas* nequicquam incusat acerbis,

Quæ te nocturnas, Princeps carissime, ad umbras

Ante diem rapuere, unoque in funere vires

Surgentis regni, & famam mersere futuram.

Quas fundet lacrymas, quos luctus *Anglia* inanes

Heu tanti memor usque mali? feralia saltem

Dona, pioque dabit cantus. *Rhedycina* filebit

Nec tua, sed longum tacitas vocat illa sorores,

Et *Mecenatem* te carmine moeret ademptum,

Doctrinæ fautorem, & Musis semper amicum.

Define, Musa, pio tandem indulgere dolori,

Mœstitiæ fatis est, Citharam solitosque resume

Lætitiae modulos. Non est orbata Patronis

Anglia, nec nostra vires periclo; *Britanni*

Non ita neglecti Superis. Labentibus annis

GEORGIUS *Anglicis* alter dominabitur oris,

Infundetque novas vires, nova corda *Britannis*

Addet, Virtutis patriæ non degener Hæres.

Tho. Skynner A. B.

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

EPICEDIA

HAste Elegy, in all thy sad Attire,
And paint the Dictates of my sorrowing Heart,
No Muse I ask my Numbers to inspire,
He best can paint the Grief who feels the Smart.

Soft is the Strain that Love and Friendship draws
From generous Bosoms torn by private Woe,
But for the publick Friend, for *England's* Cause,
In fuller Tide the Stream of Grief shall flow.

Was He not generous as the golden Sun,
Whose piercing Eye this nether World surveys?
Where'er he rose, there Arts and Peace begun
To lift their Heads, and feel his quick'ning Rays.

In him the Sailor found a Port secure
From Toil, from Penury, Contempt and Pain,
Sought with Success old *Ocean's* hidden Store,
And fetch'd new Treasures from the neighb'ring Main.

Born to defend and bless *Britannia's* Isle,
He call'd forth ev'ry Spring of Joy and Love,
Reviv'd her Hopes, renew'd her pristine Smile,
Nor strove in vain her Commerce to improve.

Alas! obscur'd by a malignant Cloud,
That rising Star withdraws his chearful Light,
Britain with bitter Groan laments aloud
The short liv'd Blessing ravish'd from her Sight.

See *Iss*, hapless Stream, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
Raise in despair her melancholy Wave,
While her pale Sons desponding seek Relief,
And strew their drooping Laurels on his Grave.

Tho. Panting,
Scholar of Linc. Coll.

OXONIENSIA.

VIX metuisse sui visa est improvida *Roma*
 AUGUSTI desiderium, secura futuri
 Dum *Marcellus* erat; sed quantos post modo luctus
 Egregii juvenis cum vidit funera, quantos
 Effudit gemitus, enarrat amabile carmen.

At non pollicita est majora Quiritibus olim
Marcelli pietas, quam quæ dum vita manebat
 Speravere Tuis de Te, *FREDERICE, Britanni.*
 O mihi contigerit si magni Musa *Maronis*,
 Ut possem Te digna loqui! Tua plurima Virtus
 Et rara in longum Pietas descenderet ævum:
 Tu mihi *Marcellus* fueris, Tibi spargere vellem
 Purpureos flores, & inani munere fungi.

Accipe sed Tibi quam nectit pia turba coronam
 Musarum Chorum *Oxonidum*, Tua funera plorans
 Quæ sibi, quæ cunctis, adimunt solatia, longi
 Materiem luctûs, & vix reparabile damnum.

Arthurus Annesley

è Coll. Linc. Socio-Comm.

IT is not Impious; and the streaming Eye,
 The heaving bosom, and these bursts of woe
 Offend not Heav'n; avenging Deity!

We own it just, while we lament the blow.

When wing'd with Ruin flies the fatal dart,
 Launch'd from the Red right hand of angry God,
 These tears, these sighs, declare the humbled heart,
 And not to grieve, were not to feel the rod.

Be it then ours, the *Cypress* grove to tread,
 Where not a ray of light can pierce the gloom,
 To walk the paths thick strewn with mould'ring dead,
 Where restless Spectres nightly love to roam.

To seek all uncouth fights, that nourish woe,
 To mix where-e'er the friends of Sorrow are,
 For *Britain* not a thought of peace can know
 But mourns her bow unbent, and shiver'd spear.

EPICEDIA

She mourns, but little can her grief avail,
He needs the pitying sigh he wont to lend,
When his breast panted at the mournful tale,
And all the prince was soften'd in the friend:

For with him dwelt, what Empire shall not buy,
Each softer Grace, that polishes the mind,
Content, of Ruddy Cheek, and laughing Eye,
And Peace of Heart, to every passion blind.

Nor Rude of manlier Science was his Soul,
For to his curious Eye, *Pædia* Sage,
Bade Fame her mystick Volume to unroll
And give up all the stores of hoary Age.

And frequent flowed the praises from his tongue,
On all of great or good was wrought of Yore
Each Chief that battled, and each Bard that sung
For Freedom's sacred Cause, or Virtue's Lore.

Still wont the Muses labours to admire,
Who give to Merit the unfolding Crown,
While his breast kindling at the sacred fire
Made every Virtue he surveyed his own.

To Wisdom's Eye each fix'd resolve of mind
Is virtuous action; She the Nine among,
Bade wreath the Crown his honoured brows to bind,
And to his future triumphs raise the song.

They sung him fraught with every virtuous seed
That cou'd the Prince, or Father's bosom grace,
Each nobler purpose ripening into deed
They saw, and poured with Joy the song of praise.

Their Joy how short, no more the festive Lyre
They sweep, no more his arduous deeds relate,
Faded their Hopes, and damp'd their heavenly fire:
They mourn in Notes of woe their FREDERICK's fate.

Behold them stretch'd all languid on the ground
Scattering the rosy Chaplet from their hair
Amid the Stream, and silent every sound
That wont to flit upon the buxom air;

Save sad *Melpomene's* harmonious Woe,
Teaching shrill Echo's voice with her to mourn,
She bids from heart-felt grief the numbers flow,
And wets with Tears unfeign'd the Hero's urn.

Rob. Lane

Gent. Comm. of Christ-Church.

O X O N I E N S I A.

CÆtera dum vatum lugubri carmine Turba
Te, FREDERICE, sonant, æquumque piumque dolentes
Crimine fatorum cecidisse, Deosque reposcunt
Non ita concessum, non hæc in fœdera natum;
Nostra (nec erubuit vim defecisse fateri
Tanto Operi) luctus percurrere Musa relictæ
Conjugis, orbatæque velit miserescere Proles.

Cernis ubi viduata toro, viduata marito,
Stans oculos defixa solo, stupefacta dolore,
Tota riget, *Niobes* instar, miserabilis Uxor.
Nescius heu lateri fatorum parvulus infans
Illacrymat, matrique manus & lumina tendit,
Miraturque novos vultus tristemque Parentem.
Principis illa videns defuncti corpus, & altè
Suspirans, longo tandem post tempore fatur,
Immensum si quà potis exonerare dolorem.

O! Ubi Vos, Heroum animas queis Cura tueri,
Vosque, quibus Pietas cordi est & conscia Virtus,
Numina, dilituistis, ubi nil tale merentem
Corriperet sævi FREDERICUM injuria Fati?
Nemo ergo vestrum, nemo contendere contrà
Sustinuit, membrisque inimicam avertere tabem?
Sed quid Ego hæc animo vana atque ingrata revolvo?
Tanquam Mors hominum sciret mitescere votis,
Aut lacrymas rerum, aut dulces sentiret amores?

At non hæc olim nobis promissa dederunt,
Lætus Hymen, tædasque fovens Cytherea recentes,
Vanus uterque Deus; sed fœdera longa beati
Ostendère jugi, sociosque ambobus amores.
Te fore, qui Sceptri decus imperiumque teneres,
Te qui jura dares populis, nec me quoque nullam
Venturam in laudis speravi credula partem.
Cuncta sed aerii discerpunt irrita venti;
Gaudia versa retro fugiunt, longique doloris
Scena subit deformis & illætabilis horror.

At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes ut tu sæpe solebas?
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, aut longam fallere noctem
Colloquio dulci, tenerum quis ab ubere natum

E P I C E D I A

Balbutire patris nomen, vel non sua verba
 Reddere, lætatus studio incubuisse fideli?
 Quas mihi delicias miseræ vel gaudia reddet
Cleifdeniana Domus? nec abest placidissima sedi
 Gratia jucundæ, sed adempto Coniuge sordet
 Ruris Honos, non ripa placet declivis, & alto
 Ardua prospectu, nec tu, sinuamine multo
 Per sylvas *Thamesine* micans argenteus amnis.
 Care redi conjux, dilectos da mihi vultus
 Aspicere & notas audire & reddere voces.
 Quid loquor, aut ubi sum? Cur impia facta dolore!
 Ex Cœlo revocare velim, quem lege severa
 Dii superi cohibent, qui nunc Decus additus illis
 Semideos inter cœlestia gaudia libat.
 Quin sequor hunc potius, dulcemque requiro maritum?
 Ah brevia ista precor fiant divortia nostrî!
 Exoriare dies, blandis quæ Coniugis ulnis
 Me reddas, veteresque olim repetamus amores.
 Talibus erumpit, mœstasque miserrima voces
 Integrat, & questus singultibus interruptos.
 Ceu quondam *Philomela* dolet, cui callidus auceps
 Coniugium turbavit & inceptos *Hymenæos*;
 Illa premens duram pernox sub pectore sentem
 Sola sedet, gemituque & luctificis lamentis
 Personat omne nemus, mulcetque silentia cantu.

Carew Reynell
 Coll. Nov. Soc.

STtanger, (for why should *Britons* wish to hear
 What sad regret hath grav'd on ever heart?)
 Attend. No private loss demands thy ear,
 No vulgar prey of Death's, all conqu'ring dart.

For him lowbending o'er her widow'd bed,
 The best of wives still pours her fruitless moan;
 His Children weep the tenderest parent dead,
 His Sire the broken pillar of his throne.

Britannia

OXONIENSIA.

Britannia mourns through all her wide domain;
With him her joy, with him her hope is fled;
Who ne'r unpity'd heard desert complain;
Who through untrodden paths her Commerce led.

Thou too, whoe'er thou art, shalt join her woe,
And drive each partial passion from thy mind;
Thy pious tears may here uncensur'd flow,
For FREDERICK was a friend to human kind.

Gustavus Guy Dickens
Student of Christ Church.

CUM nuper subito funere Principem
Abreptum audierat; mœsta *Britannia*
Fusa est in lacrymas, & miserabilem
Hanc fudit querimoniam.
Ergo surripuit sæva Necessitas
Solamen miseris quod fuit unicum,
Quod desiderium tollere **GEORGII**,
Quod solum poterat, mei.
Quantâ me cruciant sollicitudine?
Infortunia quæ Civibus imminet?
Hæc Clades metuo ne male providæ
Gentis perniciem trahat.
Edvardos memini, & quæ tulimus mala
Natus cum cecidit Patre superstitite;
Idem improspere heu! Ordo revertitur,
Et Rerum similes vices.
Audivit querulam *Pallas*, & ægida
Deponens, placidum Principis induit
Vultum, quæ Sobolem nutrit amabilem
Mater *Cæsareæ* domus.
Quin, inquit, lacrymas siste *Britannia*,
Et questus vacuos. **GEORGIUS** en! fui
Tutamen populi, Numine provido
Curas has abigit procul,
Orbos Patre suo dum Pueros jubet
Sanctis institui sub Penetralibus:

E P I C E D I A

Virtutis monitis & Sapientiæ

Quos ipsa imbuero libens.

Hoc Ille impavidus Rex modo caverat,

Laurum *Cressiacam* qui meruit manu;

Non tristes, lacrymans quos reminisceris

Casus contigerant Tuis.

Manfissent memores officii Patris,

Decessisset Honos nec Juveni suus,

Si nostro pariter sub *Lare* Regius

Eductus fuerat Nepos.

Tho. Hotchkin A. M.

Coll. Linc. Socio Com.

FErte pedem faciles Nymphæ, seu gurgite puro

Ludere, seu valles, atque alta cacumina sylvæ,

Seu montes habitare juvat; Tuque optima virgo

Euterpe, tenero cui spirat tibia versu,

Adsis dum tristem modulamur arundine *Musam*.

Forfitan hîc frondes *Zephyro* motante fufurri

Carmina sollicitent, & erit quod flebile pinus,

Flebile quod volucres mœrenti voce querantur,

Flebile quod rivus salienti murmuret undâ.

At si *Threicio* percurrere blandiùs *Orpheo*

Vocales citharæ numeros, & carmine fas fit

Ducere nutantes sylvas, & flere sub umbrâ

Ceu dulcis *Philomela* dolet, quis liberet Orco

Quem semel inclusum tenuit *Plutonia* sedes?

Scindite purpureas vestes, concedite vento

Incomptas agitare comas, decet omnia luctu

Compleri, tremulisque tumescere lumina guttis.

Quantum florigero præstat gratissima campo,

Veris Honos, brevis herba *Rosæ*, quantumque canendo

Præstat suavis olor morituro gutture, quantum

Populus in sylvâ, tantum fuit almus *Alexis*

Dulce decus Patriæ: nec Te plus jactat *Apollo*,

Eurotæ viridis ripa, aut *Latonia Delos*,

Sive premis lauru crines, & carmina dicis,

Seu saltare paras, molles seu figere cervos

Lethiferum gestans arcum, pharetramque sonantem.

O X O N I E N S I A.

Delicias *Phæbi* Te dilexere *Camœnæ*,
Te blandæ Charites, docuit Te *Pallas*, *Alexi*,
Munifico ductu fontes aperire latentes,
Naturæque sinu rerum depromere causas.
Læta Poetarum didicit Te turba favente
Insolitum tentare *Melos*, humilesque *Myricas*
Despicere, & patulâ quæ, *Tityre*, ludis in umbrâ

Attamen ah! nec Te *Pietas* tellure moratur,
Nec regalis Honor, celeri procumbere Fato
Cogit iniqua dies, & funere mergit eodem
Commoda, lætities, & spes, & vota tuorum.
Labitur in terram nimio mœstissima fletu
Fæmineæ exemplar virtutis amabilis Uxor,
Fusa jacet circum Proles pulcherrima Matrem.
Heu qualem dolet illa Patrem! qualem illa Maritum!
Haud secus undantes ubi ramos explicat ulmus
Alta petens, ferro mordaci *Rusticus* instat,
Ingeminatque ictus, magno succisa fragore
Arbor humum tundit, charisque amplexibus hærens
Vitis purpureos spargit per gramina foetus.

O! Anima illustris, quo Te mulcere licebit
Luctu? quos tumulo meritos superaddere honores?
Narcissos, violas, & amatam *Cypridis* herbam
Fragrantemque rosas, ævi Monumenta caduci
Hæc donare licet--- Nec iniqua silentia laudes
Possè tuas reor obruere, hoc modulamine blando
Sancta vetat *Rhedycina*, tuumque in nomen euntes
Sollicitant citharas, mœstissima turba, Poetæ,
Seraque victuram servant in sæcula Famam.

H. Layng
Coll. Novi Soc.

O Quæ caducum, *Melpomene*, virum
Canora ploras, carmine lugubri
Cœlo reponens, eja! tristes
In numeros age, tende chordas.
Vestris amicus fontibus, & choris
FREDRICUS, ingens materies lyræ,
Heu! nœniam poscit, supremum
Flebilis officium *Camœnæ*.

E P I C E D I A

Atqui volebam munere dispari
 Tentasse Musas, grata volentibus
 Quando *Britannis* jura ponens
 Digna daret meliore plectro.
 Volvens futuri temporis exitus
 Vidi *Minervam* lauream amabilem
 Sublime tollentem, & *Thaliam*
 Destituentem *Heliconis* undas.
 Sed quas vices! O quantaque funera
 Flemus *Britanni*! heu! occidit, occidit
 Spes omnis, & Fortuna nostri
 Nominis: En graviter gementes
 Lugent *Camænæ*, turba querentium!
 Viden! reclinat moesta *Scientia*
 Vultum decorum, & vix superstes
 Egregio illacrymat *Patrono*.
 Vos, vota quorum *Phæbus* amicior
 Accepit olim, tollite barbita,
 Neglecta longum fila, *Vates*,
 Ad solitum revocate munus.
 Hic flebili cantu cineres super
 Ploret calentes, & thalami canat
 Fidos amores, heu! breves! heu!
 Delicias nimium fugaces!
 Designet alter, cui calet entheo
 Ardore pectus, Te *Patriæ* decus,
FRED' RICE, præsentemque *Divum*,
 Imperii columenque fidum.
 Sic cum *Latini* gloria nominis
Marcellus olim fulsit honoribus
 Florentis ævi, interque amicos
 Occubuit viridis juventâ,
 Tum *Roma* multis languida fletibus
 Vidit frequentes per juga naniis
 Plorare vates, luctuosum
 Et *Tiberim* resonare planctu.

Phil. Elford
 Coll. Pemb. Comm.

O X O N I E N S I A.

To the Right Honourable ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

While round the Throne distinguish'd Poets throng,
 And pour in royal Ears their favour'd Song,
 Or in soft soothing Lays their Grievs impart
 To sad AUGUSTA's anguish-bleeding Heart:
 Accept My Lord! the fearful Muse, who waits
 To hang the mournful Cypress o'er your Gates:
 Those Gates where once her laurel Wreaths she hung
 When the glad Dome with *Pope's* sweet Numbers rung.
 Blest Bard! who thus from toilsome Life withdrew,
 To dwell with Sense, Humanity, and You.
 But how shall this weak Hand assay to touch
 A Soul that thinks so high, and feels so much?
 Or in what Sorrow-streaming Lays define
 The manly Tears that spring from Woes severe as thine?
 When Heavens dread Voice the solemn Mandate gave
 That call'd the Hopes of *Britain* to the Grave,
 Each conscious Heart in Grievs sad conflict join'd,
 Each wept the bounteous Prince, the Patron kind;
 The firm Protector, or the Master dear,
 The gracious Guardian, or the Friend sincere.
 In him did Commerce, and her Sons deplore
 A Prince deep skill'd in each industrious Lore,
 And thence to future Days, of publick Gain
 Plann'd wide th' ambitious Scheme, --- but plann'd in vain.
 Nor yet unmark'd by his regardful Eye
 Did Life's calm Virtues pass unheeded by,
 Still to his Heart each private Worth was known,
 For every private Merit was His Own.
 And when he died, around his sacred Urn
 Did every social Grace a generous Patron mourn.
 But chief he trod well pleas'd the Path humane
 Where Love domestic leads her gentle Train;
 There with his filial Tribe, and consort dear,
 He walk'd with heart-felt Peace, and Joy sincere,
 Pointing to future Kings the glorious Plan,
 Which forms the Prince, by perfecting the Man.
 Here, *Bathurst*, speak, with what engaging Art,
 Speak, for You knew, his Converse won the Heart.

E P Y C E D I A

For You he oft forsook th' admiring Crowd
 To join the chearful Friend, and think aloud.
 Pleas'd to shake off the Pain of Pomp, and fly
 From solitary State, to social Joy.
 How would Thy rapturous Tongue with transport dwell,
 On every manly Thought, or mirthful Tale,
 That bless'd the Grave, or wing'd the festive Hours,
 In *Leicester's* courtly Dome, or *Cliveden's* happy Bow'rs!
 Whether he reason'd high in Thought elate
 On Arts of Peace, or Wars severe debate,
 Which for fair *Britain's* Fame would best avail,
 The waving Standard, or the spreading Sail.
 Or else with Brow unbent, and winning Look
 Of social Bliss, and Love domestic spoke
 While round his Knees the royal Infant clung
 And pleas'd *AUGUSTA's* Ear on each kind Accent hung.
 But now My Lord! Adieu the social Hour,
 Clos'd is the Scene, — *AUGUSTA* smiles no more.
 Sad, sacred, Name! by one afflictive Blow
 Rais'd to a wretched eminence of Woe.
 Look down in Pity gracious Heaven! and shed
 Your kindest Comforts on her royal head,
 Great as her Grievs her sure Rewards prepare,
 And count a heavenly Bliss for every gushing Tear.
 To you My Lord by Privilege of Woe
 In sad descent these Streams of Sorrow flow.
 For next to those the softest Ties of Life
 The tender Husband, and the loving Wife,
 The Friend beloved, and the Companion dear
 Feels the quick Pang, and pours the sorrowing Tear.
 Ah! little did thy boding Thought explore
 The future Horrors of this mournful Hour,
 When to majestick *Oakley's* honour'd Shade
 Fit haunt for Gods! your princely Guest you led.
 There at his favour'd Servants genial Board
 With Looks complacent sat the gracious Lord,
 While gazing Crouds with pleas'd regard attend
 On the kind Master, and distinguish'd Friend:
 In vain alas! the mirthful Bowl went round
 To length of Days with Health and Pleasure crown'd.
 Even then perhaps pale Death his Shaft prepared,
 And envied Joys by Princes seldom shared.

Even

OXONIENSIA.

Even then from valiant *Edward's* sacred Tomb
A boding Sound pronounced his hast'ning Doom.
And call'd him ling'ring, from *Britannia's* Throne
To wear with Him a more illustrious Crown.
Yet still perhaps, tho' now he fix his Seat
'Bove all th' illjudging World pronounces Great,
His noble Heart with conscious Sense may glow
Of virtuous Friendships once maintain'd below,
Still to his Soul his *Batburs* may be Dear,
In the blest Character of Friend sincere.
A Name that Angels hail, and Saints adore,
When Princes cease, and Monarchs rule no more.

Ben. Pye Civilian of New Coll.

Αἰῶ, ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΕ, ΤΕΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ· ΑΟΙΔΑΣ
Αρχετέ Σικελικαί, ΡΕΔΙΚΥΝΑΙ αρχετέ Μοισαί.
Αἰῶ, ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΕ, ΤΕΟΝ Τ', ὅτι πηγεῖ τῷδε
Δακρυχέων, οἶτον· τὸν Φαίδιμον ἀνδρᾶ θαινόντα,
Φιλοπολιν τ', ἀγαθὸς τις εἶναι μῦρετ' αἰοῖδος;
Αἰ Αἰ τὰν Ἀρετὰν· κατὰ γαῖα καλυψέ Βρετανῶν
Ορχαμον, αἶν παντῶν, Ἀνα, τὴν ὥρε Φοῖβε Φιλεσκέ,
Οὐ Χερίτες παύσῃ, οὐ τὴν μάλα, Δία Γυναῖκων.
(Εἰπατέ Σικελικαί, ΡΕΔΙΚΥΝΑΙ εἰπατέ Μοισαί
Ὡς ταχέως ὕμνῳατε τῇ μὲν ἀπεσβεστο Λαμπάδῃ;
Αἰ Αἰ ὦ Βασιλίστα τέος ποσὶς ὤχετο, ὡς ἐνθ' ὅ
Τοι τε, Φίλη Κεφαλῇ, τεχνοῖσι σεοῖς τ' ἄσταλτων,
Πᾶσιν ὁμῶς ἀμμὴν τὲ ποδῶν· τίς, δ' ὀφθιμῶν
Τῷ, φίλῃ Μώσῃ; τίς δ', ὦ γὰρ, τεχνᾶς ἐγχεῖ;
Εἰς πῆ γυῖ; πλατὺς τε; βίος; ταδὲ πάντα τελεί)
Εἰαρος ὡς αἰθῆ, ἡ νυκτὸς οὐρανὸν ἀμπαῖν.
Ζεὺ κωδῖσε, μέγιστε, ὥρε ταῖς σάισι θυγαῖς,
Αἰτεομέσ πῆ κεν ἀλλ', ἡ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΙ ὀλβία πάντα.
Ὀλβία πάντα δίδ'· τε καὶ ΑΓΓΛΩΝ ἱφί ἀνάσσειν
Αἰὲν παῖδας εἰς, ἀμμὴν δ' Ἀρετὰν τε μαλίστα.
Δός, γ' Ἀρετὰ μῶνα γὰρ ἐπιστάται ἀνδρᾶς ἀεξέιν.

Henr. Shove, Coll. Wadh. Schol.

A P Y C E D I A

TO Grief unbounded tune the Muses Voice,
 In boundless Grief if any Muse can sing;
 For which of all the Nine shall dare rejoice,
 Or midst a Nation's Groan attempt the String?

Yet Virtues Loss exacts th' applauding Tongue,
 And all the Wise, and all the Good must mourn
 Whilst *Isis*' Sons shall join the weeping Throng,
 And strew with choicest Flowers their *FREDERICK'S* Urn.

For well we ween that to the Wise and Good
 His gentle Manners spoke him ever dear,
 In whom express'd each fair Example stood
 Of public Virtue, and domestic Care.

Ah! where shall *Hymen* now among the Great
 Point out the Triumphs of his happy Reign,
 The conjugal Regard, th' unmixt Delight,
 And every Joy that decks his smiling Train!

Or how may She, whose tender Breast now thrill
 Distressing Cares, restrain the mighty Sigh,
 Whilst him she mourns, who sooth'd her every Ill,
 And eas'd with Love the Load of Dignity?

Nor shall his Royal Offspring e'er forget
 The fond paternal Smile, th' enraptur'd Kifs,
 Press'd on their glowing Cheeks, the Transport sweet,
 Whence flow'd the Joys of private Happiness.

Nor did *Britannia* want his kind Relief,
 Or was the Patriot in the Father lost,
 Each *Briton* was his Son, and ev'ry Grief
 His Country felt still rack'd his Bosom most.

What though the horrid Noise and Din of War
 Ne'er eccho'd to th' affrighted World his Name,
 Nor Orphans Cries, or Widows Shrieks from far
 E'er register'd in Blood his spotless Fame;

Yet

O X O N I E N S I A .

Yet milder Glories did his Worth display,
The Love of Arts, and Commerce' thriving Race,
And sacred Learning's mind-enlightening Ray,
That adds to every Virtue every Grace.

And hence he deign'd on *Isis*' Towers to cast
His fond Regard, for well he knew what Stores
Of learned Chiefs, in this and Ages past,
Had drawn their Treasures from her fruitful Source.

How oft along his *Cliefdens* steepy Side,
In pensive Meditation rapt, he stray'd;
And ask'd old *Thames*, how flow'd his Parent-Tide,
How bloom'd each Flower upon her verdant Mead!

And if he heard the Daisie droop'd it's Head,
Or Lilly sicken'd in the darkening Vale;
That Frosts untimely nipt the rising Bud,
And threatening Clouds breath'd out th' unwholsome Gale;

How would he weary Heav'n with Prayers to yield
It's chearing Aid, and ever far away
To drive th' impending Storm; and o'er the Field
In all it's Splendor pour the brightening Day?

And every Prayer was heard — And (if from hence
An earthly Thought can reach thee) may'st thou still
Assist, blest Shade, in Learning's just Defence,
And guard these happy Seats from every Ill.

So shalt thou join upon the azure Plain
Our own Great *Alfred*, and our *Edward*'s Ghost,
Another Guardian Spirit; and sustain
With Joy thy fav'rite Charge, amid the shining Host.

Dan. Lysons B. A.
of All-Souls College.

EPICEIDIA

DUM fato abreptum Musæ, pia turba, Patronum
 Certatim donis accumulare parant,
 Fucatæ laudes absint; hic verba ministrat
 Res ipsa, & laus est maxima vera loqui.
 Arma alios horrenda juvent, clangorque tubarum
 Diffonus, & sævas tingere cæde manus,
 Dum viduæ Uxores Puerique Parentibus orbi
 Ultrices furias ex *Acheronte* vocant.
 Dignos luce Viros tenebris excire malignis,
 Adversâ pressos forte levare bonos,
 Excolere ingenuas artes, diffundere fruges
 Per rura, & placidâ pace beare tuos,
 Hoc tibi erat cordi, sola hæc te cura tenebat,
 O semper luctu commemorande novo!
 Senferat hæc Patria, & dulcem spem læta fovebat
 Sæcula *Saturni* te reditura Duce:
 At non te pudor & mitis sapientia, non te
 Eripuit Letho relligiosa fides;
 Felix Prole tuâ, *FREDERICE*, & Coniuge felix
 Heu! cadis, *Anglorum* Spes, Amor, atque Decus.

Tho. Price,

Coll. Hert. Scholaris.

SAY, is He dead? that PRINCE! who seem'd design'd
 To bless, to govern, and protect Mankind.
 It must be true—such general Sorrow reigns;
 See o'er His Urn each drooping GRACE complains!
 Ev'n Faction sleeps; while all agreed deplore,
 And mourn a Common Parent now no more;
 Words cannot vent their Grief, oppress'd with Sighs,
 Tho' still their Voice, yet Eloquent their Eyes.
 Well may they weep; a Flower so soon decay'd!
 So much Perfection blossom'd, but to fade!
 Blest with each Art to make his Country blest,
 Each Royal Virtue sanctified his Breast;
 There sprightly Courage glowed with martial Fire,
 Join'd to that Calmness, Prudence can inspire;
 Yet form'd for War with every manly Grace,
 He slighted Glory for his Country's Peace;

His

O X O N I E N S I A

His Thirst of Fame for *Britain's* Sake restrain'd,
And o'er Himself the truest Conquest gain'd:
He chose in Peace to shine --- to either Pole
See by his Influence active Commerce rowl;
The *British* Ships through every Ocean sail,
And Funds of Wealth arrive with every Gale.

In such unbounded Streams his bounty flow'd,
All feel the Loss, for all enjoy'd the Good;
Late on his Smiles accusom'd to depend,
The Learn'd a Patron mourn, the Poor a Friend;
And see the plaintive Muses how they moan,
See how in *Britain's* Loss they weep their own!
And weeping tell, how all that's Great and Wise,
In the dark Vault entomb'd with FREDERIC lies;
How cold that Breast, which noblest Passion's fired,
And still that Voice, whose dictates all admired;
Which e'en in Death this fatal Lesson gave,
"No Height of Virtue screens us from the Grave.

And haste thee, Liberty, oh! haste to mourn,
Join thy sad *Britons* weeping o'er his Urn;
For lo, in Him thy Great Protector's flown,
A Patriot Prince, who made thy cause his own;
Who scorn'd the wish, that lawless Empire craves,
Would rule o'er Subjects, not o'er passive Slaves;
Harbour'd no thought a *Roman* might not boast,
And lov'd them best, who love fair Freedom most;
To guard the weak, to grant th' oppress'd their Due,
These were the sole Prerogatives he knew;
Scorn'd by base Fear a Sceptre to maintain,
Enthron'd in *British* Hearts he chose by love to reign.

But what were earthly Thrones with all their State,
With all their Splendour to a Soul thus great!
Fit for a Crown, whence truer Glories rise,
He stoop'd awhile, to Earth, then sought the Sky's;
Then *Albion* left His Absence to deplore,
He --- who ne'er gave Her cause of Grief before.

Ah! how we dreamt our Joys could never cease,
Nor Fortune's malice wound *Britannia's* Peace.
We hop'd each Blessing of his Father's Reign
To see renew'd in Him, but hop'd in vain;
Thought, he would rise when GEORGE his Course had run,
And Prince succeed to Prince, as Sun to Sun;

EPICEDIA

But now our gaudy Dreams of Bliss are past,
Our Prospect darken'd, and our Views o'ercaſt; —
— Yet ſee yon Prince reſtores the chearful Ray,
That royal Bud, juſt op'ning to the Day,
Shall brighteſt Glorys in his Bloom diſplay.
His Infant Sports betray'd a Patriot's Heart;
And ev'n in Play he choſe a *Cato's* part.
'Twas thus *Alcides*' Proweſs firſt was ſhewn,
His future Triumphs from his Cradle known;
Go on, bleſt Youth, purſue the Paths of Fame,
And bear thy Grandfire's Virtues as his Name;
With princely Arts by *Harcourt's* Care endued,
Learn from his Breſt to ſeek thy Countrys good;
Britain ſhall then her wonted Smiles renew,
And think her *FREDERIC* lives again in You.

Chas. Jenkinson B. A.
of Univ. College.

HInc exuletis gaudia ludicra,
Riſuſque vanus lætitiæ comes:
At mœror, & Tu cura nigro
Advenias adoperta Panno.
Quæ pompa lethi ducitur invidi? —
Dilecte Princeps, præſidium *Anglicæ*
Decuſque gentis, lacrymoſo
Contegeris *FREDERICE*, buſto!
At Te capacis finxerat ingenti
Natura ſolers, prodiga munerum;
Dotæſque leni dignitate
Ingenuas bene temperavit.
Arriſerant lætæ Tibi gratiæ;
Et ſingulares tempora pileo
Ornata libertas honores
Imperio eſt meditata veſtro.
Ergo & *Britannis* nomen amabile
Faſti ſacrabunt uſque *Britannici*;
Et floribus mœrens camœna
Affiduis decorabit urnam.

Quin

O X O N I E N S I A.

Quin Tu, doloris quam propior pii
 Pars jure tangit, respicias Tuos
 AUGUSTA tandem, & sæviores
 Si poteris, moderare luctus.
 En! ut futurum consiliis tuis
 Fidens Senatus dat regimen Tibi:
 O! fida digneris vocari
 Cæsaris Imperiique custos.
 Ceu Pallas adsis Telemacho tuo,
 Rectoque cultu pectora roboras;
 Ut, Te duce, enutritus olim
 Egregium referat Parentem.
 Sic & maligni Nos minus opprimet
 Sors dura Fati, cum vigil Angliæ
 Succurrat in cœlis maritus,
 Tuque thronum tueare præsens.

Alexander Butler è Coll. Magd.
 Sup. Ord. Commens.

ERgo renascentis ritu Phœnicis, ad astra
 Funebri emergis tu, FREDERICE, foco?
 An patet æternæ per funera janua vitæ?
 Morsque dabit, vivi quod meruere decus?
 Scilicet è flammâ virtus pretiosior exit,
 Surgit & ex damnis clarior ipsa suis.
 Dediscit moriendo mori, meliorque resurgens
 Emicat, exitio nobilitatâ magis.
 Romuleæ brevitæ esset deflenda senectæ,
 Atque immaturæ tristia fata necis,
 Ni Regem extinctum decoret, quæratque Quirinum
 Ereptum ex oculis invida Roma suum.
 Sic te sublatum querimur, FREDERICE, Senatus
 Te multo extinctum gratus honore colit.
 Posthuma funestam compensat gloria cladem,
 Et vitam æternam non peritura dabit.
 Sic certe cecidisse juvat, sic itur ad astra,
 Ad terram, ut surgas altior inde, cadis,
 Lucidior stygiis, ut stella emergis ab undis,
 Nescit & occasum lux diuturna pati.

Tho. Harwood A. B. è Coll. Univ.
 E e

EPICEDION

ERgone æternus Sopor immerentem
Principem oppressit, Sua nec moratur
Invidum fati properantis ictum

Splendida virtus?

Jam patet dirum monuit quid omen,
Cum finis terræ gemuit tumultu
Intimo, solvitque Parens habenas

Jubiter orbis.

Decolor quanto trepidat dolore
Albion? læsos queritur triumphos,
Et cruentatas videt indecoro

Vulnere lauros.

Solvit in luctus animum Juventus,
Virginum stipata cohors sepulchro
Adstat, & sanctos cineres gementi

Voce reposcit.

Mitte sed tandem lacrymas inanes,
GEORGIUS florens viridi Senectâ
Vivit, & nato male denegatos

Suppleat annos.

Vivit, & Sceptro superest, *Julius*,
Qui graves inter dubiosque casus
Ex Avo discat sapere, & futuros

Ponere motus.

O Puer fero periture fato
Lætus interfis Populo, Diuque
Indolem Patris referens nitescas

Gloria gentis:

Tuque cælesti spatians sub aurâ
Sis memor Nostrum, FREDERICE, clarum
Sidus effulgens *Britannas* sereno

Despice vultu.

R. Cust A. B.

Coll. Mert. Soc.

EN! tecta pulsans mors fera Principum
Excussit *Anglis* delicias breves;
Cæsoque FRED'RICO, maligni
Jactat ovans spoliū triumphī.

O X Q N I E N S I A.

Te destinatum quis Diademati,
 Quis multum amatis, Optime Principum,
 Quis Divus invidit *Britannis*? ---
 Nauta sibi Superos faventem
 Te poscit, urgens flebilibus modis:
 Ars ipsa languet; carmine jam minus,
 Absente Patrono, potenti
 Te revocant, tua cura, Musæ.
 Jam quæ decoris dextra coloribus
 Vultus nitentes molliter exprimet,
 Venasve spirantes in ære
Phidiacâ simulabit arte?
 Questu fideli dum gemit *Albion*,
 En! obstinatâ Te repetit prece;
 Et vix recenferi quietis
 Ordinibus patitur Deorum.
 Dîs charus ipsis, Cælicolas Avos
 Inter recumbas: pignus amabile
Julus hîc adsit, futuri
 Dulce decus columenque secli.
 Crescas paternæ laudis, & æmulus
 Virtutis Hæres; protinus artium
 Assuesce Patronus vocari,
 Dignus Avo Proavoque Princeps.
 Quos sæva Patri discidit, hos Tibi
 Apponat annos mitior *Atropos*;
 Serosque vitalis Nepotes
 Auspiciis tueare lætis!

Ric. Scrope A. B.
Coll. Magd. Semicomm.

ERgo obstant læva, & lapso succurrere seculo
 Numina dira negant, nec te tua plurima virtus
 Labentem FREDERICE tegit, nec vota tuorum
 Nec lacrymæ profunt, non ulli cura Deorum
 Imperii casus, non spes hæredis *Julii*!
 At fuit in votis, quid non sperare liceret?
 Siqua fata darent gentile capeffere sceptrum,
 Hunc fore qui gravidum bello, cristisque minantem
 Opprimeret victor *Gallum*, non segnior illo,

E P I C E D I A

Qui thorace nigro, nigra spectabilis hasta,
Fræna Arari Ligerique dedit, quin *Celtica* iussit
Lilia *Saxonicos* inter florere Leones.

Dumque animis vani cæsos præcepimus hostes,
Huic Musæa mele, Gens importuna, Poetæ,
Huic Nymphæ flores & laurea ferta parabant,
Munera victori nimium properata futuro.

Credula res amor, & nimis est præfaga bonorum;
Longe alios cantus, alios exposcit honores
Jam lugubre caput, feralem texite frondem,
Carmina *Pierides*, supremum, texite munus.

Carpitur ante diem, nulla victricis olivæ
Fronde, nec umbratus civili tempora quercu,
Eheu! vana fides, expectatique triumphi!

Ah! fuit, ad cuius speculum componere mores
Cura fletit, tenerosque animos formare colendo;
Ah! fuit, ex alto lucem protendere fidus
Quod potuit, purâ nostras quod lampade noctes
Lustraret, claramque viam signaret Olympo.

Labitur infelix, rursusque obteximur umbra,
Tendimus heu! frustra palmas, ceu mollibus infans
In cunis, media somnus quem nocte reliquit
Dum notos audire sonos, & nota tueri
Ora cupit matris, cælum vagitibus implet.

At qui vos, Musæ, nam vos ante omnia, Musæ,
Deliciis habuit, qui tunc habuere recessus
Nil memores? cum vester acerba morte periret.
Nam neque qua *Druides* cecinerunt omina vates,
Penmaura aut alto *Plinlimmone*, nam neque *Monæ*
Verticibus, *Thamesis* nec qua sua flumina multus
Devolvit Pater, errastis, --- proh! quid sibi vanum
Effingit luctus? nec enim modulatibus *Orpheus*,
Carmine qui duxit sylvas, *Oeagrius Orpheus*,
Thyrfigeras flexit sævas; nec profuit ipsi
Musa Parens nato; matrum furor impius olim
Cum caput avulsum *Thraco* devolveret *Hebro*.

Quod pretium est acri duras molimine laudis
Vestigare vias, famamque extendere factis?
Nonne fuit satius *Sileni* ad pocula noctem
Exigere, atque gravem vino cantuque solutum
Ludere, nunc pulchræ tentantem *Amaryllidis* ignes,
Nunc *Nisæ* arboreâ fundentem vota sub umbra?

Tu

O X O M I E N S I A.

Tu miserande cadis — vitiis vivacior alter
Reptat humi, & longum luxu trahit improbus ævum;
Uno quippe ictu & falcis discrimine nullo
Flos cadit & lolium, cultro soror improba cæco
Thersitis fecat, atque fecat subtemen *Achillis*.

Non canimus surdis, viridis venit ipsa *Juventus*
Sylvani, capitisque agrestes quassat honores
Lilia, pallentes violas mæstosque *Hyacinthos*.
Nate quid insanis? studio quem quæris inani,
Non omnis moritur, gremium subit *Hesperus* alti
(Aspicias) *Oceani*, nocturnas fluctibus imis
Abscondens flammæ; mox cum prorumpere *Phæbi*
Instat equus, redit ipse novo conspectior ore;
Sic amor ille tuus cecidit, rursusque refurgit
Clarius, & lato jam fulget plenior orbe,
Quà prior *Arthurus*, quà quondam victima lethi
Æquæva Edwardus; — vixistis, viribus ambo
Et virtute pares, fatisque immitibus ambo
Te, vero quæ cura fuit, dum vita manebat,
Te, *FREDERICE*, eadem cœli super astra sequatur;
Adsis O votis! & vivo debita frustra,
Sceptra regas præfens, tibi stat tutela *Britanni*
Nominis, & patrii custodia credita regni est;
O memori proprias tuteris numine sedes!

— Collins Coll. Novi Soc.

NO more supine beneath the cooling Shade
To blythesome Songs shall *Colin* tune his Reed:
No more shall ruddy Milkmaids lightly bound
In jocund Dance o'er daisy-painted Ground:
FREDERICK who lately shed his kindly Rays
On all our Plains, and crown'd with Joy our Days:
That promis'd endless Circles of Delight,
Lo! veils his Glories in eternal Night.
Mourn, mourn, ye hapless Swains in lasting Verse,
Ye tender Virgins deck with Flow'rs his Hearse.
But oh! what Colours can describe, what Art,
The cruel Pangs that tore *Britannia's* Heart.

EPICEDIA

Deep in a winding Vale, with Gloom o'erspread,
 A Grove of Cypress rear'd it's mournful Head;
 And from a neighb'ring Rock a River sprung,
 Which in hoarse murmurs rudely roll'd along.
 Hither the Goddess came in pensive Mood,
 And with sad Majesty mov'd slowly by the Flood,
 In sable clad; her Tresses loosely bound,
 And careless lay her Laurels on the Ground.
 Now on the Earth she fixt her awful Eyes,
 Now sighing cast them to the distant Skies,
 When plaintive thus: Ah! what malicious Pow'r
 Roam'd thro' the airy Void!— in that curs'd Hour
 What blazing Star destructive rag'd, and shed
 It's baleful Fires on FREDRICK's sacred Head!—
 Oh! may late Times on this ill-fated day
 Incessant mourn, nor light emit one ray.
 Then may no chearful sounds enchant the plain,
 Nor sportive Mirth exert her wanton reign:
 But dismal groans die thro' the lonesome glade,
 And the blue Tapers mark the stalking shade.—

See! where the tyrant Death exulting flies,
 Proud in the triumph of so rich a prize!—
 But know, resistless Age shall thee disarm,
 E'er equal worth shall sink beneath thy arm.
 She said: when lo! a sudden gleam of light
 Shot thro' the dusky shade divinely bright!
 And from an azure cloud a voice she heard,
 Which thus her Soul in soothing Accents chear'd:
 Let smiling Joy resume it's wonted seat,
 Nor rashly deprecate impartial Fate;
 For Heav'n to all doth proper Lots assign,
 Nor at the just decree must Man repine.—
 To nobler ends was his great soul design'd
 Than Rule on Earth. So wills th' eternal Mind.
 He now in these blest Regions free from woe,
 Or Cares, or Pains, which Mortals feel below,
 Shall share the Prize to virtuous Actions giv'n,
 And taste unenvy'd all the Joys of Heav'n,
 Whilst his brave Son the *British* Arms shall wield,
 And lead his Troops victorious to the Field.
 Nor shall the Conq'ror's Meed, the Laurel Crown,
 In War alone declare his Name's Renown.

The

O X O N I E N S I A.

The peaceful Olive, round his Temples twin'd,
Shall shew the Hero born to bless Mankind;
Cherish'd by him shall Science raise her Head,
And the swol'n Sails successful Commerce spread:
Then shall each grateful Muse aloud proclaim
In the Young Chief the Sire's immortal Fame.

Sam. Gwinnett

of All-Souls Coll. Chor.

O Cære semper, semper amabile
FRED'RICE Nomen, fausta *Britannia*
Spes omnis & fortuna, Nostra
Grande decus columenque famæ;
Te Vulgus omnis, Te Procerum gemit
Pullatus ordo; Te pia Nænia
Lugubris haud indocta mæsto
Prosequitur *Rhedycina* planctu.
At quis modorum forte peritior
Vates; camænæ quis lyricæ sciens
Felice Te versu redonet
Diis Patriis *Britonumque* Cælo;
Quamvis severum objurget *Apollinem*
Quod Te cadentem non medicæ manus
Servare norant; nec salubris
Herba Tibi Chymicæve fornax
Dedit Salutem: quod nec amabilis
Præsens Maritæ cura, vel asperi
Orcum remulcebant dolores,
Aut pietas superos fatigans;
At Tu piorum dum celebras loca;
Ne sperne parvi lugubre carminis
Vectigal, & mæstè querentem
Æoliis fidibus camænam.

G. Taylor A.B.

è Coll. Oriel.

O Clare Princeps, cuius exortum jubar
Præsentens longe, sub intimo sinu
Percussa gestiit *Albion*, posthac sibi
Felicis integros spondens dies,
Caliginosâ morte opertum nunc dolet
Noctes diesque! Funebres Tibi modos
Linguis Lyrisque concitamus omnibus.

Cur non, ut olim, (mœsta sic loquitur *Pales*;
Mirata ruris solitudinem novam)

Hæc ad beata spatia & umbrosos specus,
Hos inter arborum virentium ordines,
Adsueta Princeps dirigit vestigia?
Nam sæpe spretis urbium tumultibus
Mecum solebat per quietâ vallium
Lene otium captare, quale *Tullio*
Dedere quondam *Formiæ* vel *Tusculum*.

Cur non, ut antehac, per urbium vias
Fertur frequentes? (artium cultrix *Dea*
Sic *Pallas* auspicem suum desiderat)
Nec confluentes, ut solebat, civium
Turbas benignâ comitate perbeat?
Nec curiosus inter artificum domos
Versatur Hospes amplius? neo inspicit
Opificia, insignis quot effinxit labor,
Aut multiformia artium miracula?

Quàm Te patentes *Nerei* vias super,
Beate Princeps, tota gens mercantium
Recolit libenter, quæ vel occiduas plagas
Eoa vel quæ pervagatur littora
Opibus onustas exteris ducens rates!
At nulla amantior Tuâ superest cohors,
Quam quæ *Britannici* maris spolia eruens,
Inusitatas ingerit mensis dapes
Peculioque Patriam ditat suo
Hæc Tu benignus indies florescere
Redintegrata jusseras commercia;
Hæc Tu Patronus ausa firmâras nova,
Ducturus olim prosperos ad exitus,
Nisi sævioris fati acerba necessitas
In Te repõstas usque spes *Britanniæ*
Resecâssset omnes, horulâ absumens brevi.

O X O N I E N S I A.

TErrita Mens dudum præfago conscia luctu
Inversam metuit fortem, tristesque minata
Sæpe vices monuit tam prodiga dona vereri;
Et fortunatis nimium diffidere rebus.

“Ergone perpetuo non interrupta tenore
“Dona dabunt Superi? --- modò tuta rebellibus armis
“Respirat Patria, auspiciis compòsta *Wilhelmi*;
“Tum Pax *Angliacis* rediit gratissima terris,
“Pacificaque secutæ Artes, missique Coloni,
“Et nova quæ largas referant Commercia messes.
“Quinetiam Gens læta, suæ tot cara salutis
“Pignora, dilecto vidit de stemmate *Georgi*
“Natorum haud raram in tectis succrescere prolem,
“*Angligenum* Decus, & serum Tutamen in ævum,
“Ah nimium felix, propria hæc si dona manerent!
“Quam metui, ne Te, tanta inter gaudia rerum
“O Patria, O Divum domus *Anglia*, ne quid amari
“Excipiat casus, & vulnere frangat acerbo.

Talia jactabam --- cum tristis Nuntius aures
Perculit, --- orbatam crudeli funere Gentem ---
Regia fatales ivisse ad tecta Sorores ---
Et sacram *Augusti* modò præterivisse senectam, ---
Walliacum spoliassè decus --- quò stemmatis omnis
Fractus honos subito, & Sceptri fortuna fatiscit.

Ergo abes *Angliacæ* Spes O carissima Gentis!
Quem placidis jamdudum animis, studioque fideli
Vidimus ad patrias surgentem haud segniter artes;
Cui sincera Fides, & non simulatus honestæ
Libertatis Amor, cui puro in pectore mansit
Candida Simplicitas, omnisque *Britannica* Virtus.
Nec nulla intereà privata Gratiæ vitæ,
At Tibi deliciæ, Tibi nota domestica cari
Gaudia conjugii, teneræ Tibi præmia Sponsæ,
Natorum amplexus inter risusque loquaces.
Quinetiam festæ genialia fœdera mensæ
Dilèxti, atque hilares, lenimina blanda, choreas.
Nec Mens læta magis cuiquam, nec apertior ulli
Vox, Vultusve fuit, neque risum urbanior alter
Miscere innocuum, & faciles sine felle lepores:
Sprevisti at non doctorum sapientior Idem
Seria sermonum, & dictas cum pondere voces.

E P I C E D I A

Attamen ingenuæ quodcunque est laudis, honesti
Quodcunque est animi, placidissima Gratia morum,
Et Sors Virtutum pulcherrima nescit acerbam
Propulsare diem, atque immites flectere Parcas.

Occidit heu! tristesque inter novus accolit Umbras
Ille Chori decus, & Charitum suavissima cura,
Festivumque caput --- splendor pulcherrimus Aulae
Occidit --- exemplum quo non præstantius usquam
Conjugibus Patribusque pii invenietur Amoris ---
Occidit eximiae Cultor bene sedulus Artis ---
Et Mercaturæ nascentis strenuus Idem
Auspiciisque bonis Ductor --- tuus inclytus Hospes,
Occidit heu, *Rhedycina*! alacri spe arrepta putabas
Quem modo festivam læto cum carmine in Urbem
Duxisse, & Reges inter numerasse Patronos.
Nunc miseranda canens cineri pia dona supremo
Delibas, tristesque jubes requiescere Manes.
Nec vero tantos *Thamesis* Pater audit olim
Singultus, læto occubuit cum vere Juventæ
Flos *Britonum* *Henricus*, nec cum prope sisteret undas
Arthuri caros cineres, urnamque recentem.

Pauca tamen subeunt duri solatia casus.
Tu fontis Patriæ, Princeps, scelus omne piasti
Morte tua, & sævos satiasti funere Manes.

Exhinc auspicio placidos meliore renasci
Cernimus, & lætos longum procedere Soles.
En pulchrâ virtute viget numerosa Propago,
Gliscentes animos dum pascit imagine famæ
Venturæ, patriæque & avitæ laudis amore
Excitat omnigenâ Præsul ditissimus arte!
En fecunda parens *Augusta*, beatior audit
Læta Deum genitrix, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Heroas, meritis insignibus omnes.
Georgius interea (unanimis Dii Gentis amatae
Audivere preces) extremo animosior ævo
Protegit Imperium, & --- modo Tu pietate merere,
Anglia --- felici compòstos pace *Britannos*
Tutatur --- frustra infidias meditare, *Borusse*,
Ingentes frustra moliris, *Gallia*, classes ---
Fata valent *Britonum* --- imperioque & numine *Georgi*
Perstiterit læto Libertas tutior Orbi.

J. Marsden Aedis Christi Alumnus.

O X O N I E N S I A.

QUare Tumultus concutit æthera,
 Et strinxit auras terrificus fragor,
 Visusque jamdudum moveri
 Cardinibus labefactus orbis?
 Adhuc *Britannis* supplicium manet
 Non expiatum: & (Dī procul arceant)
 Præfaga vox circum sonavit,
 Triste minans mala fata *Regni*.
 Huc, huc, sepulcro spargite funebres
 Musæ, Cupressus --- occidit, occidit
 Spes omnis, & clarum labantis
 Imperii, Patriæque Lumen.
 Lugete, dulces *Pieridum* chori;
 Dum sacra plangunt *Oxonii* Juga;
*Isi*que vicinos per agros
 Proripitur queribundus amnis.
 Clarum Trophæis non magis anxia,
 Ploravit olim *Roma* Ducem suum;
 Quam Te, Patronum literarum,
 Turba tui studiosa Vultus.
 Te luctuosæ regna *Britanniæ*
 Raptum dolebunt; Te tua *Wallia*,
 Omnisque, *Gades* ad remotas,
 Præsidio viduata, Tellus.
 Absente Te, *Cornubia* Præsidem
 Flebit Senatûs: flebit & ultima
 Commercii jamjam recentis
 Grande Decus columenque *Thule*.
 Hic nuda Virtus, lætaque Charitas
 Cadente vitam pro Patriâ dare;
 Hic Hic amoris quàm benigni
 Emicuit generosus ardor!
 Quid ergo cœtus innumerabiles
 Queis ipse Princeps præfuit, eloquar?
 Quid, quòve divinum Paterni
 Aggrediar Decus illud oris?
 Jam fat doloris! quod superest precor,
 Atque, O precanti nunc faveas, Deus;
 Annosque quos nato negasti
 Incolumes superadde Patri.

J. Warren Ædis Christi Alumnus.

EPICEDIA

To the PRINCESS of WALES.

P RINCESS, adorn'd with every female Praise,
 Accept true Sorrow's unaffected Lays;
 O deign t' accept the sentiment sincere,
 The Voice of Nature, and the genuine Tear!
 Nor mark in me a mercenary Muse,
 That with false Flatt'ry's strain thy Favour sues;
 Unlike the pension'd panegyric Band,
 That tune their faithless Lyres with venal Hand,
 I come not here to praise thee, but to sooth,
 Tho' void my Verse of Art, it flows from Truth.
 By Sorrow led, sad Visitant, I come,
 My duteous Grievs to sing on FRED'RICK'S Tomb.
 Clos'd is that Eye whence kind Compassion beam'd,
 Mute is that Tongue whence manly Reason stream'd,
 Cold is that Heart, where Virtue, banish'd Name,
 Where *British* Virtue kept her vestal Flame.
 Those Hands are in the sable Shroud confin'd,
 Whose overflowing Bounties bless'd Mankind!
 And lo! what awful Forms with pensive Air,
 Around their godlike Guardian's Tomb repair!
 First walks Munificence, majestic Maid,
 In stately Vest of antique Guise array'd;
 Next Faith appears with mournful Mien and meek,
 Wetting with crystal Drops her virgin Cheek;
 Rending the Laurels from her graceful Head,
 Sad Poesy comes on with tragic tread.
 Each Pow'r that best the Head or Heart can guide,
 Or o'er the Graceful and the Great preside
 Advances, o'er the much-lov'd FRED'RICK'S Tomb,
 To strew the purple Spring's most beauteous bloom.
 Meantime, majestic Mourner, cease to grieve,
 O hear the Comforts that the Muse can give!
 O look on thine *Ascanius*! royal Heir!
 Of *Albion*'s eager Hope the Blossom fair!
 Oh think that He remains!—and brave and wise
 One Day to fill the *British* Throne may rise:
 May rise his Grandfire's Kingdom to command,
 And *Britain*'s Scepter grasp with FRED'RICK'S Hand.

Stephen Beckingham Gent. Comm. of Trinity Coll.

OXONIENSIA.

איכה באפו יעיב את בת ציון אר
בארץ הישליך את חפצת ישראל
גוים יכזבנות יחרדה היללנה
דוכות חגנה שק באפר התפלשנה
הנה קינה בנותיכם כל למדנה
ואשה רעותה הזה נהי קינה
זרם חשר אל או לנו כי חטאנו
חלף וימל כצץ משוש לבנו
טוב הוא מה הביא בצהרים שמשנו
יקר הוא הצרי אין בגלעה לנו
כל סביביו וכל ידעיו נדו לו
לאמור איכה נשבר מטה עז ומקלו
מדוע לא עלתה ארכת שרנו
נחנו מרדנו ביהוה אלהינו
סנר לדבר בקרינו אדוני
עיר הנרלה כשכור הניע שני
פתאם לפתע עתה נו רוח אפינו
צדק נלמוד ושבנו מרעתינו
קוננו למזבח יהוה כהנים
רונו רון חוסה על עמך אלהים
שנות מלך כמו דר ודור תהינה
תולדות שר על-כסאו לעולם תשבנה:

Jacobus Hemming
ex Aulâ S. Edmundi.

E P I C E D I A

Tene ergo, *FREDERICE*, rapacis ahenea lethi
 Vincla tenent! Salve æternum mihi, Maxime Princeps,
 Æternumque vale! non terra *Britannica* tanto
 Virtutis fecunda *Parens* se jactat *Alumno*!

Ignivomi nobis hoc triste rubentia cœli
 Lumina prædixere malum, simul horrida pestis
 Quæ nostris pecori funesta insævit arvis,
 Hoc & terra tremens. O fontibus omina fati
 Edita nequicquam, contemptaque signa Deorum!
 O gens prona suos nimium meruisse dolores,
 Et scelero scelus & pœnas superaddere pœnis!

Nunc igitur multanda fuit graviore ruinâ,
 Nunc omnis longo merfanda *Britannia* luctu;
 Venit summa dies, quam sub *Jove Camber* aperto,
 Stanniferique colens tenebras *Cornubius* antri,
 Ploret uterque simul, quam Patria tristis ad usque
 Orcadas extremos, & *Scotica* Littora plangat.
 Vixit enim, semper miseros cui cura tueri,
 Præsidioque carent *Neptuni* & *Palladis* artes,
 Vixit amor vatum, nec spes super ulla camœnis.
 Non petiit madidas hostili sanguine lauros
 Ambitionis opus! fuit illi gloria pacis,
 Et lauro potius vivacis Germen olivæ;
 At tamen interit! Lethalem avertere morbum
 Nec potuit pietas neque virtus inscia fraudis.

At vos O *Musæ* namque hoc modulando potestis,
 Eripite a tenebris cantuque sacrate perenni,
 Improba nec tantum carpant oblivia nomen;
 Tuque O umbra ingens! manes itura sub imos,
 Non infleta tamen, non illaudata jacebis!
 Virtutis monumenta tuæ per postera vivent
 Sæcula, & ingenium clemens, & candida mentis
 Simplicitas, placidi mores, animusque benignus,
 Conjugii servata fides, & cura salutis
 Publicæ: ad extremos veniet tua fama nepotes.
 Sit tumuli hospitium felix, atque ossa quiescant
 Molliter, æthereæ dum pars divinior auræ
 Victrix spernit humum & carnis compage solutâ
 Emicat exultim & patrias petit ardua sedes.

Edvardus Stillingfleet

è Coll. Wadh. Sup. Ord. Commens.

Ο ΧΟΝΙΕΝΣΙΑ.

ΚΥΑΝΕΟΙΣ ΝΕΦΕΕΣΤΙ ΦΑΕΙΝΟΝ ΚΡΑΤΑ ΚΑΛΥΨΕΙ
 ΗΕΛΙΟΣ, ΠΟΤΜΟΝ ΚΛΑΙΩΝ ΨΕΥΚΕΛΕΑ ΑΝΘΡΩ, ΑΡΧΕΤΕ
 ΠΑΨ ΑΧΟΣ Δ' ΕΠΕΡΑΞΕ ΠΟΛΙΝ, ΚΑΙ ΔΑΚΡΥΑ ΨΕΥΜΑ
 ΠΑΣ ΧΕΕΝ ΟΦΘΑΛΜΟΣ, ΠΑΝ ΣΕΡΝΟΙ ΠΛΗΤΟ ΤΟΟΙΟ, Ο ΝΙΟΤΑΙ
 ΗΛΘΕ Δ' ΕΠΙ ΦΗΜΗ ΕΙΣ ΔΑΦΝΗ ΤΕ ΚΑΚΕ ΟΙΤΗ, Ο ΤΟΝ ΚΟΝ ΕΠΙ
 ΔΑΦΝΗ ΤΟΝ ΜΑΘΑΙΣ ΦΙΛΟΝ ΑΙΕΙ, ΔΑΦΝΗ ΑΟΙΔΩΝ
 ΑΕΧΟΝ ΒΕΚΟΛΙΚΩΝ, ΠΟΛΙΑΣ Ο Δ' ΑΡ' ΕΛΚΕΤΟ ΧΑΙΤΩΣ
 ΛΕΥΚΗΣ ΕΚ ΚΕΦΑΛΗΣ, ΚΑΙ ΣΗΨΕΑ ΧΕΡΑΙ ΠΑΤΑΞΕ, ΜΟΤΑΘ ΚΑΤΟ ΙΑ
 ΚΛΑΙΩΝ ΔΗ ΛΙΓΥΡΩΣ ΠΕΛΩΗΣ ΠΕΣΕΝ ΕΝ ΚΑΝΙΝΩ, Ν ΤΑΙΛΑΜ ΕΝΕΠΕ
 ΑΥΤΑΡ ΕΠΕΙ ΤΟΟΩΝ ΤΕ ΚΥΛΙΝΔΟΜΕΝΩ ΤΕ ΚΟΡΕΩ, ΤΙΝΩΝ ΕΝΕΙ ΤΟΟΙ
 ΕΥΤΥΚΤΗΝ ΣΥΒΕΓΧΑ ΛΑΒΩΝ, ΕΨΑΡΕΣ ΠΕΡΑΧΑΛΕΑΣΤΑΣ, ΗΒ ΕΧΘΑ
 ΑΧΘΟΣ ΑΠΕΠΝΟΥΣΤΑΣΚΕ ΧΑΙΚΟΝ ΜΕΓΑΛΩΝ ΟΔΥΝΑΣΩΝ. ΚΑΙ ΤΑΤ ΕΠΟΠΤΟ

ΑΙΛΙΝΑ ΜΟΙ ΣΟΝΑΧΕΙΤΕ ΚΟΡΑΙ ΚΡΑΤΕΡΩΝ Τ' ΑΙΨΗΝΑΙ, ΤΙΝΩΝ ΕΝΕΙ ΤΟΟ
 ΠΟΙΜΕΝΕΣ Ω ΜΥΡΕΑΔ', Ω ΒΩΤΑΙ ΝΗΝ ΤΟΑΟΙΩΔΕ, ΚΑ ΤΟΟΚΟΟΟ ΧΥΟ ΜΟΙ
 ΒΩΕΣ Τ' ΕΙΛΙΠΟΔΕΙΣ, ΟΙΩΝ ΔΕ ΤΕ ΠΟΙΜΕΝΑ ΚΑΛΑ, ΕΝ ΕΒ ΤΟΕΤ ΠΩΝ
 ΣΤΥΓΝΑΖΕΑΔΕ ΧΟΑΙ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΝΨΑ ΣΙΧΑΛΕΝΤΑ, ΚΑΙ ΚΑΙΛΗΑ ΕΤΕΧΘΑ
 ΚΑΙ ΠΟΤΑΜΟΙ ΚΛΑΙΟΥΤ', ΑΡΧΟΣ ΤΕΔΙΩΚ' ΕΕΠΕΘ. ΜΑΘΑΙΣ ΕΒΕΡΕΤ

ΑΡΧΕΤΕ ΑΓΨΛΙΑΚΑΙ ΤΩ ΠΕΝΨΕΘ ΑΡΧΕΤΕ ΜΩΣΑΙ, ΚΑΙ ΚΑΙΛΗΑ
 ΑΡΧΥΝΕΙΣ ΜΥΡΕΑΔΕ ΠΑΡ ΥΔΑΣΙΝ ΑΙΛΙΝΑ ΚΥΚΛΟΙ, ΜΟΒΕΘ ΕΤ ΜΟΒΕΘ
 ΑΣΜΑΠΙ ΔΗ ΤΟΕΡΩ ΨΡΩΨΕΑΤΕ ΑΝΕΡΘ ΔΙΟΝ, ΚΑΙ ΣΙΜΕΨΟ Τ ΕΤΕΨΟΜ
 ΕΙΠΑΤΕ ΔΗ ΚΩΡΑΙΣ ΘΑΜΕΣΩΝΑΙΣ, ΕΙΠΑΤΕ ΠΑΣΑΙΣ ΟΙΟΧΩΑ ΕΒ ΤΟΕΤ
 ΚΛΙΦΔΕΝΑΙΣ ΝΥΜΦΑΙΣΙΝ, ΑΠΩΛΕΤΟ ΜΕΙΛΙΧΟΣ ΑΡΧΘ. ΕΤΕΧΘΑ

ΑΡΧΕΤΕ ΑΓΨΛΙΑΚΑΙ ΤΩ ΠΕΝΨΕΘ ΑΡΧΕΤΕ ΜΩΣΑΙ.
 ΚΕΙΝΟΣ Ο ΤΟΙΣ ΛΑΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΡΘΑΙΜΙΟΣ ΕΚΕΠ ΨΩΨ, ΚΑΙ ΚΑΙΛΗΑ
 ΟΥ ΤΟΟΤΟΝ ΨΑΝΑΤΟΝ ΠΑΤΕΡΘΚΛΕΑ ΜΥΡΕΑΤ' ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ, ΕΤΕ ΕΠΕΝ ΕΤΕ
 ΟΥ ΤΟΟΤΟΝ ΑΝΤΙΛΟΧΕ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ ΨΡΩΨΕΑΤΟ ΝΕΨΩΕ, ΕΒ ΕΝΕΙ ΕΚΕΨΑ
 ΟΥΔΕ ΤΟΟΤΟΝ ΠΕΙΑΜΟΣ ΤΑΦΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΡΘ ΑΝΔΡΕΘΦΟΝΟΙΟ, ΚΑΙ ΚΑΙΛΗΑ
 ΟΥ ΤΟΟΤΟΝ ΗΛΨΗΣΕΝ ΣΑΡΨΗΔΟΝΟΣ ΑΙΣΙΜΟΝ ΗΜΑΡ
 ΖΕΥΣ ΚΑΨΙΔΩΝ, ΟΟΤΟΝ ΣΕ ΚΑΨΩΔΥΡΩΤΟ ΠΟΛΙΨ).

ΑΡΧΕΤΕ ΑΓΨΛΙΑΚΑΙ ΤΩ ΠΕΝΨΕΘ ΑΡΧΕΤΕ ΜΩΣΑΙ.
 ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΟΨΑ ΜΕΝ ΕΣ ΛΕΧΟΣ ΑΝΕΡΘ ΗΛΨΕΝ ΑΧΟΙΤΙΣ,
 ΟΝ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ ΤΟΟΩΨΑ, (ΚΑΚΟΣ ΓΑΡ ΜΕΝ ΝΟΨΟΣ ΕΙΧΕΝ)
 ΠΟΛΛΑ ΜΕΝ ΕΙΨΗΣΑΙ Δ' ΕΨΕΛΨΟΨ, Ο Δ' ΑΡ ΕΚ ΕΨΟΣ ΝΥΔΑ,

ΕΡΙCΕΔΙΑ

Κρατα δ' ανακλινας, απο μεν ψυχην εξαπυσεν.

Τινω δε κατ' Οφθαλμων ερεβεινη νυξ, εξαλυψεν.

Αρχετε Αγλιακα τω Πενθεος Αρχετε Μωσαι.

Ω σοφοι εγκλητοι τε Μαχαιονες, ω θεραπευται

Παντοιων Οδυων, πασης λοιμης ελατρες,

Πα ποκ' αε' παθ' οταν Αρχεσθε ετακετο, πα ποκα μωρεσι,

Η εκ αλις ην τεχνη θανατε απο σωσαι Ανακτα;

Αρχετε Αγλιακα τω Πενθεος Αρχετε Μωσαι.

Αι Αι οταν δρυτομος περ Ανης ταμε Δενδρεα μακρα,

Αιπεινας μελιας, η μιν ελατας ερατεινας,

Ειαει μεν ζωντ' αυδης, νεα φυλλα φερωσαι.

Αρχαι δη ειερεσι, αρηιφιλων αλοι Ανδρων,

Οπποτε τας μεν απαξ θανατε νεφας αμφικαλυψεν,

Ου καθορωντ' αυδης φαθ' αγλαον Ηελιοιο.

Και συγ ανακοος ων καταπυσται εν χθονι κοιλα,

Φωτι θεος δ' αρ εδωκε χερειονι μακρα βιωσαι.

Αρχετε Αγλιακα τω Πενθεος Αρχετε Μωσαι.

Ενθαδε ειαεινοις καλαϊτας φερετ' Ανθεσι μεσας,

Λευκοις Ναρκιστοις, και αιματοεας' υακινθοις,

Πορφυρεοις τε ροδοις, Δαφνις φερετ' ενθαδε κλαδοις,

Μυρτα τ' ορφναις, και ενταφια κυπαρισσας,

Τετοις δει Αρχοιο λοφον Δωρημασι σπειρειν.

Ληγετε Αγλιακα τε πινεσθε ληγετε Μωσαι.

Ουκ ει σπεισδον παλαι ως σπεισάτο Ορφναις

Θρηικις, νεκρω δυναμην ψυχην ενιφυσαν.

Ειτε εμιν ζωνη θανατος σης αντι λαβοιτο,

Αυτικα μεν ε' εφελων βαϊλω Δομον Αιδος εισω.

Ως ηεισάτο Δαφνις επεσεναχοντο δ' εταερεσι.

R. Barnes

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

O X O N I E N S I A.

WHat Time the Fields bedight with Gold were seen,
Chiefden! well-pleas'd I trod thy beauteous Brow,
 Mark'd thy green slope, thy Trees and Meadows green,
 And glitt'ring *Thames* in silver Veins below.
 Came drear December clad in wintry Snow:
 Bare were thy Trees, thy flowery Meads unseen;
 Impetuous *Thames* had giv'n his Urn to flow,
 And rest each Glory of thy rural Scene.
 Emblem too sad of Change and baleful stowre,
 Full sore to rend thy honour'd Lady's Breast!
 Sunk is her Sun, that cheer'd each golden hour,
 And mute the Tongue that charm'd her cares to rest.
 Her Love, her Joy, her Life's best Treasure gone;
 Sure Woe succeeds and piteous plaintive Moan!

II.

Ah Me! that tenderest Minds should thus be torn,
 Too soft to act the rough heroick Part?
 Why heaves with sighs that gentle Breast forlorn?
 The gentlest Breast that e'er felt sorrow's Dart!
 O Grief! O wound to every virtuous Heart!
 Where shall the fair imperial Mourner turn?
 With what soft balm allay the festering Smart,
 New to the conflict, and untaught to mourn?
 Say, shall the Muse with lenient strains relieve?
 All vain, I ween, the Muses lenient Power;
 If Heaven support not, hopeless must She grieve:
 O Heaven! support her in this dreary Hour;
 Angels! in gentlest Whispers sooth her Ear,
 Tell, that from Heav'n You came, and her own FREDERIC'S
 there!

Phil. Rashleigh

Gent. Comm. of New College.

UT cessit FREDERICUS ille fatis
 Pia AUGUSTA suum videns amorem
 Porrectum miserè in toro jugali,
 Dextræ pallidulæ & genæ rigenti
 Mistis fletibus oscula ingerebat;
 Tot planctum varians modis acerbum

EPICEDIA

Quot gaudet dolor impotens habere.
 Vix tandem dubio gradu labantem
 Educunt Famulæ cubili amaro,
 Et paulum requievit æstus amens
 Curæ: Progeniem at simul tenellam
 Confectam simili dolore vidit,
 Et vestigia nota patrii oris,
 Sensim solvitur in novas querelas.
 Eheu! quâ miseratione, vel quo
 Non usa alloquio fuit, medelam
 Si possit dare, quâ carebat ipsa.
 His conatibus occupata, ocellos
 Guttis lucidulis adhuc fluentes
 Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
 Quâ nutrix placido sinu fovebat;
 "Dormis, inquit, O miselle! nec te
 "Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
 "Per longa atria, commovent, nec ullo
 "Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore:
 "Nec sentis Patre destitutus illo,
 "Qui formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
 "Aut gestans genibusque brachioque
 "Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
 "Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
 "Rifus in roseis tuis labellis,
 "Dum somno facili jaces solutus.
 "Dormi parvule; nec mali dolores
 "Qui Matrem cruciant, tuæ quietis
 "Rumpant somnia. Quando! Quando tales
 "Redibunt oculis meis sopores?

Georgius Brome ex Æde Christi
 Superioris Ordinis Commensalis.

Farewel! blest shade; nor scorn the mournful Lay,
 The Muses bring to grace thy honour'd Clay.
 Who grieve in numbers, yet may grieve sincere;
 Or trust our Tears — for flattery dwells not there.
 Tears, which true love and heart-felt Anguish shed;
 The last, best honours of th' illustrious Dead;
 Tears,

O X O N I E N S I A.

Tears, such as dropp'd from Roman Eyes before,
When *Titus* fell, and Virtue was no more.

O! form'd our Hopes to warm, our Hearts engage,
The well lov'd *Titus* of an impious Age;
Like him, the Bounty of thy Princely mind
Chear'd every want, and took in all thy Kind;
Like him --- the Lover and Delight of man ---
Ah! too like his, thy Life's contracted span.
Each shewn to mortals by th' all ruling Sire,
Lights of a Day, to shine and to expire.

Yet Him, (tho' sunk in deep despair of Woe,
Rome thro' each trembling Province felt the blow)
No Infants mourn'd; no Wife surviv'd to see
A widow'd bed and orphan Progeny:
No good *Vespasian* view'd the funeral Blaze,
Beat his hoar Head and curs'd his ling'ring Days;
Here every grief is seen compriz'd in One,
Wife, Children, Father weep their *FREDERIC* gone:
To *Britain* thence the Tear infectious flows,
And spreads from her to Strangers and to Foes.

Yes. --- While the Tale flies o'er her subject Seas,
See the wide world lament the Friend of Peace;
Proud to forego, for the good Patriot's Name,
War's savage Joys, and conquest's impious Fame;
Let such vain Triumphs grace the *Flavian* Line ---
To bless mankind, the nobler Praise, was Thine.
Thy gentle Virtue never lost a Day;
No cloud of Guilt o'ercast thy parting Ray;
Nor mix'd Remorse with thy expiring groan:
The *Roman* knew a Crime, the *Briton* none.

Rowland Berkeley

Gentleman Commoner of New-College.

Κ Λαυσάτε νωλεμέως συγερῶ ἐνὶ πένθει γαῖα
Λειπομῆρη σφετέρᾳς ἰρῆνοῖς πληρωμα κυκλιθεῖς
Οὐδὲ γάρ ἐστιν ο, π γοερῶτερον ἄλλο παθοῖατε,
Αἰσιμον ἀρχόντων κεχρησμένον ἐκταίνειν ἡμᾶς.

ΕΡΙCΕΔΙΑ

Δῆτα μὲν ἔρανε^Θ χαλεπὸν ἀγορεύσει ἀνακτῶρ,
 Δεινὸν βρογνίσας, ἡ σμερνὸν ἀφ' ὑψι κεραυνῶν.
 Εἴτ' ἡμᾶς ἐριδὸς θλίβων πολεμετ' ἐλεεινοῖς,
 Εἴτε κλαδῶν σεισμοῖσι πολεὺς μέλαινοισιν ἐπείσει,
 Ἡμερᾶς τῆς γὰρ ἐμῆς ἡδὴ ποτ' ἐπέστιν ἀμύνης.
 Τλημοσύνης θείας δὲ δαήμονες εὐνοίαστε
 Οἰκτὰ ἀφειδόμεν πολλῶν ἀμελῶντες ἀρείων.
 Αὐτὰρ ὁ γ' ὑψιμέδων καὶν αὐτίκα ἔκ τελέεσσεν
 Ἐκ δὲ καὶ οὔτε τέλει, τίω δ' ἐλπίδα καὶ κατέρειψεν.
 Αἰσιμον ἀρχόντων κεχαισμένον ἐκταίνει ἡμᾶς.

Σοιο ἀποφθιμῶσι λαχὴν σὺναχθῆσιν αἰωρῶν
 Πολλ' ὀλοφύρομενοι Βασιλῆς τε καὶ ἀμμορ^Θ εὐνῆς
 Οὐ ποτμον γούωσα, νεκῶν γαμέλων οὐχ' αἰετον.
 Νηπαχὰ τε γούνα βλεφάρων ἀπὸ δακρυῶν εἶβ'
 Πατρός παυδύτοιο σερρήμυα· οἰκῆς τε
 Δεσποτὰ σερνοτυπεὶς κλαῖσι φίλον τε καὶ εὐνῆν.
 Σὺ ποθ' οἰμῶμαι καὶ ἐν εὐρυπορείῃσι ἀγχαῖς,
 Ὅς πλώχοισι βίβ' μύροικεα δαῖτα τέθεικας
 Ἡδὰ τε θλίβομένοισι εὐσπλαγχνός ἐκασοτ' ἀρωγ^Θ.

Ἡμῖν δ' οἷον ἀχὸς σέθεν εἴσε^τ, οὐραμέ λαων;
 Σὺ ποσσὶν Ἀγλίακοι ἀγακοίμεθα τέθνηωτ^Θ
 Ἐλπίδος ἡμετέρης, ἀρχὸν ἀπαυσε βρεθόντοισι;
 Εὐσομένε βασιλεῦ^Θ· ἀτὰρ ὁ γ' ἐν ὑψι καθεζών
 Οὐρανοθεν ᾤδεν^κ, αὐτὸν δ' ἀπὸ αἰψ' ἐπιγείε
 Ρυσάτο κοῖρῶν δῆμοιο καὶ ἀνθρώποιο,
 Αἰδίωντε νεφῶν ἐπ' αὐτῷ βασιλείαν ἐδώκεν.

Οὔτε τ' ἀλιτρώδων ἔθνος τοιαῦτα πεπονθ^Θ
 Οὐρανίον λίσσεσθε μετασφραψάντες ἀνακτα·
 Μυρμηῖοι καλεῶντες εἰσὶν δ' ἐλεημόνα θυμῶν,
 Ἀθάνατ' ἀποτρεσθε θεὸς πολυώδιον οὐρίω,
 Ωλομῶτε γῆρας ᾤδεν^κ ἀξίον ἀρχῆς.

Edu. Rowe Mores. A. B.
 è Coll. Regin.

OXONIENSIA.

Help, mournful Muse, my plaintive verse inspire,
 And gently sweep the sadly-pleasing lyre.
Britannia's Friend demands a tender tear,
 And grateful off'ring of the sigh sincere.
 Unhappy Isle, thy fav'rite hopes are fled,
 The Prince, the Patriot, and the Father dead.
 Hail sacred Shade! this mournful verse receive,
 The last sad tribute that the Muse can give.
 'Tis her's the good man's monument to raise,
 No flatt'rer she, no prostitute to praise.
 But hold --- Tho' Fate hath bid the Son expire,
 Still full of days and glory lives the Sire.
 Long may he live --- fair *Albion's* rights maintain,
 And future Annals tell the glorious reign.
 Form'd by his pattern *FRED' RICK's* royal line
 In each paternal virtue taught to shine,
 With mildest sway shall *Britain's* throne adorn,
 And be rever'd by subjects yet unborn.

James Gyles B. A.
 Student of Christ Church.

ERgone summus Te rapuit dies,
 Amate Princeps? nec pietas tua,
 Nec Plebis importuna vota,
 Præcipitem repulère mortem?
 At O! decentes ordine gratiæ
 Adeste, sanctus, *Pierides*, chorus,
 Adeste, dilectosque mœsto
 Carmine condecorate manes.
 Longe remotis dicite gentibus
 Qualis refulsit, quam venerabilis
 Vivebat Heros, quam dolendo
 Funere in æthereas receptus
 Sedes recessit: dumque animum integrum
 Mirantur omnes, addite regiâ
 Virtute dignam comitatem,
 Delicias Patriæ, decusque.

E P I C E D I A

Dicant iniquis casibus obruti,
 Oppressa dicat fraudibus æquitas,
 Quam largus afflictos levavit,
 Quam fuit in miseros benignus.
 At! at! sonorum sistite barbiton, ---
 Ne forte tristes *Anglici* novos
 Solvantur in fletus, nec unquam
 Immodicum reprimant dolorem.

Thomas Altham

Coll. D. J. B. Schol.

I.

Stay gentle *Isis*, stay thy silver tide,
 While I my Lay to doleful tenor turn;
 With murmur'ing pleasure now forbear to glide,
 And let me teach thy wanton wave to mourn.
 Forbear sweet breeze to curl adown the stream,
 While the sad muse pursues her plaintive theme.

II.

Ye feather'd messengers of grateful spring,
 Let awful silence sit on ev'ry bough,
 With warbling melody forbear to sing,
 For joyous note wou'd ill behove ye now.
 Let gloomy sadness veil the blooming pride
 Of vari'd mead, and ev'ry flow'ret hide!

III.

Whilom the Muses in befitting verse
 On *Isis* banks pip'd their sweet Roundelays,
 And Swains were wont their numbers to rehearse,
 And distant hills return'd their favourite's praise;
 But now forsaken River now no more
 The heav'nly Sisters shall frequent your shore.

IV.

Where, mournful Maidens, shall the Poet find
 Sweet images to charm the list'ning throng?
 Where are the qualities of noble mind
 That erst gave matter to the grateful song?
 The Patriot's zeal --- the Parent's tender care
 And Husband's fondness no distinction wear.

Ay

O X Q N I E N S I A.

V.

Ah me! how fleeting are a mortal's joys?
E'er the full blossom of our comfort's blown,
Too-hasty fate with secret hand destroys,
And FREDERICK and all our hopes are gone.
Help, tragick muse, assist me to devise
Notes sad enough to wail our miseries,

VI.

Who shall direct you now, ye chearless Swains,
Himself the foremost to lead on the way?
Or rules of sapience teach in tempting strains?
Himself the great example of his lay?
Who now shall nurse with care the worthy scheme
Of liberty, fair *Albion's* darling theme?

VII.

Ye Nymphs, who now shall teach the roving spouse
Firm truth, and sweetest durancy of love?
Or in whose name shall lovers tell their vows,
And swear, like his their plighted faith shall prove?
Like his, whose hapless and untimely fate
Forlorn AUGUSTA mourns in widow'd state?

VIII.

Ill wou'd it thee betide unhappy Isle,
And greater still wou'd be the cause to moan,
Shou'd heav'n again withhold her gracious smile,
And Royal GEORGE forsake the peaceful throne;
Then saddest plaint wou'd reach the farthest shore
And gladsome carol ne'er be chanted more.

IX.

But tho' our hopes are fled, nor joy of aught
To the distemper'd Soul sweet solace brings,
Yet let the muse indulge the pleasing thought,
That FREDERICK shall yield a race of Kings!
Himself tho' dead --- his worth may still survive,
The Sire remembred in the Son may live.

Enoch Markham

Student of Christ Church.

E P I C E D I A

COrpus ubi positum FREDERICI, artusque videbat
 Pallentes conjux, has effudisse querelas
 Dicitur illacrymans: vitâ O mihi charior ipsâ,
 Conjugis oblitus miserâ, prolisque relictâ,
 Siccine morte jaces? nec te tuaque ora tueri
 Ulla iterum dabitur, sic Dii voluere, potestas.
 Nec dabitur pendere iterum narrantis ab ore,
 Nec conferre gradus, & parvam tendere patri
 Progeniem, aut dulces unâ formare loquelas.
 Cum sedem peteres *Clifdeni*, & florea rura,
 Gaudia quæ pertentârunt, seu luderet aulâ
 Proles illa tua, aut cursum per gramen iniret!
 Quid loquor infelix? non hic gemitusve suorum,
 Aut voces audire potest, at funere acerbo
 Raptus abest, omnisque simul mea rapta voluptas.
 At si fata dies dederant, virtute paternâ
Angliacum ornasses sceptrum, non degener hæres.
 Nec fovit dubiis ea vota *Britannia* signis:
 Nam tibi erat cordi pietas, clementia verbis
 Usque inerat, nec quis magni commercia ponti,
 Pacificasque artes curâ propiore fovebat.
 Ergo te populus mæret, lacrymisque sepulchrum
 Irrigat, & cineri inferias persolvit inanes.
 Delicias vero quanquam rapuere caducas
 Dura nimis fata, hæc nobis solatia restant:
 Stat secura domus fortuna, & patria virtus,
 (Tum puerum fufis circum complectitur ulnis)
 Te, nate, incendens juvenili in pectore vivit.

Georgius Smalridge,

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

I.

WHile urg'd by pious Grief, to mourn
 Around their FREDRICK'S sacred Urn
Britannia's grateful Sons attend;
 While Goodness weeps her choicest Boast,
 While Art laments a Patron lost,
 And all Mankind an ardent Friend;

With

O. X. O. N. I. E. N. S. I. A.

II.

With bolder Flight my daring Muse
To Heav'nly Seats the Prince pursues,
Seats brighter than his Father's Throne,
Where only, his exalted Mind
Can true, unfully'd Glory find,
Or Virtue equal to it's own.

III.

There happy! lovely! great! divine!
She sees the Royal Heroe shine,
Freed from incumb'ring Earth's restraint:
And careless of the World below,
Regardless of her Country's woe,
Forgets the Patriot in the Saint.

IV.

Else must her Voice in tears be drown'd,
Her alter'd Lyre convert it's sound:
To Notes of sorrow, and despair;
That Voice which pour'd the melting song,
That Lyre which charm'd the list'ning throng,
When fav'ring FREDRICK deign'd to hear.

V.

Yet, should the Muse indulge her grief,
Should she, obdurate, scorn relief,
And breathe th' eternal, pensive sigh;
'Twould touch the pitying Heroe's breast,
'Twould make his glorious Change left blest,
And Heav'n itself less full of joy.

VI.

For sure the gentle, gen'rous Heart,
That sympathiz'd with ev'ry smart,
That bled for ev'ry neighb'ring woe,
(Tho' now from Passion free, and Pain)
Must still that tender sense retain
Which dignify'd the Man below.

Sam. Bishop,
Coll. D. J. Bapt. Schol.

O *Rpheu!* precamur præcipe lugubres
 Cantus; amicus flebilis occidit
 Tuis amatus; juxtâ amandus
 Omnibus; hoc pietas meretur.
 Quales decebant *Eurydicen*, modis
 Fundas querelam: Tu potes aureas
 Pulsare chordas, quæ ab orco
 Ad superos anima elevetur.
 Quodcunque cordi est occidit, occidit,
 Eheu dolendum non fatis, occidit! —
 Si pectus incoctum decoro;
 Ingenium undique perpolitum;
 Si stirpe clarus, clarior artibus;
 Quàm laude avorum, splendidior suâ;
 Scientiâ insignitus omni
 Quæ decoret benè nata; si quid
 Innatus ardor, seu probitas sacra,
 Seu fortitudo, vitæque nobilis
 Impensa communi saluti
 Sive Suis, populoque profit;
 Non interibit Principis inclyti
 Paterna virtus: fama per æthera
 Cantabit immortale nomen
 Laudibus, invidiæque majus.

Nicolaus Tanner,
 è Coll. Exon. Sojour.

A H whither does the pleasing Vision fly!
 The chearing Scene, the beauteous Prospect where!
 How chang'd each Object meets the aking Eye,
 What barren Wastes on every Side appear!
 Where now the opening Bud, the rising Shoot,
 And swelling Bosom of the fertile Plain,
 Which promis'd Summer's Shade or Autumn's Fruit
 Delight or Profit to the longing Swain!

O X O N I E N S I A.

Vain Hopes of future Joys! extinguish'd all!
 All shrunk to Dust or chang'd to barren Sand
 O'er all the Plains envenom'd Mildews fall,
 And th' envious Blight extends it's fable Hand.
 Whence now, my wretched Sons, the kind supply
 Our present Store e'er distant Harvest spent!
 Distracting Thought o'ercharg'd with misery,
 Death to each smiling Joy and calm Content!
 So plain'd *Britannia* at the frightful Sound
 Of FREDERIC'S Death awaking, as reclin'd
 Beneath the Shade in Sleep securely drown'd
 She dreamt of Joys for Ages yet behind.

And well, distress'd *Britannia*, may'st thou mourn,
 All Grief's too poor to suit th' heart-rending Theme;
 Since all thy Hopes are lost in FREDERIC'S Urn
 And all thy promis'd Joys but prove a Dream.

Stanley Burrough B. A.
 Taberlar Queen's Coll.

S Axofas linqens latebras vitreosque recessus,
 Cinctus arundinibus glaucis, urnâque reclinis
Thamesis, è mediis mœstum caput extulit undis,
 Lugubribusque modis FREDERICUM flevit ademptum:
 "Cæruleæ madidis latitantes *Naiades* antris,
 "Vosque O *Nereides*, vosque *Oceanitides*, æquor
 "Quæ colitis, mecum sociam ingeminate querelam.
 "Ante diem FREDERICUS obit — Cui, numina vestra,
 "Ingenuæque artes, & erant commercia curæ:
 "Qui pelagi imperium optabat, sævumque tridentem,
 "Et *Britonum* famam ignotis extendere ripis. —
 "Vos O capripedes satyri, *Dryades*que procaces,
 "Clifdeni solitæ dudum tenuisse vireta,
 "Vos Dominum plorate caducum — haud amplius Illum
 "Ut quondam in sylvis errare videbitis, agri
 "Gaudia dum securus, & otia suavia ruris
 "Præposuit dubiis vesanæ litibus aulæ.

ÆPICEDDA

"Ipse ego sæpe meas volvebam lentius undas
 "Lætus, arenosis charâ cum conjuge ripis
 "Clifdeni errantem aspiciens; prolemque Parentes
 "Cingere felices, & balbutire tenellam
 "O quantas Genti ærumnas charissime Princeps
 "Legabis moriens? *Britonum* decus, & dolor ingens!
 "Ostia sic olim extinctum *Tiberina* videbant
 "Marcellum, plenas sic fudit *Roma* querelas.
 "Dum nati, *Rhedycina*, tui ad mea littora passim
 "Errabunt, dum nostra mari labentur aperto
 "Flumina, mærentes versus gens tota sepulchro
 "Inscribet memor, & renovabit mœsta dolores.

M. Lewis

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

Quora dum cursu *FREDERICUS* lata secundo
 Tranaret, patriamque domum, sedesque relinquens
 Antiquas, *Britonum* adnaret felicibus oris,
 Ipse Pater thalami pendentia pumice tecta
 Distituens, summâ sacrum caput extulit undâ
 Multa movens animis, atque his affatur euntes.
 "I navis, nostros quæ mox visura *Britannos*
 "Radis iter liquidum incolumis, subjectaque sternis
 "Marmora; Te multa expectans in littore turba
 "Sollicitis revocat votis, notæque requirit
 "Vela ratis, pelagique immites increpat undas.
 "Tuque etiam fruiere amplexu, intuituque tuorum
 "Dum licet, & fatis concessas aspice sedes.
 "Hæc domus, hæc Patria est: siquæ fata aspera rumpas
 "Hic ingens olim imperium, populosque videbis
 "Auspiciis florere tuis; nec regia conjux
 "Longum aberit, molles jam nunc *Hymenæus* amores
 "Ipse parat, tædasque accendit ritè jugales.
 "Tum festos agitare choros, vitæque decebit
 "Otia securæ, lætosque in pace triumphos.
 "Mox casus dura indignos, magnumque dolorem
 "Fata cient: cadis ante diem, moribundaque tollis
 "Lumina necquicquam, dilectaque deferis arva:
 "Te Pater infelix, luctu percussus amaro
 "Te conjux vidua, & dulces circum oscula nati,

"Te

Ο Χ Ο Ν Ι Ε Ν Σ Ι Α.

"Te centum flebunt urbes arcesque marinæ.
 "Quinetiam impavidi, fortissima Pectora, nautæ
 "Insolitos ægro versabunt corde dolores.
 "Ipse, novis quacunque plagis mea volvitur unda
 "Ingentes referam curas, fortemque *Britanniam*
 "Infaustam extremæ miserabitur incola ripæ.

Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode A. B.
 Ædis Christi Alumnus.

Κλαίετε νυν, Μῆσαι, κῦδος καὶ ἐρείσμα Βρεττανῶν
 Πᾶσι φίλος ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ ἀπώλετο, κλαίετε Μῆσαι
 Οἰονίδες, ταί μιν οἰκεῖτε πρ' Ἰσίδος οὐχθαί,
 Κλαίετε τὸν ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΝ --- ἀφῆρησαντὸ δὲ Κῆρες
 Καρτεραί ἐξαπνῆς Ἀρχόντ' ἐρικυδέα λαῶν.

Ω Ποποί, ὡς συγῆρας ὀδυῶναι τε καὶ ἀλγέ' ἐνεγκέ
 Ἡμετέρῃ Πατρὶς· πολὺ τ' εὖ ληθαίνεταί ἡμῶς,
 Ὅπποτε μὲν Πόλεμος, μέγα πῆμ', ἐλθὲν ἔορσεν.
 Καὶ δὴ νυν κατὰ λαὸν ὀλεθροῦ ἀνδρῶν φονίῳ
 Πλείονα πάντα χρεὼν φόβῳ σπῆμα μῦρονται.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὰ κῆκος Γαίαν μὲν ἐπώχετο λῆμ'·
 Νῆσῳ τε συγῆρ Βοσκημάτων ὀλωλεκε πάντας·
 Οὕτως ἐκμαίνῃ Μηνὶς φόβῳ Θεοῖο
 Οὐλομένη, νυν ἔσθ' ἐτ' ἀφ' ἑξὶ χεῖρα βαρεῖαν
 Ζῶς ὑψιβρεμέτης· Φημὶ γὰρ ἐφαπτετο λυγρῇ,
 Ἀγγελὸς ἐρανοῖεν δ' ἀρ' ἐρχατο πείρατα γαίης,
 "Αἰ Αἰ ἡμέτερον Κλεῖ' ὤλετο" πάντες ἀκχοῖν
 Αὐτίκα μὲν Κρηναί τε, Λοφοί τε, καὶ εἰς ἀκχοῖν
 Ἐρχομένη παρπαργίῃ Θεῶν, Ἰεραποντές Οὐλύμπ'·
 Ἡρχετο Μελπομένη, πολυδάκρυ' ἦρχετο Παλλὰς,
 Ἡρχετο Τερψιχόρη, μάλα δ' ἔποτε γηθοσύνη κῆρ,
 Τηχομένη δ' ὀδυῖτο· τότε ἦρχετο Φοῖβ' Ἀπολλών,
 Ἦτοι καὶ λιγυρῆς φορμεγγὸς νημάτα κρέων
 Πολλακὴ θρῆνωδὴς ἐπιφώνεε πένθεα θυμῷ·

E P I C E D I A

" Πᾶσι φίλος ΦΡΕΔΕΡΙΚΟΣ ἀπώλετο· σῆσατε τὸν μὲν
 " Ἀγριεῖς, Μυρτὸς τε, καὶ ἐνταφίς κυπαρισσοῖς,
 " Καὶ Ρόδον ευωδὴ, καὶ πορφύρεας Ἰακινθούς,
 " Ἀνθεῶν σῆσατε πάντα --- Φαῖν' ἔτι νῆκε Βρεττανίων.

S. Johnson A. B.

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

I.

O for the Warblings of the Doric Oate,
 That wept the Youth deep-whelm'd in Ocean's Tide;
 Or for the mournful Muse, whose varying Note
 Chanted how dear the laurell'd *Sydney* dy'd:
 Then should my Woes in worthy Strain be sung,
 And with due Cypress-Wreath thy Herse, O FRED'RICK, hung!

II.

But tho' my novice-hands are all too weak
 To grasp the tuneful Reed, my Voice unskill'd
 The graceful Words of Poësy to speak,
 Tho' rude the Cadence of my Wood-Notes wild,
 Yet shall not tend'rest Duty bid me tell
 How great, how just, how good the matchless FRED'RICK fell?

III.

How well he knew to leave the loftier Scene,
 To throw the Pomp of purple State aside,
 Led by calm Thought to Bow'rs of Eglantine,
 And high-arch'd Walks on *Thames*'s sacred Side;
 To loose himself in Landscapes lone and still,
 Where *Contemplation* sate on *Chiefden*'s beech-clad Hill?

IV.

How lock'd in pure-ey'd Concord's golden Band,
 With his blest'd Bride, thro' Wedlock's hallow'd Ways
 With even Step he walk'd, and constant Hand,
 His Temples binding with domestic Bays;
 How in each Science most sublime he shone,
 And crop'd the fairest Flow'rs of silver *Helicon*?

How

O X O N I E N S I A.

V.

How to sweet Poësy, all-bounteous Lord,
He never barr'd his princely Palace-gate,
But bade his *Thomson* share the regal-Board,
With classic Converse seas'ning empty State;
Hence felt the exulting Bard a mighty Rage,
With bolder Buskin hence, he dar'd to tread the Stage.

John Whetbam,

Fellow-Commoner of Trinity Coll.

COntinuo assistens lachrymoso **AUGUSTA** cubili

Spes & deliciae quo jacuere suae,

Qualia per lentam fudit suspiria noctem,

Quâ prece Divinam sollicitavit opem?

Dum medici spondent fausta & felicia, sevas

Certatim timor & spes habuere vices,

Mortu subito morbus, nil tale minatus,

Conjugis abripuit gaudia longa pie,

Abripuit *Britonum* solatia fera, fuisset

Brunsvicii sceptri queis stabilita salus,

Abripuit quicquid generosa modestia morum

Et quicquid virtus læta decoris habet.

Qui tibi tum sensus **AUGUSTA** fuere videnti

Ducere difficiles pectora anghela sonos.

Vidisti at præsens correptum funere, luce

Qui tibi vitali carior usque fuit.

Nec tua neglexit moriens etiam oscula, vestram

Et dextrâ preffit deficiente manum.

In te, perpetuis jam jamque tegenda tenebris,

Fecerunt summam lumina fessa moram.

Tuque intellexti chari signa ultima vultus,

Sic ea visa tibi lumina fessa loqui.

O mea! Non *Britonum* sic tangit cura meorum,

Nec sic communis pignora parva tori,

Ac tua me pietas, deserta in flore juventæ,

Ac tuus unanimi fœdere junctus amor.

Me jubet æternæ sedem sperare quietis

Quæ nunquam justis defuit, alma Fides.

EPICEDIA

Te Rex interea patriâ pietate fovebit ;
Tu simili studio perge fovere Tuos.

Edis Christi Alumnus.

A *Ngligenis* ubi parta quies, & fracta resedit
Gallorum rabies, & respirare potestas,
 Nos abiisse rati luctus: hinc aurea condi
 Sæcula, felices jamjam speravimus annos:
 Nec visi incertas spes *Angli* pascere --- summi
 Quippe gubernâchum, rerumque ministrat habenas
 GEORGIUS; & patris egregii non degener hæres
 Imperia, & solium sero excepturus avitum.
 His freta auspiciis hilari se læta ferebat
 Aspectu; & belli veterumque oblita laborum
Anglia detergens lacrymas, spem fronte recepit.
 En mutata virûm facies! quis tantus ad auras
 Sublatus plangor? Credas in limine adesse
 Immissos hostes, *Thamesisque* allabier alveo.
 Et lacrymans, mœstas has concipit *Anglia* voces,
 Tene, decus, potuit Divûm inclementia nobis
 Eripere, & *Britonum* venienti obfistere famæ?
 Nunc O! nunc primum invisos caelestibus aurâ
 Vescier *Angligenas* credo; nunc conficit ictus;
 Hinc & opes fractæ, & nostrum fortuna recedit.
 Sic ubi spes magnas & vim surgentis *Achillei*
 Fata absciderunt male amica, immugiit omnis
Theffalia, æquoreaſque effugit Sperchius undas.
 Haud aliter patriæ solatia magna senectæ
*Brunsvici*que decus surgens, FREDERICE, peremptum
 Te querimur, funusque pii execramur æcerum.
 Quî casus tristes, dejecta O conjuge tanto,
 Quîve tuos memorem gemitus? cui cura mariti,
 Dulce ministerium dum fata Deusque sinebant,
 Mille placendi artes; sub quâ risere magistrâ
 Casta pudicitia atque animi concordia felix.
 Ne te tantus edat, nostrum justissima cura,
 Ægram animi mœror; genitoris imagine capta

Aspice

O X O M A E N S I A.

Aspice progeniem, atque hinc obliviscere luctus. —
 Tu vero, amissi tangit quem cura parentis
 Maeste, puer, virtute; animumque hortentur & aptent
 Rectores atavi; & præclara ad munia regni
 Defunctusque parens & avunculus excitet; *Angli*
 Sic spem concipiant redvivam, animosque priores,
 Egregium experti generosâ in prole Parentem.

Car. Morgan

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

Viro admodum Reverendo Thomæ Episcopo Norvicensi,
GEORGII PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ Præceptori.

O Amans Musarum, & amate Musis,
 Ingeni comis, facilisque morum,
 Artium cui Mens bene culta melle

Divite pollet,

Gestiam quamvis Tibi gratulari,
 Fervidus votis & amore caro,
 Præsul, at Genti potius *Britannæ*

Gratuler omni;

Icta quæ casu modò luctuoso
 Sperat, hæc si fors reparanda clades,
 Dexterâ sperat fore mox periti

Præsulis arte.

Quos dedit plausus, Tibi, Pastor *Alme*,
 Cum suis semper bene providentis
 Traderet Regis pia nutriendos

Cura Nepotes;

Nec dedit vanos — Tua namque clarè
 Et Fides, & Mens sine labe fraudis
 Integra, & curæ patiens amanisque,

Et Vigor acer

Exstitit; nec Te latet elegantis
 Quicquid est Artis, Decorisve, quicquid
 Laudis excelsæ, atque habitare dignæ in
 Pectore largo

EPICEDDA

Principis : — Cui Religio tuendas
Res suas, neù quid metuens, relinquit,
Lata Libertas stabilemque gessit
Nacta Patronum.

Quis potens æquè peragrarè pectus
Intimum, & recta dare vela Menti,
Aut vagos rursùm cohibere cursus
Arte magistrâ?

Ecquis, immensos aperire fines
Imperî, & quid Fas digito notare,
Quid Nefas, quò te bene fida Virtus,
Quò feret Error;

Unde Conventus Populi, quis Ordo
Civicus, quantum diadema Virtus
Ornat, & rerum Dominos Deorum in
Tecta reponit?

Quin amas frontem levis explicare,
Et sales rebus tetricis facetos
Ritè miscere, & fociare lato
Seria lusu.

Audio, seù nunc videor, docentem,
Assidens propter latus — " O Nepotes
" Optimi Regis, Patris O colendi
" Cara Propago

" Hæc Britannorum Via tuta Regum
" Hoc Iter Laudis — Generosa docet
" Quò Fides, & quò Proba Fortitudo,
" Almaque Virtus

" His Avus nitens, Animus audit
" Angliæ Custos, Pater, atque Princeps,
" Integrum neù Cor timet impotentis
" Tela Furoris

" His Pater fidens, reor, extitisset
" Alterum Lumen Britannia sed haud Fas
" Sed Deo visum est aliter nec ausum
" Quærere supra

" Cura nunc omnis, Favor omnis in Vos
" Vertitur — lætum celerate consum
" Semitam Laudis præmitte — nich Spes
" Fallite dulces

OXONIENSIS

"Ite confestim, mea Cara Cura,
 "Ite, quo Virtus vocat, & fidei
 "Ducit exemplo, & monitis avertis

"GEORGIUS urget

Talibus dictis, viden', ut calores
 Imbibunt dulces generosa Corda
 Ut novus lætis oculis coruscat

Vividus Ardor!

Perge, Præceptor bene fide, perge
 Hocce nos omnes Britones precamur
 Hocce, per Sponsi cinerem calentem

Optima Mater

Anxiè spectans Patriæ salutem
 Hoc Avus, de Te meritis, reposcit
 Hoc Opus præsens amet, hoc futura

Diligat Ætas.

Guilielmus Sharp, A. M.
 Ædis Christi Censor,
 & Acad. Proc. Dep.

ENough of fruitless plaint, and sorrows vain.
 If yet the tuneful voice, and heav'nly strain,
 Could Nature's course, and Fate's strong purpose stay,
 And give new spirit to the lifeless clay,
 The Muse, well-skill'd in every charm of sound,
 Had drawn Thy list'ning Oaks in crowds around,
 Thy Streams, O Isis, had forgot to flow,
 And her sweet Song had bent the Pow'rs below.

But still 'tis Her's, nor fabulous the claim,
 To crown with deathless praise the Hero's name;
 To trace each feature of the godlike Mind,
 Friend to the world, and Fav'rite of mankind;
 Prompt to relieve and to prevent distress,
 Who felt no greater blessing than to bless:
 Patron of Arts; who bade Britannia spread
 More wide her sails, and Commerce lift her head:
 And still more bright within the narrower line,
 Blest Shade, Thy pure domestic praise shall shine,

EPICEDIXO

Where to one point in mingled lustre ran
 The rays of Husband, Father, Friend, and Man.
 The Verse shall live: and thro' the length of time
 Reach every future age, and distant clime;
 The fair Example other Realms adorn,
 And warm to Virtue Princes yet unborn;
 Hence tears undue from foreign eyes shall flow;
 Hence kindred hearts shall learn to sooth their woe:
 The Sire's great Soul, in each hard moment try'd,
 Shall yield to Heav'n, and say, "I'm satisfy'd."
 The Brother's voice the just applause shall join;
 "Such was My FREDERICK's praise, and such be Mine."
 This ev'n AUGUSTA shall sustain to hear,
 And mix with tender joy the silent tear;
 While the dear Objects of her cares around
 Shall pant, exult, and tremble at the sound;
 The sacred Name their eager thoughts shall raise,
 And fire each little breast to reach his Father's praise.
 But Thou, Young Prince, whom kinder Fates approve,
 Whom GEORGE embraces with a Father's love,
 Britain's chief Care; since Heav'n's severe decree
 Has fix'd too soon our second hopes on Thee;
 Be Thou the first to catch the generous fire;
 Assert Thyself, and give us back Thy Sire:
 With sacred Arts intent to store thy breast,
 To bid Thy Britain, and the World be blest;
 Studious by great, by gracious acts, to move
 Their loud Acclaim, but more to win their Love.
 And know, that Monarchs were by Heav'n design'd
 The Guardians and the Parents of Mankind:
 Victims of Pow'r devoted to the Throne,
 To make the cares of multitudes their own:
 Lost to Themselves; to private joy, and ease,
 The hopes, the fears, the very griefs that please;
 By others wants, and others woes oppress'd:
 But in the Public Good supremely blest.
 Be This thine aim: nor think true Greatness lies
 In Regal Pomp, the gaze of vulgar eyes,
 The cumbrous trappings of Imperial State:
 Be Wise, be Just, be Good, and Thou art Great.

O X O N I E N S I A.

But far, far banish'd from Thy young desires
Be Conquest's charms, and fierce Ambition's fires,
The rage of wanton Pow'r, and lawless Sway
Hear Thou the Muse, for Truth inspires her Lay.

Nature, emerging from the Flood, began
To spread o'er earth a second race of Man:
With equal steps advancing, Human Pride
Rais'd unappall'd her head, and Heav'n defy'd.
Th' Almighty saw, displeas'd: and to pursue
With well-weigh'd vengeance the presumptuous crew,
Against Themselves he turn'd their impious rage,
And bade Ambition wast the rising age.
From deepest Hell uprose th' aspiring Fiend;
Havoc and Spoil her horrid steps attend;
Dire Lust of war puff'd up with noisy fame,
Low-minded Fraud, and proud Oppression came:
Last, but most hateful of th' Infernal Train,
Foul Slavery crouch'd, and patient drag'd her chain.

To rouse the Lion in the hardy chace,
To quell the Tyger's wide-destroying race,
Had been the Hero's task, the sylvan spoil
Adorn'd his triumph, and repay'd his toil.
Now dire Ambition urg'd his eager mind
On nobler game, the chace of Human-kind.
Forth from his wilds, and from the savage prey,
A fiercer Monster, *Nimrod* took his way:
The furious Hunter, great in lawless might,
Led his rude bands to rapine, rage, and fight:
Aw'd with new fears, before his wasting sword
The nations trembled, and confess'd their Lord.
Then rose, mid streams of blood and hills of slain,
The first proud *Babel* of Tyrannic Reign.

Yet Pride unquell'd her bold assaults renew'd:
Vengeance as oft the daring crime pursu'd;
As oft Ambition wav'd her flaming Rod:
Some Chief went forth, the dreadful Scourge of God.
If Storms unequal to the guilt were found;
If Dearth in vain had breath'd destruction round,
Earth whelm'd whole Citys in her bursting womb,
Plague swept whole Nations to the crowded tomb,

A P Y C E D I A

Nor yet proud Man obey'd: th' Almighty Sire
 Then bar'd his arm, and rising in his ire,
 Aim'd high the blow: but dropping from his hand
 His own red Lightning and three-forked Brand,
 To *Philip's Son*, or *Cæsar's* sword, consign'd
 The task, more sharply to chastise mankind;
 Rous'd dire *Mohammed's* fierce fanatic rage;
 Loos'd the mad *Swede* to lash an impious age;
 Bade some wild *Hunn* their boasted Arts confound,
 Or some vain *Louis* vex the nations round:
 Who still, returning from th' ensanguin'd plain,
 With carnage gor'd, and reeking from the slain,
 Found Conscript Slaves the trophy'd arch to raise,
 Crowds to admire, and venal Bards to praise.

Let no such frantic thirst Thy soul enflame
 Of hateful glory, and of guilty fame.
Britain from Thee no such mean triumphs craves:
Britain disdains a subject world of Slaves.
 To make the welfare of Mankind her care;
 To conquer but to serve, redress, and spare;
 Right, Publick Faith, and Commerce to maintain,
 Join distant Lands, and open all the Main;
 Science to spread; to cherish Arts of Peace;
 To bind in one Free State all Human race;
 To curb th' Oppressor, and th' Opprest to raise:
 Such *Britain's* boast, and such her Monarch's praise,
 With conscious pride the *Nine* approach the Throne,
 Resound His praises, and advance their own.

Nor Thou Young Prince, the Sacred Choir disdain:
 Wisdom brings up, tho' Pleasure leads the Train.
 With gentlest hand the Muse shall form thy Youth,
 Bid science smile, and smoothe the brows of Truth;
 Point the rough way to Virtue's steep abode,
 Make plain th' ascent, and strew with flow'rs the road.
 In her bright Mirrour to thy wond'ring eyes
 Shall mystic Forms, and pleasing Shadows rise:
 There shalt Thou Fair, and just, and Good descry;
 What to pursue shalt learn, and what to fly;
 How Passions torture and debase the mind;
 How Virtue blesses and exalts mankind;

OXONIENSIA.

See her confest in native beauty shine,
And in thy Life transcribe the fair design.
Then shall the Muse record thine honour'd Name,
And crown those virtues, she inspir'd, with Fame.
Nor scorn her Aid, nor Thou Thy Smile refuse:
The Muse shall grace Thy Reign; do thou protect the Muse.

Rob. Lowth M. A.
of New College,
Professor of Poetry.



OXONWISIA

See her countess in native beauty shine,
And in thy life transcribe the fair design.
Then shall the Mule record thine honour'd Name,
And crown those virtues, the inspired, with Fame.
Not from her Aid, nor from Thy smile receive:
The Mule shall grace Thy Reign; do thou protect the Mule.

Rob. Lowndes, A.
of New College,
Professor of Poetry.

Errata graviora.

B Lin. 11. pro Vertus, lege Virtus. B.2. lin. 27. pro Genetria, lege Genetrix.
2H 1. lin. 31. pro 2/9, leg. Διμ. 8H 3. lin. 30. pro αφονη, l. αφων. I 1. lin. 39. for Henry,
read Henrys. I 3. l. 25. p. protigat, l. protegat. N 2. l. 9. f. Best, r. Blest. O 1. 2. p. tantum,
l. tandem. P 3. l. 14. p. Prodiga, l. Prodig. Q 3. l. 27. p. Quit, l. Quis. l. 28. p. viduatur,
l. viduata. R 2. l. 11. p. ικαριστη, l. οχαριστη. l. 16. p. χαλαστον, l. χαλαστον. T 1. 22. p. Delicia-
que, l. Deliciaeque. T 3. l. 29. f. shines, r. shine. U 3. l. 17. p. pestore, l. pestore. X 2. l. 19. p.
Cononas, l. Coronas. X 3. l. 28. p. hulk, l. huic. Y 1. l. 28. p. castis, l. castis. A 2. l. 8. p. mis, l. mi.
l. 15. p. Chorum, l. Chorus. A 2. l. 2. f. she, r. the. A 3. l. 29. f. vulgat, r. vulgar.
B b 1. l. 7. p. Patris, l. Patres. C c 2. l. 17. p. Φιλοπολις, l. Ορθηπολις. l. 24. p. απελιστος, l. απο-
λειστος. E e 1. l. 8. p. Jubiter, l. Jupiter. I i 3. l. ult. p. αξισ, l. αξισι. L l 3. l. 17. p. Disti-
tuens, l. Destituens. l. 31. p. festos, l. festos. M m l. ult. p. θυμυ, l. θυμυ. M m 2. l. 13. p.
mos, l. mox. M m 3. l. 28. p. acerbam, l. acerbum.